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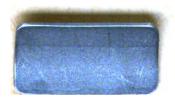
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The American Catholic quarterly review



LELAND STANFORD JVNIOR VNIVERSITY







THE

AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nami psa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the REVIEW not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors." (Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

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MYSTICISM'S NEWEST HANDMAID.

YSTICISM is a magic word, the lodestar of both the saint of God and the devotee of the world. In every age and in every land the mystic cult has had its votaries. There have been mystical philosophers and philosophies, mystical schools, mystical saints, mystical theologians, writers and poets in plenty; but it remained to this wonderful twentieth century of ours to bring forth that prodigy—the mystical novel. Realism and Naturalism have done their worst to corrupt this age, yet midst their dank growth has sprung up this beautiful exotic, just as truly fiction as its vile competitors, but lit with the white light of a mystical beauty that is a far, faint glimmer "of the light from the Light that streams down from the Lamb."

For the most part this new fiction is the product of a woman's pen, but such a genius as Robert Hugh Benson and such a popular writer as John Oxenham have, now and then at least, given us some of their best work in this form; in fact, the two books which the critics have ranked as Father Benson's best are of this type. Nor is this really as surprising as it seems at first thought. Man was made for God alone, and in spite of all that materialistic philosophy will do, finds himself intensely interested in that God. why does man try to disprove and deny His existence? because God is so interesting, so certainly His alpha and omega, that man cannot keep away from Him. Now mysticism is simply the "tendency and desire of the human soul towards an intimate union with the Divinity," the restless longing that makes a St. Augustine cry out:

"Our hearts were made for Thee, O Lord, And restless must they be Until—O Lord, this grace accord— Until they rest in Thee."

and a St. Paul yearn "to be dissolved and be with Christ."

Both the saint and the worldling feel this mystic attraction, but in varying degree. For the saint mysticism connotes self-sacrifice, the pain that is the price of love; for the worldling it conjures up a mysterious and so a delightfully thrilling realm of psychic experiences, half-hysterical enthusiasms and wholly sentimental piety, if one may dare to call it by that name. The eight beatitudes, the "royal way of the holy cross," spell mysticism for the children of the kingdom, but Brook Farm, Halcyon Hall, Mrs. Eddy, Rabindranath Tagore—these are the magic doors to the mystical world of that great throng of votaries who, affecting a Hindu philosophy, read a literature couched in terms that they themselves, or any one else for that matter, do not understand and call this mysticism. Which is right? In what does mysticism really consist? What is a mystical literature?

In order to decide our answer to these questions it will be necessary to review briefly the basic principles of Christian mysticism. Mysticism is essentially a "direct, mysterious vista of God or His supernatural world." This spiritual vista is, of course purely mental, since not even in the state of supernatural beatitude will one's bodily eyes view spirit in its native entity. Furthermore, the knowledge of God here on earth is attainable in three ways, according to Dom Louismet—"the first is by natural reason; the second, by faith; the third, by love."

The first kind of knowledge of God, which is also called the philosophical, enables man, "without the help of supernatural grace, to assure himself that there is a Supreme Being," who is but One and infinitely perfect. This knowledge even the pagan philosophers of old had. The second kind of knowledge of God comes to us through divine revelation and divine tradition. These the Catholic Church has preserved and handed down to us, and he who will may learn. Thus may our intellect teach us of God.

But this is not the highest knowledge within the power of man, for the mind in grasping a truth draws the object of its consideration to itself, brings it, as it were, to its own level, and no matter how perfect one's intellectual knowledge of God might be, it would be so essentially human and finite as to be very inadequate to satisfy man's natural desire for union with the Divinity. Just the opposite is true of the workings of man's noblest faculty, that spark of the Divine in every human soul, the will. When the will chooses an object, instead of drawing that object to itself, it goes out to its choice. If that object is beneath man's dignity, man is brought down to its level; if above man, he is raised up to its level. It follows, then, that when man makes God the object of his will, man is elevated to the Divine; he becomes another God. This choice of the will is called love, and this highest knowledge of God, experimental, personal or mystical knowledge, "the peculiar knowledge we gain by love—by active, conscious and constant love of Him."

The true mysticism "consists in the experience and realization of God's presence by the cultivation of the supernatural endowments of mind and heart that issue from the abiding grace within us." A misconception of the supernatural order of this indwelling grace is one of the roads by which Christian mystics go astray. This sanctifying grace, as we Catholics familiarly call it, is not God, but a "quality of soul, entitive or static in the substance of the soul, and operative or habitual in the powers of mind and will." The three theological virtues of faith, hope and charity constitute a power, a faculty of knowing God. The first two do not rise to the heights of the mystical, but the third, charity or love, is the very high-road to mysticism. To confuse this gift of God with the essence of God Himself is to take the bypath of pantheism, which is, of course, non-Christian, and may teach the idealistic mysticism of Kant, Fichte and Schleiermacher and the modernists, or the realistic mysticism of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. This latter, which confuses God's separate truth and existence with that of His creatures, is known in philosophy by the general name of Platonism, an error that is the source of the slight shadows that sometimes dim the doctrines, or at least the expressions, of men who are true mystics, even saints. Its offspring are legion, being known in different times and countries as Buddhism, Ontologism, Pietism. Quietism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Gnosticism, etc.

The Catholic is protected from these errors by two doctrines which the Church has always held as fixed and fundamental. These are briefly that "no created mind can naturally have intuition of God, and that God has His own truth and existence entirely separated from the world of creatures." "Thus by these two, the mind cannot in vision cross the abyss that separates the nature of creatures from the nature of God, nor bring God to itself by filling

up the gap and identifying God with itself." This void is crossed only by grace, the gift of God to man, whereby he may come to His Creator. Man may accept or reject this gift, he may increase it in his soul or lose it entirely. That is the power of his free will. But if he accept this grace, what yet is wanting to him to be a mystic?

Simply the cultivation of his spiritual sense in conformity with the inspirations of God's grace. "To the eye of faith the supernatural world is a reality as real as, in a sense more real, than the natural world," Brother Azarias writes. Once the eye of faith comes to know God, the will naturally leaps after Him in hope and love, and Jesus Christ has promised, "If a man loveth Me, I will manifest Myself to him" (John xiv., 21). To be sure, this Divine Master of the mystical life lays down His conditions for such manifestation of Himself. He who would aspire to be a mystic must be pure of heart (Matt. v., 8), practice a childlike simplicity and humility (Luke x., 21; Mark v., 15), and love, love, love. "This is the first and greatest commandment, and the second is like to the first."

Spiritual writers have long called these three dispositions or states of soul the Purgative, Illuminative and Unitive ways. By the first the soul is cleansed of the one great obstacle to its union with God, sin. Sin is so opposed to God that anything like an intimate friendship between the sinful soul and its Creator is obviously out of the question. "You cannot love God and Mammon," give your heart's purest affections to God and still remain attached to sin in the least degree, and there is but one way of doing away with sin—penance. Penance cleanses the soul, fills it with humility and the fear of God and strengthens it against future temptations—all of which are powerful aids to purity of soul and the peace of a good conscience. Every man who would become a mystic must first tread this press of compunction, for even "a good man," a Kempis assures us, "findeth abundant matter for sorrow and tears."

But given purity of heart, a second wing—simplicity—is still necessary before a man may attempt the mystic flight. Simplicity is the Open Sesame to the Illuminative Way, wherein the soul comes to know God as He is, and itself as God knows it. The humility born of penance, illuminated by the light of God's grace. leads the soul to conceive a correct evaluation of spiritual and temporal things, and God reveals Himself in an especially clear manner to its childlike faith and lowliness, while He hides from those who, proud of their learning or natural powers, seek to penetrate into His mysteries. In this lies the secret of that wonderful knowledge of Divine things one so often discovers in children. Their sim-

plicity and purity of heart make them fit to be the greatest of mystics, because God "has hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones" (Luke x., 21).

Now when a pure soul comes in its simplicity to see God's beauty and truth and goodness and in its humility to realize its own nothingness, what wonder that it loves, is ravished, transported with love for Him who has loved it so much! With the birth of this love comes a desire to express its ardor, not merely in words, but in act, in deed, and so we judge of a soul's degree of love for God or its perfection in doing His will. "If you love Me, keep My commandments," is our Divine Saviour's test, and so the true mystic is a saint, too. But as this mystic fire inflames his heart more and more ,the ability to express it by fidelity only becomes increasingly less possible, and then the mystical saint casts about for other means to draw closer to his Beloved. But the Beloved whispers, "If you will follow Me, take up your cross," and He points to the Garden of Gethsemane and Calvary. There, torn between love and fear, the soul reaches forth a trembling hand to welcome suffering as the only adequate means of showing its love. The Lady Pain becomes the object of its desire, and this stern mistress points the way by day and night, wielding her tyrant sway to crush the sealed vials of pure affection and to fertilize the harvest fields of love. "Sorrow is the substance of man's natural life, and it might almost be defined to be his natural capability of the supernatural," Father Faber wrote, and why? Because "we have been redeemed by sorrow," says the same author, and the author of the "Imitation" considers that man best off who "is able to suffer something for the love of God." It is very plain after all even to the least mystical of us that the real test of love is to suffer for the object beloved, for surely "no greater love a man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend." Why search for a different standard for the Friend of friends? asks the mystic, and then lays down his life that he may find it, as his soul takes its flight from the holocaust of love.

These three states, the Purgative, Illuminative and Unitive, are admirably illustrated in the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius." The First Week, as it is called, of the exercises is devoted to the right ordering of the soul's relations with its Creator. At the end of what is more often a fortnight of this purifying process, the soul is led, in the Second and Third Weeks, through a series of wonderfully illuminating meditations, drawn from the New Testament, on the birth, life, sufferings and death of our Divine Lord, until the soul, enamored of its Beloved Master, is ready to mount into those sublime meditations of the Fourth Week on the love of

God, culminating in that soul-cry of the saint himself, the Suscipe. In this beautiful prayer the soul returns all to God, makes a complete sacrifice of all its powers and faculties, content to ask only for His "love and His grace," for the saint has taught it that "there is only one lawful ambition, which is that of loving God," assuring it that "there is nothing sweeter than to love God, but the greatest sign of love is to suffer for what one loves; to suffer for God is therefore true joy, it is supreme felicity."* Thus by love the purest and most disinterested does St. Ignatius teach the soul to unite itself with its Creator, because the saint, mystic that he was, knew so well that "nothing is wanting to him who has God, though he possess nothing else."

It is evident at once, however, that the language of this mysticism is not understood of the world, and that he who would be initiated into its secrets must have a guide or manual of instruction. There are "two such manuals of instruction and initiation into this mystical language of the soul," according to Brother Azarias. "One is the Book of the Gospels," the other "The Imitation of Christ." the first the God-Man is revealed to us, and as we read that wondrously beautiful history of His life and untold love, our hearts are illuminated with the light that shines from His Blessed Face and inflamed with a burning love enkindled by a spark from that furnace of love. His Divine Heart. The Sermon on the Mount alone is an epitome of the sublimest mysticism, but to enumerate all "the beauties and sublimities of this marvelous work" were to never finish, for "its beauty is untold; its wisdom unfathomable." The second book, the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas a Kempis, is a rare harvesting, a book "which Fontenelle without exaggeration well styles the most beautiful book that ever came from the hand of man." Its author was a Brother of the Common Life, an order founded by Gerhard Groote, whose very rule of life was the mystical spirit, so that they came to be known as Brethren of the New Devotion. Withal, Groote's mysticism was of a distinctly practical character, and the methods of attaining to a perfect union with God outlined by His son in Jesus Christ are neither newer nor easier than the principles laid down in His master-book, the Bible. To follow the same rugged path that the Divine Master walked to climb the weary but "royal way of the Holy Cross" is the only way a Kempis knows to heaven. His philosophy of "the Light of Truth and the Life of Grace" knows three words best—compunction, humility and self-abnegation. On these three secure foundation stones he would have the soul erect its spiritual edifice and so "make progress

^{*(&}quot;The Spirit of St. Ignatius").

towards the kingdom of heaven" by despising the world and following Christ. Nor has any mystic discovered a better or a surer way.

There are many other mystical treatises that one might discuss, such as the works of St. John of the Cross, "the most complete and luminous, the most sublime and at the same time the most philosophically exact and precise," translated into English by M. Lewis; the "Sancta Sophia" of F. Baker, an English Benedictine; "Outlines of the Doctrine of the Mystical Life," by Dom Louismet, and dozens of Latin and French works that are both illuminating and inspiring; but this brief notice of the two greatest of mystical books, the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ," must suffice for our present purpose. A volume might be devoted to each and yet we should find still something more to be said about them.

From these formal mystical treatises to the novel of mysticism seems a far cry, but let us first glance at the bridges that span this That mysticism should have found its way into a great gulf. literature—not merely into pure manuals of instruction on this difficult subject, but literature in its broadest sense, poetry, drama and fiction—was inevitable. Where your heart is, there is your pen It was equally inevitable that it should first have found expression in the drama and poetry, for Christian, and especially English drama was at first of a distinctly religious type. The aim of this drama was purely ascetical, and asceticism is the fostermother of mysticism. As the drama was secularized, this trait all too quickly disappeared. In poetry the presence of the mystical is perhaps even easier to account for. The poet is an artist whose soul is so finely attuned to the touch of the ideal that he catches as it were a clearer view of the things that be. "It is the mission of the artist to rend the veil of incidents and accessories in which the ideal is shrouded and present it to us in all its beauty and loveliness," but all human ideals, be they goodness or beauty or truth or what we will, are but faint reflections of the great Ideal in Whom all things move and have their being. When, then, the soul of the poet goes feeling about for the Invisible Ideal and the touch of the Infinite breathes over his harp, the mists clear away and he catches glimpses of another world that "lies so close to ours, but which we blindly fancy far away beyond the rim of space." The God we push away beyond the starry heavens the poet's eye sees everywhere; his ear catches whispers that the noise and bustle of a world's busy cares drown in our ears and his whole being so throbs with the joy and the vearning of it all that he thinks and dreams in what the world has been pleased to call a poetic frenzy.

It is the particular privilege of the saint and the poet to be pronounced insane, but every great poet as well as every great saint might say with our poet-priest of the South:

"I walk down the Valley of Silence— Down the dim, voiceless Valley—alone! And I hear not the sound of a footstep Around me, save God's and my own;

"And I have heard songs in the silence That never shall float into speech; And I have had dreams in the Valley Too lofty for language to reach.

"And I have seen thoughts in the Valley-

Too pure for the touch of a word."

The mystical poet has taken three principal modes of expression, which would seem to be, at least in some cases, the reflexes of his own manner of arriving at that affective union with God which we have seen constitutes mysticism. There are poets, like Wordsworth and Henry Vaughan, whom we may call nature mystics, and others, like Shelley, Rossetti, Patmore and Keats, who are love and beauty mystics, and, finally, a select few, like Crawhaw and Francis Thompson, who are preëminently religious mystics, or perhaps better, "mystics of revelation."

To the first class Nature is a moral teacher. In her they find their inspiration for "high and mighty things"; through her they "see into the life of things"; but failing to distinguish Nature as such from the Power behind it, this nature mystic usually develops into a sort of modern Druid. Nature becomes to him a "revealing agency of the transcendental world," and for love and prayer, the two great spiritual aids to a knowledge of God, he would substitute a hazily defined back-to-nature process. Now, of course, it is almost a truism that all great mystics have been profoundly moved by Nature. No one would dream of denying for a moment the wonderful attraction that Nature held for a St. Bernard or a St. Francis of Assisi, and we read in his life that St. Ignatius Loyola, warrior though he was, needed but the sight of a flower or blade of grass or the song of a bird to be rapt in ecstasy. But there is this difference in their love of Nature: they are inflamed with love for the unseen Power within and behind this material creation. They learned the beauty of Nature from the supernatural, not the supernatural from Nature. They knew God as above and distinct from His works, not as "an immanent power in the life of the world."

And the relative values of the writings of the saint mystic, who loves Nature for Nature's God, and of the nature mystic, who worships Nature as his God, lies just in this fundamental difference in their philosophy. The principles of action laid down by a Francis of Assisi are even in this irreligious age regarded as the best solution of many a vexing problem, but who would think of turning to his Wordsworth to find motives to soothe the embittered souls of capital and labor? Even if Nature had the power, how impossible a resource it would be for the average followers of the red flag.

Nature mystics as a class, then, are a set of rather decent pagans, and the mystics of love and beauty are certainly no nearer the truth. Shelley and Keats were out-and-out pantheists, the former using Nature as his plaything, the latter enamored of beauty. Shelley was a god unto himself, Keats an abject worshiper of the idol beauty. Rossetti sympathized with "the physical beauty of Christianity," but was unmoved by its doctrines or creed, and so his mysticism fails to reach a complete or perfect growth. Coventry Patmore alone of this group of poets reveals a truly mystical nature. Like the inspired singer of the Canticle of Canticles, he has enshrined, in lines of purest beauty, the loving intercourse of the soul and her Beloved, and his "Rod, Root and Flower" is an epitome of "that formless, unintelligible blaze of mystic doctrine" which Patmore had acquired with his legacy of the true faith.

But Francis Thompson wings yet a higher flight. The life ambition of this wonderful poet was "to be a poet of the return to God"—"by substituting for the sentimental vaporings of wouldbe mystics, faith; for their cleverly concealed fatalism, hope, and for their Nirvana, the heaven of orthodox Christianity." Thompson loved Nature and beauty not less intensely, but in a different manner from the pantheistic writers. To him Nature "is God's daughter"-not God-"who stretches her hand only to her Father's friends," and though he revels in beauty, "Thompson viewed physical beauty in the light of the soul." And Thompson's way of coming to God through the avenues of Nature and beauty is in perfect accord with the ascetic principles of the saints. In the haunting lines of that marvelous ode, "The Hound of Heaven," Francis Thompson has given us an exquisitely beautiful exposition of the only true solution of life's problem. Here is the epic of the soul from its first yearning for happiness to its final surrender to God, the soul-story of every saint and lover of the Divine Master. Thompson knew the way, because he had walked it himself; but he had learned it of "the austere goddess, Pain," such pain as Wordsworth in his secure retreat at Grasmere could but dream of, and one doubts very much that Nature could have supplied the healing had her great poet been subject to the charring of the Infinite Designer, whose love for Thompson was

"an amaranthine weed,

Suffering no flowers except its own to mount."

Thus the poets have portraved the mystical, but the novelist must approach it from a slightly different angle. Poetry depends chiefly on beauty for its interest; the novel on character, for the novel, like the drama, is primarily, or at least should be. a "presentation of some human action," and character is the very mainspring of all Too, the very word character connotes struggle, human action. either past, present or yet to be. Struggle, difficulty, suffering are soil and water to this soul-plant; the very forces that cause its germination and growth as well as the test of its vigor and development. Again, struggle is but another synonym for plot, the skeleton that forms the framework of every novel. It follows naturally, therefore, that nature-mysticism and beauty mysticism as we have seen them in the poets could not prove adequate material for the novelist. Accidents, and quite valuable ones, too, they may be for his story, but the essential basis of a novel they cannot be. On the other hand, the mysticism of love and revelation seems full of possibilities for the novelist, so full that one wonders why this field has lain fallow so long. The novel has worked to death the plot whose struggle is based on human love, but not until the last decade did any one attempt to use the plot based on the struggle of a higher Love.

The reason for this is obviously the long delayed birth of the English Catholic novel. The English novel was first a child of Protestantism, the product of the sin-stained pen of a Fielding, a Richardson and a Smollett, and it took a long, long time for the English Catholic reader to overcome the wholesome fear that such a beginning naturally inspired. When finally the Catholic novel did appear, its very purpose proved a serious limitation in its attempt to secure a literary reputation, for didactic was written large across its every page. The exigencies of the time and the attitude of the readers to whom its appeal was directed were largely responsible for this. But once the seed was sown it was merely a question of time until the blade should appear. Francis Marion Crawford, Canon Patrick A. Sheehan, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Dr. William Barry and Monsignor John Bickerstaffe-Drew were the



first great harvests, and now they come so thick and fast that one half despairs of even keeping a count.

Among these many excellent novels of the last quarter century the majority reflect the results of a true conception of mysticism, but only a small number are distinctly mystical in theme and development. The mysticism of these latter seems to fall mainly under two heads—the mysticism of suffering and the mysticism of God's Providence.

One might expect to find this first group in the class of the classic tragedy, tales "of exceptional suffering and calamity which befalls a conspicuous or exalted personage; of suffering and calamity, moreover, which arises from other than merely physical causes." But such is not the case. There is no Nemesis in these stories. Nor is there the suffering that Shakespeare has so masterfully portrayed, where "the calamity is the result of a flaw or weakness in an otherwise noble or strong character"; or "a thunder storm, clearing the air and opening the way to a new order of things or to a fresh chapter of history, in which the lesson taught by the tragic calamity may be applied and laid to heart." In these novels we see suffering depicted as the outcome of the operations of a divine, watchful and loving Providence and "professedly and more or less explicitly serving a spiritual or supernatural purpose." Sometimes this suffering is shown as a process of purifying and elevating character; sometimes it is purely a vicarious sacrifice, the price of another person's salvation; and sometimes it is merely the final outcome of a sublime heroism. But always it is animated, inspired and urged on by love. The soul which is suffering is seen to be approaching more nearly to God even as it draws more closely to Calvary. Infinite Love is pursuing it, that Love that slew His Only Son, and as suffering develops that image of Jesus Christ in the one who suffers, we see how much more intimate becomes its union with its Divine Lover. Thus the outcome of the suffering in this kind of story is never depressing; frequently it is an inspiration to the reader.

In this type of the novel, too, one notices at once a striking difference in the depiction of the characters. Here we find character, not temperament, portrayed. The average run of fiction writers never get any deeper than the temperament of their characters. They describe merely habits, aptitudes or inclinations of their personages, whereas the Catholic novelist goes deep down into his characters and works outward. The former show us but the superficial modifications of man's natural temperament as affected by society polish and conventionalism; the latter those fundamental and radical changes that are the result of the action of divine grace,

and whose outcome is a greater conformity to our Divine Saviour Jesus Christ. Of course, in this the Catholic writer has at the very outset the decided advantage, for his faith affords the fullest opportunity for character development and he has only to use the same principles by which he himself has been guided in forming his own character, while the non-Catholic writer must rely on mere fragments, because for him "the really operative internal stimuli which lead to the development of character are just those fragments of truth which survive in the minds and hearts of so many conscientious Protestants."

Another notable feature of these stories lies in their adoption of the unity of characters. They are usually "one man" stories, though sometimes their is another character introduced, who very strongly influences the whole plot. "A good novel," Father Lucas contends, "should resemble three-part or four-part music, rather than a mere melody with an accompaniment." But the "one man" story, if not perfect in this detail, has nevertheless the soul-stirring appeal of the violin, a tone, a melody that seizes all the finer sensibilities and emotions, twisting and weaving and piercing with occasional rich double-stops, until the reader yearns for some outlet for the noble desires just born, or perhaps again reawakened, in his heart. Is this perhaps because the struggle with the infinite power of Divine grace is a universal soul history?

In the second type of mystical novel the story centers around "the preternatural manifestation of God's close, loving relationship with us, known only by faith." That God's loving Providence pursues us everywhere we know, and so it should not be a matter of surprise that He sometimes, in His tender eagerness for our welfare, throws aside the veil and gives us a swift, touching glimpse of His omnipresent care. Our greatest difficulty lies in our allowing ourselves to be so absorbed by temporal things, so blinded by earth's dust, that we fail to see His passing by. With something of the wistful plea of Blessed Margaret Mary's wondrous vision, these novels recall us to what really matters, make us realize the abiding presence of God in His world of creatures, and urge us sweetly out upon the path that leads most quickly unto Him. In the mysticism of suffering one's soul may be terrified at the price of love; but in this mysticism of God's Providence there is a gentleness and a tender grace that thrills the soul with loving delight. As in the reality, the first stories wound with love, cause a burning pain; the latter gently fan the cooling embers of our love and loose the springs of desire softly.

These few principles may be rendered clearer by an examination of a few representative books of the mystical novel species. In the mysticism of suffering, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson and Miss Olive Katharine Parr are excelled only perhaps by the Rev. Richard P. Garrold, S. J. His biographer tells us that "sheer physical pain occupied a permanent place in Hugh Benson's imagination as terrible." However, Father Benson's interest in pain was not morbid," we are assured, partly because of his exceedingly active temperament and his decidedly English practicalness and partly because of his intense hatred of cruelty. "I hate cruelty more than anything in the whole world," Father Benson once wrote, "and find injustice or offensiveness to myself or any one else the hardest of all things to forgive," but his faith taught him the meaning of suffering and "after that, he could not fail to concentrate an awestruck attention upon pain." Even his earlier books show this mystical tendency, and so it is not surprising that the story which Olive Katharine Parr considers "the greatest book he ever wrote" should be a tale of suffering. This book is "Initiation."

"Initiation" is a typical "one man" story. The story opens in Rome, and the name of Sir Nevill Fanning, who is the story, is the first three words of the very first paragraph. In the first chapter we learn that Nevill is a Catholic and is traveling for his health, being a sufferer from severe headache. His attitude toward this physical affliction sounds the keynote of the whole novel. He has gone to Frascati with a very cosmopolitan sight-seeing party, and he and Enid Bessington, the second and chief source of the action of the story, have wandered off up into the woods overlooking the Roman Campagna.

"You don't look very well," she said an hour later, as they began to find their way downwards again by another path. . . .

Nevill did not seem to like being told he looked unwell.
"I'm not very well." he said shortly. "And I hate and

"I'm not very well," he said shortly. "And I hate and loathe it."

She looked concerned.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't know. What's the matter?"
"Nothing but headaches," he said. "But why should I have them? I simply can't see sometimes when they're bad. It seems to me unfair."

"You mean-"

"I mean I can't fit this kind of thing into my philosophy. I try to bear them decently, of course, but I don't submit in the slightest. I resent that kind of thing furiously, exactly as I resent cruelty to animals." . . .

As they came slowly towards the fork in the path, a piece of crumbling wall that stood at the juncture of the ways began to disclose itself as the back of one of those shrines that stand here and there in the Frascati woods. They turned the angle of it and stopped.

It was a particularly realistic Pieta. . .

The two looked at it in silence. They moved on, still in

silence. Then the boy broke out.

"There!" he said. "That was exactly what I meant! I think such things are perfectly horrible! What possible good can that do to any one? It's completely out of harmony, too. The very colors are wrong. And, besides, why put it in the woods where things are fresh and clean? And that's exactly why I don't like talking about my headaches."

Here we have laid for us the foundation of a great struggle: a man born "to be conformed to the image of Christ," the only way to that development, the royal road of the Holy Cross, which he positively refuses to accept. The life of his Exemplar, Guide and Teacher from Bethlehem to Calvary is marked out in pain. How then shall he arrive by another? Nevill thinks to find the "solution of everything" in that to which "Nature corresponded rather than grace or revelation. Joy, he felt, was the fundamental emotion of life, not the Passion or the Cross, and Catholicism meant to him the Cross."

And so we are prepared to find him conceding to Enid that "the spirit of it [the Catholic faith] is stale and . . . and conventional. And that the point just now lies somewhere else." The reader has already begun to suspect that for Nevill it lies in Enid.. The wooing proceeds interestingly and successfully, and in due time, shortly after Easter; Sir Nevill writes the announcement of his engagement to his Aunt Anna.

Aunt Anna is a widow of about forty, one of the finest, most lovable and strongest characters that Father Benson ever conceived, who manages Nevill's household at Hartley. She is also the mother of a charming boy of eight, little Jim, whose healthy boyishness and childish naivete are a delight as well as a Godsend to his cousin Nevill. Of course, Aunt Anna is grieved and rather startled at Nevill's engagement to a non-Catholic, but Mr. Morpeth quietly assures her that Sir Nevill is "that kind of a young man," he "is not initiated." Aunt Anna does not understand. Then—

"Well, you know," said Mr. Morpeth, "of course I don't profess to say there's a hard and fast line. But it's quite plain, surely, that there is one class of persons on one side and another on the other. The one accepts what happens, so soon as it really has happened, and the other does not. The one knows that the past is inevitable, and the other is not sure. The one is not surprised at things, and therefore does not resent them; he is behind the scenes, so to speak, and understands what it is all about, even if he cannot quite make out the details and the other looks on from the stall and knows nothing except what he sees."

And later, when Aunt Anna tells Mr. Morpeth of her premonitory feeling that some evil is about to befall her nephew, he assures her that he himself thinks that pain is coming to Nevill.

"Well," he said, "if you will watch people carefully, you will practically always find that the type to which your nephew belongs—of which, in every way, he is so excellent an example the type of happy optimist, who disregards suffering instead of really facing it, always has to suffer, and considerably more than other people. God Almightly, if I may say so, has made them almost violently unhappy—out of all proportion, so to say. Well, they cannot be left like that or they would be one-sided. Well. they are prepared for suffering in a very marked manner: they are naturally buoyant; they can ignore and therefore avoid pain, or they can bear it in moderation, in virtue of their pride. Now that will not do at all, if they are to be conformed to the image of Christ. Therefore they must suffer, and suffer rightly I have observed Sir Nevill, and I need not say I have learned to love him. And I see in him every sign that he will have to suffer sharply. If he did not, I should be afraid for him. Now I really know nothing of the young lady to whom he is engaged [Mr. Morpeth had seen her but twice at the time]. . . . Well, I think it very likely that part of his pain must come through her."

Meantime Sir Nevill had returned to Hartley, still suffering much from headache, followed by passing spells of blindness, of which he tells no one. Enid and her mother visit at Hartley first, where both Aunt Anna and Mr. Morpeth form "an opinion of her," and the reader begins to get a first hint of her sham. Then it is arranged that Sir Nevill shall go up to London for a few weeks. On the morning of his departure he and little Jim go for a swim, a pleasure that Monsignor Benson always describes particularly well, and afterward the two play at searching for the Holy Grail. Finally they sit down to rest on the very seat where Nevill and Enid had had a delightful hour some few days before, and in the conversation that follows we again get a glimpse of the mystical theme:

"Was the Holy Grail real?" asked Jim.

"Real! Oh, I suppose so. No; I should think it wasn't. It was a symbol."

"A symbol? Oh, well, it's rather hard to describe. It's—it's a sign of something that really is true—like a fairy story—at least like some of them."

"Oh! And what is the thing that's really true?"

"How do you mean? Oh, I see. Well—religion, don't you know. That's what they are after."

"Did they find it?"

Nevill perceived it was necessary to attend. Jim's questions were sometimes disconcertingly to the point.

Did they find it?

He reflected a moment, and as he reflected, he heard three strokes from a bell come up from the house. That would be the Elevation. He stole a glance at Jim, who apparently had not heard it. And at that instant Nevill perceived that he really had arrived at a certain quite definite crossroad.

On the one side there was that for which the bell had spoken just now; on the other side here was the murmur of the woods like the murmur of the woods above Frascati. And he saw that these were two things, and not one; at least, he could not conceive how they could be one. There seemed nothing to unite them, however deep one penetrated. On the one side there was the little Catholic church, where Anna, no doubt, was kneeling at this very moment—with its Crucifix over the altar, its Stations round the walls—an intellectualized and systematized abstraction from one side of life certainly, but not that side in which he himself really lived and breathed. On the other hand, here were these woods and these myriad flies dancing in the sunlight; this hum of light, these scents, inexpressibly sweet, of woodland and pine and a purified breeze from the sea. The two things were two things, not one. And the girl who had transfigured life to him was on this side, not that. . . .

Poor Sir Nevill has gone a long way. And this is the man who had consulted his confessor at Stonyhurst as to the question of his having a vocation to the Society of Jesus; who had so nobly assured his dying father, when terrified by his own evil life the dying man "seemed to think that Nevill would suffer for him somehow—that—that it was sure to be so," that "he only hoped he would." The devil, the world and the flesh have been playing hard and fast with him. He no longer even practices his religion, owing to a little quarrel with the chaplain, Father Richardson; but God is not so easily defeated. The Divine Pursuer is drawing nigh, and the shadow that Aunt Anna notices over "the tall corniced door of his father's room" is the

"Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly."

The first hint of the ensuing struggle comes in the sudden death of Miss Morpeth right at Nevill's gate the day after Enid's arrival at Hartley. But the first great blow is dealt by Enid herself, as Mr. Morpeth had foreseen. Little hints have prepared the reader for this horrible revelation of the girl's true self, but Nevill, dazzled by love, goes blindly on, straight into the clutches of pain. The girl is an "insane egotist," and in a moment of selfish passion, without the faintest reason for such a course of conduct, breaks her engagement with Nevill. Her whole action on this occasion puts Enid in the reader's mind among that list of repulsive women, which begins with Helen of Troy.

Nevill returns at once to Hartley, and "Aunt Anna knew the instant that she saw the coated and capped figure coming across the lawn to her that the first stage had been reached." Nevill's initiation has begun. Aunt Anna, who has been warned by Mr. Morpeth that she "must brace him, not try to console him," nor "soften him in any way at all," plays her part admirably. She is a true woman and a true Christian and a very visible grace of God to Nevill. At Mr. Morpeth's advice not the least attempt is made to bring Enid to her senses and she drops completely out of their lives forever. Henceforth "the point" is "entirely in Nevill's attitude." Mr. Morpeth outlines the problem for the reader:

Three things, he said, may be done when real pain is encountered. It may be resisted, or it may be allowed to crush, or it may be accepted. The violent man does the first; the weak man, the second, and in both cases it leads to catastrophe.

"But I think our friend will accept it," he said. "He can do nothing at present except realize it. But I think he will accept it when he understands. Or else I do not see why God has permitted it."

Eventually Nevill does understand and accept, but not yet. He is neither a violent nor a weak man, however, and so he settles quietly back into the old "simple, ordinary" life at Hartley, practically his only guest Mr. Morpeth, but without the least sign of being any more religious than ever before. "He had not been to the Sacraments since his return." The headaches become even more violent, and Jim insists upon another search for the Holy Grail, and "by a kind of fatal instinct . . . on going to the monument." Once there. Iim's questions soon force Nevill to the wall.

It was beginning to appear to Nevill that he was being driven from stronghold to stronghold. . . . God had repudiated him—in the only way (religious vocation) in which he had seriously thought of serving Him; and now humanity (Enid) had repudiated him—in the only way in which he seriously thought he could serve humanity. Of course in both realms he still did his conventional duties. . . . But where was his centre of gravity to rest? . . .

And it was here, sitting for five minutes in silence with Jim, that he thought he began to see light—to see the Grail; at any rate his Grail God would not do; man would not do—not, that is to say, as objects of passion. What would do? Was it conceivable that Nature would do, and that he would find in it, as poets find that there is a real spirit that can be loved?, . . . Jim had said that God was the proper Person who made one happy: he himself in this very place had thought it to be Enid. Both alike had sought to enshrine a foreign deity. What if there were a deity here all the while in a house not made with hands—sweet and virile spirit that breathed now in the scent of

the bracken, that whispered in the rustle of the undergrowth, that pulsated in his own strong limbs and heart? Might he not try here, at least? Plunge himself in this heavenly spirit of earth, and find in it his rest? Besides, there really seemed nothing else.

But Nevill reckons without his Pursuer.

"Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noised Feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet—

'Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.'"

He has not resisted nor sunk under his suffering; he has even made a long step toward accepting it by moving into his father's room, but still he has not found his Grail.

Then the Divine Pursuer scores again. One beautiful autumn afternoon Nevill goes blind while out shooting, and when specialists are consulted, a tumor on the brain is discovered for which Nevill must undergo a trepanning operation. The doctor explains that it is a constitutional inheritance, and Nevill begins to grasp the principle of the sins of the fathers "that was a law of mercy, not of wrath."

Nevill goes to a nursing home for the operation. He begins to realize then that the crisis draws nigh, and finally "his own inner childishness came up and took charge once more. It appeared to him absurd to allow his own little thoughts and philosophies to dominate him any longer; . . . the shadows were falling faster every hour. Then it was but reasonable to meet them in the way that was most familiar." The force of education comes to Nevill's help in his great peril. He sends for a priest and receives the Sacraments, but without the least "reaction of devotion; . . . he felt nothing except that he had performed the action proper to his religion." He has moments of rebellion, but grace triumphs and he finally lies on the table "like a sheep on the steps of the altar."

The operation is successfully performed and during those hours of terrible pain that follow it, Nevill learns that "to love means to suffer; but love is the only joy; therefore there must be joy in suffering." He tells Aunt Anna all about it the day after the operation.

"Yes; I've got a heap to say. You won't think me a prig, will you, or sentimental, will you?"

"My dear!"

"Because I really do think it true. Of course it may just be

a reaction, but—well, I don't think it is. I've been thinking a lot, Aunt Anna."

"Yes, my dear."

"I've been a smug beast. That's the beginning. Did I ever tell you about the Pieta at Frascati?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, she and I saw it together, you know-Enid, I mean."

He saw her catch her lower lip in her teeth for an instant.

She looked a little pale, too, he noticed.

"Oh, no," he said, thinking that he understood. "That's all over. It's not about her; at least not much. It began with the Pieta. We both said we couldn't bear it."

She nodded. Her face was set in a kind of rigid attention.

"You know what I mean-suffering, and all that. It didn't seem to fit; it seemed morbid, and all that. Well, I don't think that way any more, now."

This time she did not even nod, but her whole intense air

assented. She seemed waiting for some denouement.

"It began when Enid threw me over," he went on, closing his eyes for a moment or two. "It was—was awful. Well, I did the wrong thing. I see that now. I might have run amuck; I see that now. But that wasn't really much temptation. But I did what was nearly as bad; I deliberately turned my back. I would not suffer. So I turned to other things, and I rode and I played the fool and I bathed with Jim, and I tried to say to myself that I'd be just an animal—a pagan—oh, a decent sort of animal. I honestly don't think I could be the other. And then I found that I couldn't."

He looked up at her again, and her attentiveness seemed even deepened. She was looking at him with an extraordinary kind of strain in her face, as if watching some process of which she knew the end. She did not even shift her eyes when they met his; it was as if she was looking at a picture. It was almost painful so to be stared at. Again he closed his eyes. He was feeling rather exhausted again. He would make haste and finish.

"I couldn't because—because God would not allow it. (I am trying to tell you simply, my dear. Don't think me a prig, please.) First of all came the blindness. That set me thinking -that and the pain. I did have headaches, you know, besides that I wouldn't tell you about. Then came what Handsworth (the brain specialist) said to me. . . . That startled me. About my father, I mean. . . And then came the operation.

. . My dear, I'm a born coward. I—I loathed it."

He opened his eyes once more. She was leaning back in her chair; her elbow was on the tea-table and her hand shaded her face. Well, it was easier so.

"But I didn't see it all till yesterday—and last night. couldn't sleep, you know. I thought and thought. And I don't want to whine, you know-but the pain had been sickening. . . . Well, I believe I see the point now. He wouldn't let me alone. First Enid, and then, when I tried the other, Pain . . . I give in, Aunt Anna. I don't want to run away any more. I—I—well, to put it in five words, I don't hate the Pieta any more. I see the point. It must be there. Bang in the middle of the woods, too. It's—it's everywhere, you know. There's no getting away. So one may as well accept it."

The Divine Pursuer has won, but the wood must be charred ere he can limn with it. Nevill has learned that His love is

"an amaranthine weed,

Suffering no flowers except its own to mount."

He has yet one more lesson to learn—the lesson of that tremendous

crisis that follows immediately on the above passage.

"There's one more thing, and then we'll talk about something else. I've been dawdling frightfully, you know. I've done nothing whatever. Now that simply won't do. And I want you to tell me what's the best thing, when I'm once back at Hartley——"

Then she lifted her face and he saw a look in it that he had

never seen before. It was expectacy still, but it was more.

"Oh, no; I don't want to do anything sensational, you know. I'm not going to be fanatical or—or anything like that. But I must do something. It may be Parliament, or it may be——"

He stopped dead.

"What's the matter? Why do you look like that?"

Was it the pressure of her hands on her face? Or was it some strange effect of the half light coming through the thin silk curtains?

She rose as he looked and slid forward on to her knees. He winced a little as her hands came down on his own right hand

that lay outside the coverlet.

"My dear," she said, "I am sure you can do a great deal." (Her voice, too, was strange; it had neither tears nor laughter in it; but there was an extraordinary tone in every word. Her face, too, was tense and *cxalte*, yet without even a touch of hysteria.) "You can do a great deal. It is for this that—that all this has happened. Nevill, my dear boy——"

She was holding his hand firmly and tenderly. He said

nothing.

"Nevill, my dear, you know what you made me promise?
. . . That the doctor should say nothing to me that I didn't say to you. Well, I have his leave: he has commissioned me——"

"Is it cancer?" he whispered sharply.

"No, my dear; it is not cancer. He has told you the whole truth. My darling, you won't be afraid. I know that. You have been splendid—splendid. He has done what he could, you know; and now your real work must begin. We are Christians, that is why he has allowed me to tell you so soon."...

Over his whole body he felt the light sweat break out, like

ten thousand delicate needle points touching his skin. A solemn deep pulse began to beat at the base of his throat. A light film passed over his eyes, and all that he looked at—her face, the screen by the door, the coverlet on which lay his hand enfolded in hers—all these things appeared to swim a little and then seethe as if in granulation.

"We are Christians, you and I," said Aunt Anna. "There is nothing at all to fear. You had the Sacraments—I know that—before you knew. There is nothing to fear." . . .

"Tell me."

"You will be able to see till the end, they hope. But they are not sure; though he removed most of the—the—but he could not remove all of it. It must grow again, and——"

"How long?" he whispered.

"Three or four months at the most," whispered Aunt Anna. There was no sound at all in the room as she bowed again her face upon her hands, and then, opening them, rested her lips upon his fingers.

Out of the far distance, checked and muffled by the intervening houses, came the moan of a siren; died again, rose again and was silent. The coals in the grate fell inwards with a soft crash.

When she lifted her eyes again he was lying quite stiil. He had raised himself a little in bed and he had asked how long, and she had felt him sink back once more as she had answered. Now he was quiet again, with his eyes open and looking beyond the end of his bed as if he were thinking gently.

She did not speak. She understood something of that strange alchemy of the mind which requires time that a new and unexpected element may be allowed to sink gently down and be assimilated. It was not yet sunk in; he knew what she had said; but he did not yet know that he knew it. He was quite pale; his lips were slightly parted; but there was no reaction of shock or of alarm. He was taking it in gently, as his manner was. . . .

There came a tap at the door. That must be the nurse coming to take her away. At the sound he moved his eyes and looked at her, and somehow the expression in his face was not quite what she had expected.

"Aunt Anna—"
"Yes, my darling."

"Aunt Anna—" he hesitated. "I see what you meant just now—when—when you said that about my work. . . . I'll try. . . . Give me a kiss."

But even the tone of his voice was disconcerting. Had he, then, not quite understood?

Yes, Nevill understands, but Aunt Anna's initiation is not yet complete. To her he seems heartless until Mr. Morpeth shows her that the trouble lies in herself, not in Nevill.

"Just at present," went on that unrelenting voice, "you are hardly thinking of your nephew at all. You are thinking of

yourself. You complain that he is hardened. You mean by that that he turns to God and to the eternal verities for comfort instead of to you. You are jealous of God. . . . In words and actions, as I have said, you have been magnificent; since you have acted contrary to your jealousy, but within you have not really conquered jealousy at all. First, you grudged your nephew to a woman who might, for all you knew at first, have been worthy of him in every way, and now you are grudging him to God. You want him for yourself. He is not naturally a stoic or heartless. You ought to have recognized that. Then how can he appear so?"

Then Mr. Morpeth reads her extracts from some of Nevill's letters to himself and Aunt Anna capitulates, too. From that time the swift denouement is all energized by Nevill. His return home, his apology to the chaplain, the erection of the Pieta on the lawn at Hartley and his last illness follow one another in rapid succession, until

Every image faded from him; every symbol and memory died; the chasm passed into nothingness, and the Grail was drunk, and colors passed into whiteness, and sounds into the silence of Life, and the Initiation was complete.

And a great wave of joy surges up in the reader's breast as he, too, realizes that all that Nevill seems to have lost is stored for him at home, where the voice of the Divine Pursuer has just bid him: "Rise, clasp My hand and come."

The story of "Initiation," then, is plainly a prose version of the "Hound of Heaven," and no mean satellite of Thompson's masterpiece either, for it is the masterpiece of a great priest's soul. As you read, the feeling that you are looking into the heart of Father Benson himself steadily grows. There is something so intimate in the portrayal of Nevill's inner self that you almost feel a spy at times, and you lay aside the book, convinced that you have glimpsed the soul-history of its priestly author. As a matter of fact, Miss Parr assures us that Father Benson confessed that he had been cruelly stabbed by a masculine Enid.

The greatest interest the book holds out, however, is its presentation of the author's doctrine of Pain. Given certain elements of character, such fineness as lay hidden in the depths of Nevill's, and pain is the only reagent that will bring out the reaction to sanctity. Of course, this way is clearly not for all, but it was the way of the Son of God, and so must be the way of those who would follow Him in an eminent degree. Regarded from this point of view, Pain is one of the surest and most direct paths to mystical union, because the soul divested of all human and natural consolation flies straight into the arms of God, for then it realizes that

" . . . human love needs human meriting—
How hast thou merited . . .
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?

Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee, Save Me, save only Me?"

In "Loneliness?," too, Father Benson again used this same motif, but it is here developed with different variations and a result that is far less pleasing and not nearly so convincing as that achieved in "Initiation." Marion Tenterden, like Nevill, first thinks of a religious vocation, but on discovering her voice, decides on a theatrical vocation instead. Soon after her debut in grand opera, she becomes engaged to Max Merival, a young nobleman, a real "cad," and has just decided to give up her faith to marry him when God steps in. Her voice breaks one night in the grand finale of "Tristan," an operation for tonsils in performed and the wonderful voice is gone forever, but Marion only grows defiant. She resolves to carry out her plan of marrying Max.

"... God has not been fair to me. He took away all joy in my religion years ago. And now He has taken away everything else. But He shan't take away Max."

Dear old fussy Maggie Brent is her next loss, killed while on her way to London to try to induce Max to save Marion by submitting to a Catholic marriage. After Maggie's funeral Marion is relentlessly pursued by God's grace: in the little chapel, in her old letters, in Maggie's diary, in the garden before sunrise, . . . everywhere that Divine Lover pleads with her. Finally she returns to the Sacraments, which she had long neglected and then sends for Max. He pretends to find her unjust and unreasonable when she explains that she can never marry him except as a Catholic, even while he is greatly relieved at his release from what promised to prove rather a trying position for a lazy young man with no inheritance. At last she stands alone where he had left in the garden.

Then without moving hand or foot, she lifted her eyes to where through the lancet glimmered the light above the tabernacle.

"Jesus! My Knight! . . . I am ready now," she said softly.

Undoubtedly "Loneliness?" is mystical, at least in theme, but it lacks that sincerity of touch that is so striking in "Initiation." It has that carefully-planned-architecture note about it, whereas "Initiation" is simply the author's heart done in pen and ink. "Loneilness?" is a well executed piano composition ending in a pretty, soft chord; "Initiation" is a violin fantasie that finishes in

one of those exquisitely high, piercingly sweet tones, almost beyond the capability of human conception.

Both "Initiation" and "Loneliness?" belong in that first class of novels of suffering, for in them we find that suffering brings about a change of character both purifying and elevating. For both Sir Nevill Fanning and Marion Tenterden suffering is the crucible in which we see them change and react until that perfection of submissive union with God's will transforms them into strong, virile branches of the true Vine.

In "None Other Gods," on the other hand, the suffering affects the one who suffers in but a very slight degree; nor does it affect any one else. No atonement of any kind is there, no vicarious sacrifice—pure waste, complete failure only; and yet this is perhaps the most mystical novel that was ever written. Certainly it has been the most severely criticized of all of Father Benson's much criticized work. Why this is true is easily explained: the story is too truly mystical, hence mysterious, and the crowd hates anything that eludes its ignorant wisdom. We cannot understand it, therefore it is not good fiction, these critics argue. But is this true?

The story of "None Other Gods" is almost more simple in plot than "Initiation" or "Loneliness?" either, and like them a "one man" story. This time the man is Frank Guiseley, a young Cambridge student, who caps a series of daring escapades by becoming a Catholic. When he announces this news to his father, Lord Talgarth, he receives in reply a 'famous letter" . . . "in which all the well-worn phrases occurred as to 'darkening doors' and 'roof' and 'disgrace to the family." Frank takes his father at his word, sells his college furnishings and "sets out like a prince in a fairy tale to make his fortune," much to the dismay of his chum, Jack Kirby.

After sundry adventures at farm work and much tramping about, Frank one day falls in with "two disreputable figures," Major Trustcott and Gertie, supposedly his wife. However, she soon proves to be a silly misled girl, a fact which she confides to Frank one Sunday evening about one week after their first meeting. Meanwhile Frank has his own interior struggles and difficulties and then one morning a queer thing happened in him.

"It was that strange pause before the dawn when the light has broadened so far as to extinguish the stars, and to bring out all the colors of earth into a cold, deliberate kind of tint. Everything was absolutely motionless about him as he went under the trees and came out above the wide parkland of which the copse was a sort of barrier. The dew lay soaking and thick on the grass slopes, but there was not yet such light as to bring out its

sparkle; and everywhere, dotted on the green before him, sat hundreds of rabbits, the nearest not twenty yards away.

The silence and solemnity of the whole seemed to him extraordinary. There was not a leaf that stirred—each hung as if cut of steel; there was not a bird which chirped nor a distant cock that crew; the rabbits eyed him unafraid in this hour of truce.

It seemed to him like some vast stage on to which he had wandered unexpectedly. The performance of the day before had been played to an end, the night scene-shifting was finished, and the players of the new eternal drama were not yet come. An hour hence they would be all about: the sounds would begin again; men would cross the field-paths, birds would be busy; the wind would awake and the ceaseless whisper of leaves answer its talking. But at present the stage was clear-swept, washed, clean and silent.

It was the solemnity then that impressed him most—solemnity and an air of expectation. Yet it was not mere expectation. There was a suggestion of the fundamental and normal, as if perhaps movement and sound were, after all, no better than interruptions; as if this fixed poise of nature were something complete in itself; as if these trees hung out their leaves to listen to something that they could actually hear, as if these motionless creatures of the woodland were looking upon something that they could actually see; as if there were some great secret actually present and displayed in dead silence and invisibility before those only who possessed the senses necessary to perceive it.

It was odd to regard life from this standpoint, to look back upon the days and their incidents that were past, forward upon the days and incidents to come. Again it was possible for Frank to look upon these things as an outsider and a deliberate critic —as he had done in the stuffy room of the lodging-house in the town. Yet now, though he was again out of the whirl of actual living, he seemed to be looking at things-staring out, as he was, almost unseeing at the grass slopes before him-from exactly the opposite side. Then they had seemed to him the only realities, these tangible, visible things, and all else illusion: now it was the physical things that were illusive and something else that was real. Once again the two elements of life lay detached -matter and spirit; but it was as obviously now spirit that was the reality as it had been matter a day or two before. It was obviously absurd to regard these outward things on which he looked as anything but a frame of something completely different They were too silent, too still, too little self-sufficient to be complete in themselves. Something solid lay embraced between them.

And then Frank saw that he must save Gertie in some way. What happened after this was merely a whole series of trying, many of them rather oddly trivial, incidents that one by one make Frank "feel smaller and smaller." "But there was still a little hard

lump in the middle that would not break," for he still had two things to hold on to—"my religion and Jenny." In all these circumstances Frank has acted with a candor that strongly enlists the reader's interest and sympathy, and so we are not at all surprised when he asks Jack Kirby to tell his father and Jenny Launton, his betrothed, that he has been imprisoned; but he does not explain the why or the wherefore, and Jenny, who is a very perfectly proper young lady, writes Frank a perfectly proper letter that finishes the process through which he has all this time been passing. In the diary written at Father Hildebrand's command later on in the story, he describes the effect of this letter thus:

"Honestly I don't quite know what I was doing inside for the next week or so. Simply everything was altered. I never had any sort of doubt that she meant what she said, and it was as if there wasn't any sun or moon or sky. It was like being ill. Things happened around me. I ate and drank and walked, but the only thing I wanted was to get away, and get down somewhere into myself and hide. Religion, of course, seemed no good at all. I don't understand quite what people mean by consolations of religion. Religion doesn't seem to me a thing like art or music, in which you can take refuge. In either covers everything, or it isn't religion. Religion has seemed to me (I don't know if I'm wrong) one thing, like other things, so that you can change about and back again. . . . It's either the background and foreground all in one, or it's a kind of game. It's either true or it's a pretense. Well, all this in a way taught me it was absolutely true. Things wouldn't have held together at all unless it was true. But it was no sort of satisfaction. It seemed to me for a while that it was horrible that it was true: that it was frightful to think that God could be like that—since this Jenny business had really happened. But I didn't feel all this exactly consciously at the time. I seemed as if I was ill, and could only lie still and watch and be in hell. One thing, however, . . was that I honestly did not feel any resentment whatever against either God or Jenny. It was frightful, but it was true, and I just had to lie still inside and look at it."

Frank has advanced a long way in these first few weeks, since he had decided to save Gertie. At the time he does not understand, for it is only after the second "process," the Illuminative Way, is finished that he meets Father Hildebrand, who explains it all to him. Then he learns that the pain caused by Jenny's breaking of their engagement marked the end of the first part of his spiritual life. The Purgative Way is finished.

Frank also describes in his diary the beginning of the "new process," which came upon him suddenly when he awoke one morning in a shepherd's hut at Ripon, whither he had wandered to be alone with himself for a few days.

"It's very hard to describe it in words, but the first thing to say is that I was not exactly happy just then, but absolutely content. I think I should say that it was like this: I saw suddenly that what had been wrong in me was that I had made myself the centre of things, and God a kind of circumference. When He did or allowed things, I said, 'Why does He?'—from my point of view. That is to say, I set up my ideas of justice and love and so forth, and then compared His with mine, not mine with His. And I suddenly saw—or, rather, I knew already when I awoke—that this was simply stupid. Even now I cannot imagine why I didn't see it before: I had heard people say it, of course—in sermons and books—but I suppose it had meant nothing to me. . . . Because when one once really sees that, there's no longer any puzzle about anything. One can simply never say 'Why?' again."

From this moment Frank walks, "seeing new things" at every step. The door had been opened into another country and illuminations pour out upon him. Even the presence and conversation of others proves no hindrance to his "seeing things all the time." In the course of this Illuminative Way, Frank contracts tetanus from a blistered heel and is saved by Dr. Whitty, a toxin specialist, whose state of religious unbelief is badly disturbed, to say the least, by the "atmosphere" that Frank creates.

Then this "process," too, "comes to a sort of point on All Souls' Eve." The tramp trio, Frank, Gertie and the Major, had sought refuge from a "wet southwest wind" at a Benedictine monastery, and Frank, at the invitation of Father Hildebrande, witnesses the singing of the matins of the dead. As he knelt there in the silent church waiting for the ceremony to begin

an extraordinary peace seemed to descend and envelop him as he looked—a kind of crown and climax of various interior experiences that were falling on him now—for the last few weeks. . . . There was a sense of home-coming; there was a sense of astounding sanity; there was a sense of an enormous objective peace, meeting and ratifying that interior peace which was beginning to be his. It appeared to him, somehow, as if for the first time he experienced without him that which up to now he had chiefly found within. Certainly there had been moments of this before—not merely emotional, you understand—when heart and head lay still from their striving, and the will reposed in another Will. But this was the climax: it summed up all that he had learned in the last few months; it soothed the last scars away, it explained and answered—and, above all, correlated—his experiences. No doubt it was the physical, as well as the spiritual, atmosphere of this place, the quiet corridors, the warmth and the plainness and the solidity, even the august grace of the refectory —all these helped and had part in the sensation. Yet, if it is possible for you to believe it, these were no more than the vessels

from which the heavenly fluid streamed; vessels rather that contained a little of that abundance that surged up here as a fountain.

So "Frank had reached the end of a second stage in his journey," and then Dom Hildebrand bids him "look forward to a new 'process'—what he calls the 'Way of Union.'" He also speaks to Frank on religious vocation, but Frank does not agree, because he knows "absolutely for certain" that he must go on with the Major and Gertie until he can in some way separate them and return the girl to her mother.

The scene moves quickly to London, where the rest of the story takes place, except for a few pages which relate the marriage of Jenny to Lord Talgarth. Eventually Frank succeeded in rescuing Gertie, but not without rousing the Major's jealousy and resentment. On Christmas eve he conducted her to her home in Chiswick, and on his return paid a visit to Westminster Cathedral, where a priest is greatly impressed by his appearance as Frank says his penance before the Crib. On leaving the church Frank buys an "extra," which contains the account of the death of his father and brother in an auto accident, and as he enters Hackney Wick, he finds himself suddenly confronted by Jack Kirby, Dick Guiseley, his cousin, and a Mr. Parham-Carter, a young Anglican clergyman, who has been greatly mystified by the "atmosphere" of this strange young man. Frank insists on going on to his cheap lodging house in spite of all their arguments that he is now heir, and so forth.

"I've got the girl away, and now I'm going to tell the man, and tell him a few other things at the same time. . . . I've got to finish my job clean out. . . . Now clear off, please."

And so he leaves them, promising to come to them on the morrow. But on the morrow

he lay perfectly still upon his back, his hands clasped before him (and even these were bandaged). His head lay high on three or four pillows, and he wore what looked like a sort of cap, wholly hiding his hair and ears. His profile alone showed clear cut and distinct against the gloom in the corner behind. His face was entirely tranquil, as pale as ivory; his lips were closed. His eyes alone were alive.

Now, at last, as he kneels by the dying man's bed, Mr. Parham-Carter begins to understand the strange power that radiated from Frank.

. . . It was not that there was anything physical in the room, beyond the things which his senses told him; there was but the dingy furniture, the white bed, august now with a strange dignity as of a white altar, and the four persons besides himself. . . . But that the physical was not the plane in which these five persons were now chiefly conscious was the most evident

thing of all. . . . There was about them, not a Presence, not an air, not a sweetness or a sound, and yet it is by such negatives only that the thing can be expressed. . . . But the silence in the room was of a different quality; or, rather, the world seemed silent because this room was so and not the other way. It was here that the centre lay, where a battered man was dying, and from this centre radiated out the Great Peace. It was no waste then, after all!—this life of strange unreason ending in this very climax of uselessness, exactly when ordinary usefulness was about to begin. Could that be waste that ended so?

Frank speaks but twice, to ask for his rosary and later for the priest, and when he is told that the priest has already done "what he came for," he lies there still, waiting, with open eyes. To Mr. Parham-Carter

he seemed to be looking, as in a kind of meditation, at nothing in particular. It was as a man who waits at his ease for some pleasant little event that will unroll by and by. He was in no ecstasy, and, it seemed, in no pain and in no fierce expectation; he was simply at his ease and waiting.

Then at a few minutes before 9

Those who were there saw him move ever so slightly in bed, and his head lifted a little. Then his head sank once more and the failure was complete.

This is mysticism with a vengeance, and yet "None Other Gods" is one of the best bits of fiction that flowed from Father Benson's fertile pen. In no other book of his is the dramatic power higher, the character delineation finer or the descriptive skill better. As a matter of fact, more than one description in both "Initiation" and "Loneliness?" are curiously reminiscent of certain passages in "None Other Gods." Besides, that prefatory letter to Jack Kirby throws a glamor of awful reality around the story from which the reader can with difficulty escape, and then woven like a golden thread throughout its 477 pages is probably the best and fullest exposition of Father Benson's concept of mysticism.

Of course to the average reader of the story magazine and the "best sellers" the story is absolutely "without a point," but this is merely because such critics lack that other-world viewpoint which was so preëminently Father Benson's, for to this zealous priest nothing at all mattered except the supernatural life of grace within the soul of man. To be ideal this life demands a perfect harmony of all man's physical, mental and spiritual powers and faculties, which naturally in turn connotes sacrifice on the part of all the inferior powers. Hence what possible difference can it make whether Frank Guiseley or any other human being must end in ignominious immolation, provided this harmonized supernaturalization of his being be perfectly accomplished? "The failure was

complete" in every worldly sense for Frank; but "there is no such thing as failure" in such a life as his. The failure is that of His Master—Calvary and then the Resurrection. In "None Other Gods" this basic principle of true mysticism is set before us in an objective, tangible manner, just as temptation is visualized in "Macbeth." We watch the growth towards union in Frank's soul through Father Benson's microscopic pen from its first germination in that mysterious dawn until the heel of Major Trustcott gives it the final touch of perfection.

But the suffering does no one any good, some one objects. Gertie, who is only worth saving because she is a precious human soul, was already safe; the Major is not rendered one whit less beastly; Frank gains absolutely nothing through it, either for himself or any one else.

For others, granted his suffering helps no one else, that much is true. But for himself, yes. It puts the finishing touch, the seal, to the image of God in his soul, without which perfect union were impossible. He who loves would be like the beloved, and he who would be perfectly united to God by love would desire to be like his Beloved in all things, even in pain. His murder is the very crowning of Frank's life; his pain is the power that rends the very last veil between his soul and his Creator, the key that looses his soul to fly straight into its home in that Wounded Heart. Then what does it matter whether his life be reasonable or not, or whether the agent who turns the key be an angel or the most despicable character who roams the pages of Father Benson's novels?

In these three books, "Initiation," "Loneliness?" and "None Other Gods," we have a complete summary of the mystical principles of Monsignor Benson. Some of these ideas, such as the atonement concept, which forms the secondary theme in "Initiation" and is the actuating force of the Maggie Brent story in "Loneliness?," have a more emphatic exposition in certain of his short stories, but it is the same idea, simply silhouetted more sharply. Monsignor Benson has, therefore, a very strong claim to the title, "a mystic of suffering," but has just as certainly failed to secure a monopoly upon the literary offspring of this mysticism. Even a woman dares to compete with him in what seems at first sight to be his own peculiar sphere, and Olive Katharine Parr has reached no mean height in the contest, either, for "A Red-handed Saint" is a book which even Benson might be proud of having written.

The Red-handed Saint is a murderess, one Magdalen White, who, on her discharge from prison, is induced through the kindness

of Constance Beecham, the prison visitor, who tells the story, and the prayers of the Benedictine novice, Clare Coverdale, to undertake a life of penance.

"I want to spend my life and time and health in offering myself as a living victim to God."

Suddenly the remembrance of Clare in her peaceful convent flashed over me.

"In what way?" I asked gently. "Will you go and be a

Magdalene?"

"No, no," she cried, wringing her hands. "Such luxury is not for such as me. I must be despised, not respected; jeered at, mocked at. I must not live under the roof with our Lord's sacramental presence; I must withdraw myself from the consolation of His presence. Try to understand, gentle lady. It is easy to serve God in a convent, with all spiritual helps and consolations. My service must be as hard as I know how to make it. I want to serve God afar off, afar off; in darkness and desolation, despised by my fellow-creatures. Do you begin to see what I mean?"

She clung to me, as though pleading for comprehension, and dimly, as through a golden mist, there broke over my mental vision a picture of the life which she yearned to lead. The depths of self-abnegation, implied in such a course, was like a chapter from the lives of the saints. She was possessed by a passion for suffering. From pity my feelings turned to an awestruck reverence. Who was I to pity this voluntary martyr?

"I want to find two rooms in some slum where every sense will be repelled by noise, dirt, poverty, distress. I want to live absolutely amongst the most wretched of my fellow-creatures, offering a perpetual sacrifice of prayer and penance from their midst, and hoping that if they do not shrink too much from me, they may in time allow me to minister a little to their needs. Now I have told you all. I want your help to find the rooms, and I want your prayers to aid me in my confession. I long and long for God's forgiveness, yet hesitate to ask for it, for I deserve to be eternally lost."

And so the "slum cell" is established in "Angel Alley," where Magdalen spends beautiful days of prayer and charity and awful penance, for she is haunted by what appears to be the ghost of her murdered victim, who taunts her with her eternal damnation and drives her at times to the verge of despair. But she never wavers, and soon a power begins to go out from that "slum cell." The first conquest of Magdalen's prayers is the salvation of a poor working girl. Then comes August Coverdale's conversion. This young man, the brother of the Benedictine nun who prayers have helped to save Magdalen, seems on the verge of losing his faith through his contact with a Scripture evolutionist. Finally, Constance goes to beg Magdalen's prayers for the lad, and to her sur-

prise Magdalen asks her to bring August to see her, saying: "Perhaps the sight and contact with such as me might warn him. Who knows?" . . . "Of course he agreed to come," and Magdalen tells him:

"If some of Our Lord's words are interpolations, what security have I that they are, any of them, what He uttered? For instance, did He really say to the wretched sinner whom they wanted to stone, 'Neither will I condemn thee; go and sin no more'? For weeks and months have I lived, day and night, on that scene of His tender mercy. And now how do I know it is true? That any day some critic will not start up with some theory to refute it? And the same with poor Mary Magdalen. Did Our Lord really say, 'Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much'? Can you not spare me this suffering? Can you not cease to assail the authority of the Church? You do not know how far your words reach, you critics. Even if, in later life, you desire to retract any statement, you cannot be sure that everyone will see it and be comforted."

"Don't, don't; I can't bear it! I promise you I will cut the critics forever if only you will be at peace in your mind again," he exclaimed in an agony of remorse. "Promise me you will believe it all as it stands, as the Church tells you. Promise you will believe those words of Our Lord's that you have loved so much and all His other words, too."

She did not appear to fully heed him.

"I cannot think what good you think it can do," she went on, dreamily. . . . "Is it for the greater good of mankind to cast into the stream of fallible things the one infallible sheet-anchor to which all ages have turned for strength and salvation? What good do you think you do?"

She waited for an answer, but none came.

"And if yau are not certain that you are doing great good, how can you continue? Life is so short, so short, at its very longest, and nothing, not even heaven itself, can undo the actions we perform. They may be good, they may be bad; nothing can undo them. We may be sorry, we may even give our life's blood in expiation, but nothing can make our actions as though they had never been."

She wrung her hands together in agony.

"Can't you see it in me? I may spend by life in reparation, but can God Himself give back that life which I took? I am forgiven, yes; and I can pay the full penalty of punishment due to my sin. Yes, but how does that help the soul whom I sent, in the midst of sin, to its doom?"

August was pale with horror. He was too appalled to inter-

rupt or answer.

"And you—good God! You, with your white, innocent life, your health and birth and manhood, you fritter it away all in pursuing first one will-o'-the-wisp and then another. What good are you doing with your life? What good have you done

with it? Who can give you back the years that are gone? You see what I am; you see something of the sin and misery of the world; with everything ready to your hand, are you going on doing nothing? You are not hampered by lack of education, by want of money, by physical weakness. You can go, to-morrow, if you choose, and become a priest. You can take upon yourself the state which the very angels must envy; you can receive the power to offer to God the one sacrifice which is worthy of Him. in expiation for the sins of the world. You can receive the power to preach His word to the hopeless; you can receive the power to lift the burden of sin from the despairing. All this and much more. And yet you waste your manhood as you do. Oh. what it is to be a man! To be able to consecrate yourself irrevocably to God! We poor women can never do that. If we take vows, they are all dispensable. But you men, who can receive that ineffaceable Sacrament, consecrating yourselves to God forever, who can lift up holy anointed hands between earth and heaven-"

She broke off, interrupted by a flood of silent tears. Without a word, August turned and left the room. But Magdalen seemed scarcely conscious of his departure. She sank down at her prie-dieu and began to pray, oblivious to everything but the sorrow which filled her heart.

"Oh God, save him!" I heard her murmur. "Take that fair young soul for Yourself." Then her prayer passed into silence, and without disturbing her I made my way quietly from the room.

That very night August takes the train to a Benedictine abbey, and Magdalen later has the consolation of assisting at his ordination, at his consecration as an abbot and finally receives the last Sacraments from his hands. When told of the success of her talk with him, poor Magdalen can only say:

"Thank God! . . . He has not been angry with my prayers. Oh, lady, this means more to me than you can ever know."

The secret working of Magdalen's life is shown a short time after this in her conversation with Mr. Paul Masterman, an agnostic friend of the Coverdales:

"Well, Magdalen, to put it very crudely, I am a man without any religion or much belief in anything except perhaps the power of evil. . . . I can understand good people remaining good; I can understand bad people remaining bad; I can even understand good people becoming bad, but I confess I cannot understand bad people becoming good."

He said it half laughingly, but with an anxious look at the dark face in front of him.

"So you call me good," she said slowly. "Well, we will not haggle about that. . . . You want to know how I became good? Well, I can only say, because God in His mercy used various means to make me do differently."

"But I do not understand your God. Try to be more explicit. What first made you resolve to be different?"

She looked towards me with a smile.

"A visit from one of God's human angels, a letter—a little holy picture."

"And then?"

"Then it came across me in a rush that if any human heart so cared for me and cared for what I was and longed to lift me to her level, how much more must an infinite Heart!"

She paused and he reflected: "Well, that was logical reasoning.

You argued from the lesser to the greater. Go on."

"Call it logic if you like," she replied, with a slight smile. "At any rate, there was my mind, convinced. My heart had to follow. I began again to pray a little, just a little at first, then more and more."

"Ah, you believe in prayer, of course?"

"If I did not, I should either be in a madhouse or have committed suicide by now."

"Really? Is it so deep as that. Tell me exactly what you mean by prayer."

She hesitated a little and looked at the Crucifix.

"I am not learned. I can only tell you what it is to me. It is my ability to speak to God and to feel Him speaking to me."

"And you began speaking to Him?"

"Yes. And the more I spoke, the more I regretted my past life. This grew and grew until at last I had only one idea, which was eating me up. It was to make amends . . . to lead exactly the opposite life."

"Did you always believe in God?"

"Always-God forgive me!"

"Well, then, when you began to lead this life, could you have helped it?"

She stared. "I do not understand what you mean."

"I mean, did you do it deliberately? Or did you feel impelled

by some power for which you were not responsible?"

"I did it deliberately, of course. I do not understand your question. Of course, God showed me it all, showed me how to make amends, but He did not force me to do it. I could have gone back—I could go back this very night to the old life, if I liked."

He looked eagerly at the dark face with the blood-red light across it.

"That is what I mean. You have the power to do it or not, as you like?"

She gave a short laugh.

"Just as I had the power to sin or not as I liked."

Then there was a silence. Paul set with knitted brow.

"Then you deliberately chose out the most difficult life you could see as soon as you saw it," he said at last. "And tell me how you feel about suffering. Do you really not dread it and shrink from it? Even if one part of you wants it, as punish-

ment and atonement, don't you dread it in another part of you?"

"That is very difficult to answer," she replied in a low tone—
"difficult because I cannot make up my mind to tell you the truth."

"Do, do!" he urged eagerly. "You will never see me again. What does it matter? I do want the truth."

"Well, then, if you wish it, the truth is that I love suffering. I can't describe it in any other way. I love it simply. It makes me happy beyond words."

"Thank you. Now can you tell me why?"

She thought deeply.

"Partly because I deserve it, partly because—no, there is really only one great reason why I love it—because life is so short—and it is the only time given us in which to prove to God that we love Him. There is no proof of love like suffering for the beloved object is there? And as heaven is perfect happiness, we can never, after this life is over, have a chance to suffer for God. It is that which makes one feel that one can never have enough of it."

He gazed at her, awestruck. "Do you love God like that?"

That is the whole secret of the life of Magdalen White and every other soul that loves God. Nor was Magdalen's love of suffering any unproved sentiment. That street-mobbing incident and the horrible humiliation at the waxwork—show are terrible enough, but they pale into insignificance before that glimpse of soul struggle that Miss Beecham accidentally discovered one afternoon.

"I... was just about to enter Magdalen's room when I was arrested by the sound of her voice in conversation with some one. I listened for a moment at the door, which was ajar, thinking that Father Hyacinth might be visiting her. But, as I listened, I turned cold. She was talking to some one or something whose reply was inaudible to my ears. 'What is the use of it?' she was saying piteously. 'What can I do for you more than I have done? Haven't I worn out my life offering prayers and penances for the repose of your soul, in the hope that you were saved?'"

There was a pause. I stood, shaking. The wonder as to what was really in the room, the feeling that she could hear something inaudible to any one else, the discovery that the apparition had haunted her all these years, were enough to freeze one's blood with horror.

"Well, if you are damned, what can I do?" she continued, in trembling accents, followed by another pause.

"Oh yes, I can save my soul. I can, I can. You know that is a lie. Do leave me. Do let this be the last."

Again she was silent. And I stood, remembering the stories of the apparition which had been told to me at the prisons, coupling them with her recent utterances as to the power of the

devil over his former servants. . . And . . . I suddenly realized that this might have happened many times before without my suspecting it.

Eventually, Magdalen's poor body succumbs under this strain. Heart disease develops and it becomes necessary for her to give up her slum cell. And then it is that she most of all shows her sanctity for she submits promptly and cheerfully to this last sacrifice, saying:

"I have never insisted upon anything which I did not believe myself called to do. Now I see that that service is over and that God wills me, at the end, to have a brief period of consolation. I take it gladly as His will, just as I took this gladly as His will."

And so Magdalen goes to "a small hospital for incurables kept by some nuns only a few stations from August's abbey," where, by the way, August is now the abbot. The heart attacks become more and more painful and severe; but in the midst of her awful physical suffering, it was "magnificent to witness the unshaken calm of her soul." Then one night God reveals to her that her "poor victim is saved," and that "the apparition had been, not him at all, but a device of the devil to tempt me to despair." That evening she is anointed at her own request, and "through a preconcerted plot between Abbot Augustine (August Coverdale), the convent chaplain and myself" by the abbot himself. When the last blessing was finished.

". . . the abbot took off his stole and came to stand near the bed. 'Well, Magdalen,' he said with a smile, though I could see tears glittering in his eyes, 'are the poor hands clean at last?"'

She nodded, and then broke into tears—the last that she ever shed. And the young prelate did a thing the like of which for tender charity I never have seen equaled. Very slowly he took both her hands within his own, she not resisting, but apparently filled with gladness to think she might at last allow one so pure to touch them; he joined them together, palms open and upwards, as his own had been joined on the day of his first Mass; then, whispering, "Now I am no longer the only one with holy anointed hands," he stooped down and kissed them both.

I think that finally killed her. She never spoke again, but lay in a trance of happiness which we could not disturb. At last she gave me a look full of love and significance, and I knew that the time had come to take her into my arms. Blinded by tears, accordingly I raised her and kissed her forehead as she laid her head down over my heart.

She did not keep me long, dear Magdalen—not nearly so long as the day when she shed her first tears of repentance. In a few minutes I heard a soft, contented sigh, felt a sudden

heaviness and knew that Magdalen and I would never more be separated by earth or time or space.

And to-day the "slum cell" is "a chapel-of-ease," a mission for the slums in charge of the Dominican fathers, where Magdalen's red lamp burns perpetually before her crucifix that now tops a tabernacle.

"The Red-Handed Saint" comes nearer to fulfilling Father Lucas' definition of a novel than those of Father Benson which we have just considered, for it is at least three-part, if not four-part music. Cecilia and Raphael furnish a sweet lyric note and "Periwinkle Poll might have stepped from the pages of Dickens had Dickens possessed our author's spiritual insight." Through the whole story, too, runs that beautiful Catholic conception of the value and nobility of the religious and priestly vocation that one so seldom finds, even in books by Catholic authors, but which seems to be a cardinal virtue of Miss Parr's.

In "The Red-Handed Saint" the mystical idea of suffering as an atonement forms the principal motif of the story. In "Initiation" the atonement is for another; in "The Red-Handed Saint" it is for the person's own sins. Of course one almost instinctively compares this book with Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and in some respects the two books are similar with the balance of true Catholic mysticism strongly in favor of "The Red-Handed Saint." The ethics of the atonement in the "Marble Faun" are correct, but there is a Puritanical shadow that comes from a too close study of God's justice exclusive of His other attributes; whereas the tone of "The Red-Handed Saint" is hopeful and consoling. thorne emphasizes the punishment of sin: Miss Parr lays stress on the loving intercourse of God with the repentant sinner; to Hawthorne God is the judge; to Miss Parr He is rather the Father of the prodigal son. Hawthorne's is the mysticism of the fear of the Lord; Miss Parr's is the mysticism of love. The sinner who would read the "Marble Faun" would undoubtedly be brought to a realization and acceptance of the justice of his punishment, but were "The Red-Handed Saint" to fall into his hands, what hope of pardon, what courage to turn back might not spring up in his heart? And who that has studied the ways of God can doubt that He loves the sinner?

In another book, "A White-Handed Saint," Miss Parr again strikes the mystic note, but in a totally different key. In fact, the book is such an extraordinary mixture of mysticism and romance that one scarcely knows how to form an opinion of it. Passages of the most sublime mystical doctrine descend suddenly into a melodramatic sentimentality, forming such an incongruous med-

ley that the reader puts aside the book in doubt as whether to commend or condemn. On this account one critic, evidently of the masculine gender, censures the book for "the feminine touch," but whether feminine or masculine, this defect is an almost universal fault of the popular novel and certainly in moral tone and spirituality "A White-Handed Saint" far surpasses the average "best seller."

To begin with, Miss Parr assures the reader in the preface that "the book is 'life stuff,' all of it," and such "life stuff!" The story of a pure white sinless life that is one long agony, a ten-year martyrdom of the very refinement of pain the most pitiful and yet most beautiful life one could ever conceive—this is the story of Percivale Douglas as it is told by Phyllis Lambert, for Percivale is not a murderer, but a priest, whose consecrated hands have never had the privilege of performing their sacred duties. A train accident had deprived him of the use of his right hand and arm on the day after his ordination and so he had never even said his first Mass. Since then he had lived alone with his sister at Black-combe, harassed by disappointment, poverty and the upbraiding of his sister, who resented the sacrifices she was constrained to make for him. When Phyllis expresses her surprise at God's thus treating him, he tells her the secret of his life.

". . . It is not a long or a thrilling story, Miss Lambert, and there is a singular absence of plot about it, so far. Well, I needn't go into the reasons which made me join the Church of Rome at the age of twenty-three. That I did do so is sufficient for my story. What I must try to make clear is my vocation to the priesthood, my conception of what is to be a priest." I assented eagerly. . . . "I think," he resumed, after a pause, and speaking very slowly—"I think, to sum it up in a few words, my notion was this: the priest is the man among men who is absolutely God's and the people's—and all the more the people's, for being so wholly God's. He is God's first, and the people's second. He, his whole existence of body and soul, every nerve fibre of his being, every heart beat, every drop of blood, every breath, every movement of his mind, all go to make him a living, conscious, complete, consenting victim of God's offered daily, hourly to God for God's sake and His people's. He offers himself as a perpetual oblation of praise to God; praise for those fellow-creatures who never praise. And I hope with a hope which is more than hope because it is more than faith, it is almost sight—I hope that the absolute completeness of his oblation compensates to God, for the homage of which some men rob Him."

I listened, awestruck, confounded. I felt somehow as if I ought to be kneeling to listen. . . .

"Of course," he continued, after another pause, "such a life as this is not exclusively the priest's. Thousands of men and women are living it all over the world to-day. Some are monks, some nuns. Some are men and women living in the world: some perhaps are married and the fathers and mothers of families. The real difference between the priest and other men is this: the priest is not only God's victim; His voluntary victim: he is His official victim. He is accepted, signed, sealed, anointed, publicly and solemnly by the Church, He consecrates himself by his yow of perpetual chastity and he is, in return, consecrated by a special sacrament which makes him, as I say, God's official victim, gives him the official right to offer to heaven the most stupendous sacrifice of earth. It is in this offering that the essence of the priesthood consists. He administers the sacraments to his fellow-men and this power of administration also is part of the essential character of the priesthood. But the essence of the essence, the very summit and crown of his life is in the offering of that Sacrifice which alone gives adequate, because infinite, praise and thanksgiving to God, which alone makes adequate, because infinite, reparation and supplication for the people. The priest is peculiarly God's victim because he alone is empowered to offer up the Eternal and Infinite Victim.

"That is my ideal of the priesthood. . . . And, of course, it presupposes the striving after perfection of life and soul. The victim must go on becoming more worthy of acceptance. Well, as you know, I was ordained. I will not try to describe what emotions fill the priest's heart on his ordination day. On my way home to celebrate my first Mass, as you also know, I was struck down by this accident. That was ten years ago. For a long time there was hope that returning health might reanimate the paralyzed nerves. But after six or nine months that hope had to be abandoned. Then, of course, came the supreme trial, the almost overpowering temptation not to serve. For months I lived in a veritable hell. . . . Hatred of God, a fierce craving to throw off his voke entirely, a luridly attractive vision of unlawful pleasures, all fought like the devils they were for my acceptance. To this day their hideous forms appear to me at times. Yes, Miss Lambert, I am only human. You asked me last night if I were a saint. Now you know I am nothing but a struggling mortal, made of common flesh and blood—a mortal who has been through floods and fires of temptation and who will continue to pass through them occasionally to the end. Among others the thought of self-destruction sometimes assails me. But as long as I do not yield to them and am certain I do not displease God, I bear them, almost with gladness. The service of pain is passing dear to me. It is only in this life, this short, short life, we shall have the chance to suffer. For all eternity our service will be joy."

He stopped again and I sat silent far too awed to speak.

"At last," he went on, rousing himself, "I made one huge effort to gather the shattered forces of my life together and piece them into a scarred, maimed whole. The dream of my life had been to restore the old worship to Blackcombe, to offer once more the Infinite Sacrifice in a place where once it had been offered. I believed that this was my mission, the meaning of my life. Our tiny foothold here (he owned a small estate), my call to the old faith and the priesthood seemed part of a perfect whole. I was to be the apostle of this lonely seaside, the Lord's lily in this desert, the one chosen out from among many to build up what had long lain low. I was to be our gracious Bady's gallant knight, a knight with 'Ave Maris Stella' for his war cry, with white fleur-de-lis upon his azure shield. I would toil and screw and scrape till I had once more raised up a chapel in her honor. This was the very raison d'etre of my existence. And then, when at last I left the hospital and returned home, what did I find?"

This time the pause was longer than ever.

"By God's infinite, patient, tender mercy," he said, in a tone so low and tremulous that I could scarcely hear him, "I found that I was still His priest, even if my anointed hands were empty and barren. I found I was still Our Lady's knight, even if I had been hopelessly crippled before striking my first blow for my Queen. My soul, my faith, had been brought to God safely through the fires and floods of hellish temptation. And so I took up my life, my call, as His living victim here. I cannot understand His will. But what is better, I can bow to it, nay, more, embrace it. I cannot offer the supreme sacrifice, but I can offer the next best thing to it, the Divine Office, the praises which flow forever from the 'os ecclesiae,' the mouth of the Church. I can be His unseen, unknown lily in the desert, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, not crying to warn men, crying simply praise to heaven. And with each day I can strive to become more perfect that in the end the victim may be without flaw in the sight of God. Sometimes a fond and foolish fancy comes to me and makes me think that perhaps by glad resignation I may even do God more homage than if I had been a normal priest. Perhaps if I ever attain to the heights of thanking Him for my shattered life, I shall give Him more glory than if I had had to thank him for an ordinary life. The measure of our love is the measure of the glory we give Him. And it takes more love to thank Him for this than it would to thank Him for an officiating priesthood. I don't know. But I strain always to those heights, hoping to reach them in the end. At other times it seems to me that God is angry with me and has cast me away as worthless. But this does not trouble me. How can it? I am wholly His, I could not make myself more His than I am. And If I am His, He can do what He likes with me. If it pleases Him to cast me out, I am still His, even if I am nothing better than His outcast. So you see, however you look at it, my life—apart

from the occasional surface storms—is nothing but one vast incarnate peace."

The great crisis of Percivale's life comes a few weeks later, when a manuscript over which he has labored hard and long is rejected by the publishers. He had still hoped to erect the little chapel to Our Lady with the proceeds of this sale, but now God seemed to have rejected not only his priesthood, but his "whole life's work," and he wonders how "God can have the heart to treat one so." Rather oddly Phyllis proves his savior, though the idea of this non-Catholic girl's saving a priest's soul is rather disconcerting to our Catholic instincts, nor is the scene quite convincing. That night Percivale wrote in his diary, discovered after his death:

May 30-Lord, how can I ever thank Thee for bringing me safely through such a day as this has been? And what are my feelings now that it is over? I ought perhaps to feel shame and despair and remorse and discouragement. But I feel nothing but love. Never on earth was a soul more unworthy of Thy love than mine. And for that very reason, my trust in Thee is boundless. If I were good, a saint, perhaps I should need Thee less. Thou seest how sore my need is and that is why Thou never failest me. A human lover would fain be always united with his beloved, wherever she might be, or whatever she might be doing, whether playing or working, eating or sleeping, good or naughty. He would, if he loved truly, most desire to be with her when she was being tempted and perhaps giving way. The naughty child most sorely needs his father's love. The straying sheep most needs the care of the shepherd. So it is with me. Thou, more tender than any earthly lover, art nearest to me when I need Thee most, when I am sad, discouraged, falling. Never hast Thou been nearer to me, O tender, patient, unfailing Love, than Thou hast been to-day. Thou knowest how grieved I am to have so tried Thee. And yet how I rejoice at this fresh proof of Thy patience and forgiveness. Once more I submit myself entirely to Thy will. Once more I give back to Thee my priesthood, my life, myself, as Thy living victim.

Phyllis obtains the manuscript from Percivale's sister, it is accepted by her publishers and the little chapel is erected. Father Humphreys, Percivale's old classmate, comes to say Mass, and then suddenly poor Percivale finds gall poured into his cup of happiness, for it breaks his heart to serve the Mass he should be celebrating. This time Father Humphreys exorcises the demon in a passage one scarcely refrain from quoting and then the tide begins to turn.

Leo Wedderburn, a young Catholic man of great wealth, coming to visit the man of whose beautiful life he has heard, first falls madly in love with Phyllis, and then decides to make Blackcome his home. This means the introduction of a large Catholic household, a regular chaplain, and so reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides all this, Leo has determined to pay Percivale a regular annuity for the use of his chapel. The joy of that poor, pain-scarred heart is so great that a stroke results. Strangely enough this restores the health of the poor paralyzed arm and at last Percivale prepares to say his first Mass. What has happened in his soul we learn, too, from his last conversation with Phyllis.

"You know how I have always hoped that this broken life might at last give God more glory than a whole life would have," he resumed. "And how I comforted myself by the belief that such a life was far more difficult to live than an ordinary one. You know how I longed to be a saint, to be the lily among thorns -God's dearest here, and the one to give Him perfect worship. Well, I know now that all this has been fulfilled. Last evening I had a vision . . . the first and probably the last of my life. . . I was standing outside the oratory at moonrise . . and as I watched the soft light shine on the white granite walls, suddenly it occurred to me to wonder if I loved the little place and my life here too much—if I were really detached and really ready to do only God's will in everything. So silently in my soul I framed a prayer begging for this grace, that when death should come to call me away, I might go gladly, without one regret. Then came the light. I saw nothing with my eyes, heard nothing with my ears. I was as alive to my surroundings as I am now . . . But I know that One stood beside me whose love for me is greater than any mortal love. I was aware of His Presence by means of my mind, my soul. I could feel His embrace of my soul. Though it was spiritual, yet it was palpable. I never before so clearly realized that the soul is an actual substance—not an imaginary, impalpable being. I could feel within my soul, when He touched it, and when He left go. It was as if my flesh had become spiritualized, as if my soul had penetrated outwards through my body. . . . I saw the Presence without vision, I heard His words without sound. The words were imprinted on my mind without bodily speech. Yet, if anything, they were more distinct than the words we hear with our ears in the ordinary way. . .

"The Beloved began by an expression of endearment which is the only thing I cannot describe," he went on, more slowly still. "I have tried to ever since. I have taken every dearest epithet which human lovers ever apply to each other, but they all fall short of the reality. These expressions of endearment were the only wordless part of the whole—I suppose because human speech has no language to convey them. They belong to the language of heaven. But it gave me such a sense of God's love for my soul as my mind never before conceived. It isn't possible to tell you how much He loves me, you, all of us. Well, try to imagine it. After that revelation of His love to me came the assurance that my prayer, may lifelong prayer, has been

answered—and in a way I never dreamt possible. Always I have prayed to give God a perfect service here in this place where my lot has been cast. I knew it was an impossible prayer, because we can't ever in the flesh be perfect. Nevertheless, I always prayed for it, hoping that the desire of my soul would be accepted rather than the shortcomings of my human nature. And my prayer is answered in this way: the Beloved made clear to me that death will not take me from here. It will only free me from my flesh, so that my unfettered spirit may offer what it has always craved to offer—perfect worship, perfect praise, and that, too, till earth has passed. He promises me that I am indeed His dearest here, and that mine will be the first perfect worship to rise to the Godhead from this place."

Nor is the Beloved long in fulfilling His promise, for as Percivale kneels making his thanksgiving after his first Mass, he draws one long, trembling sigh and his heart is still forever as his soul passes out to its Maker. His very last act had been to light the sanctuary lamp in the little chapel, for the first time, and Our Lady's white knight, who died on the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians lies buried beneath the altar of Blackcombe, where his brother priests come as to a little sanctuary.

Surely this is quite mystical enough and beautiful enough and sublime enough for the life of any saint, even of those grand, mystical, mediæval times, not to say anything of our materialistic era. The "white-handed saint" does not, however, monopolize all the mysticism in the 316 pages of this book. By no means, for Father Humphreys is a mystic, and Leo Wedderburn knows its terms; even Phyllis Lambert is mystical when she is not weeping. Why, the lovers even interrupt their cooing and billing to discuss mysticism. The book is drenched, drowned, soaked through and through with it, and although the author is a woman, the book is wonderfully sound in its theology. One might take exception to one or two points, but these are essentially minor and are, besides, set forth as merely tentative private opinion. Had Miss Parr but avoided the "sob" device of the modern fictionist, this book might well have been her great masterpiece.

Besides this defect there is, moreover, another very noticeable difference between Robert Hugh Benson and Olive Katharine Parr. In Father Benson's novels nature mysticism is very prominent; in Miss Parr's it is singularly lacking. Monsignor Benson seems to have been intimately persuaded that nature exerts a powerful influence over man, and that God frequently uses it as an instrument, or means of conveying some grace or light to men's souls. Miss Parr, on the other hand, never uses nature as a medium of mystical communication. Men and women, usually women, are always the

instruments of God in her books. Of course, Father Benson uses these human agents, too, but usually not as inspirers of good angels, but as whips or surgeons' knives. In Miss Parr's books, man is the direct current that lights the soul of his fellow-man to God; in Father Benson's novel, man is rather the resistance coil whose heat warms the soul of his fellow-man for God. Such characters as Aunt Anna, Mr. Morpeth and Maggie Brent prevent one, however, from classing Monsignor Benson as a nature mystic. And who would not rather be any one of these rather than sentimental Phyllis Lambert?

These few examples would seem to be sufficient proof both of the existence of the mystical novel and of the adaptability of the mystical theme to fiction, although a number of others might be adduced to add weight to the claim. And besides the novel, there is the mystical short story, than which there is no fairer jewel in fiction's diadem.

Have you read Father Garrold's "The Man's Hands," or Ruth Temple Lindsay's "The Hermit of Dreams," or Enid M. Dinnis' "God's Fairy Tales," or Constance E. Bishop's "The Seventh Wave and Other Soul Stories"? If so, you know the mystical short story; if not, there is a great feast in store for you the day these books fall into your hands, a rich literary feast—and a richer spiritual feast.

Of these writers, both Father Garrold and Mrs. Lindsay are preëminently mystics of suffering, and yet the difference in their respective mysticisms is so great as to scarcely admit of comparison. Both are artists in the technique of the short story; in fact, if neither had never written anything else but these two slender volumes, still would each of these writers deserve a lasting place in Their distinctiveness lies deeper than form. It is a difference in tone, in point of view, in the grasp of the spiritual, so elusive that it evades the bonds of definition. One is conscious of it particularly in the effect that the reading of the two books produces in one's soul. Both interest, thrill, attract; but Mrs. Lindsay's excite a species of depression akin to that half-fearful fascination with which one recalls a bad dream, while Father Garrold's leave a soothing, tender, trustful feeling, even though they depict the most cruel physical torments; they heighten our appreciation of God's pitiful, rewarding love for those who suffer for His sake from the inhumanity and hatred of their fellow-man, and in some subtle way brace up our courage to carry our cross. Whether it be the Venerable Father Southwell, who owns "The Man's Hands," or the blessed Stephen Zuraire, who is led by the lure of the Beloved along "The White Road" to the west where the sword

of a heretic flung open to him "the flaming ramparts of the world," behind which lay "the gold for which he had been so long a patient seeker," or little Gloria Patri, who is frozen to death in the great bell-tower on the night of "The King's Visit"—all are conquering heroes, epic characters, who rise triumphantly from the Calvary of Pain. The way of suffering for them is the quickest way of union with Him for whom they suffer so heroically, so merrily.

But Mrs. Lindsay's "Hermit of Dreams" knows no such heroes. His are mostly tragic characters, who end in ignominious failure like their Master. Do they rise again? The chapter remains sealed for the reader, an unsolved, sometimes an unsolvable problem. The stories are tremendous in atmosphere and emotion and done in exquisite English, with a good dash of nature mysticism in "Beth," though Mrs. Lindsay shows this tendency far less than Father Garrold.

The unusualness of the themes is another very striking feature of these stories and in this characteristic seems to lie the essential difference between Mrs. Lindsay and the other writers of this group. Mrs. Lindsay, too, has a message, but it is a message that is rather terrifying, startling to say the least, in the pictures it presents of Christ's life in the world of to-day. Our Lord still calls disciples, as in "Beth": still dies in absolute failure, apparently conquered by evil, as in "Trembling in the Scales"; still demands to be recognized as the Redeemer who suffered for our sins, as in "The Story of Innocent Heart"; still requires men to serve Him by prayer and sacrifice, as in "The Incense and the Myrrh"; and still is recognized and known by the few only, as in "Mary Had a Little Lamb," for Our Lord lives forever in His Church and His earthly life is reduplicated again and again in the strife that this Church wages with the world, the flesh and the devil. Each individual Christian is another Christ. who has his Bethlehem, his Gethsemani, his Calvary and his glorious tomb, for only in this way can he be made a perfect copy of Him in whose image and likeness he was made. It is these first stages that Mrs. Lindsay so powerfully shows us, but although there is the hint of the real and ultimate triumph, the proportion of the emphasis given to this latter is so small the average reader will fail to catch that tiny rift in the clouds of tragedy that envelop the story. For this reason one hesitates to give unqualified commendation to "The Hermit of Dreams." For youth and the untrained thinker these stories might be really dangerous, although their literary merit is undoubtedly very great. Mrs. Lindsay makes God's love a terrible thing, a love that delights in seeing those who are beloved and who love God in return suffering, tormented. crushed with pain. It is a picture that would set the hardest heart aquaking, not to say anything of those timorous ones that must be coaxed into the road to sanctity, or brave, upright hearts that resent a slavish tyranny. But turn to "The Man's Hands," by Father Garrold. Here, too, men suffer and die, but for a King, a tender, compassionate, sympathetic King, who shares their suffering, their sorrow, their degradation, who fights the battle side by side with them, and who takes the hardest share for Himself, giving them all the consolation in His power. This is Our Divine Lord as His true followers know Him? Good Shepherd, great King, forgiving Father, loving big Brother—these the Son of God is, and we find ourselves resenting Mrs. Lindsay's pictures of Him as a relentless Justice, a stern dispenser of bitter medicines, a trampler on human hearts and souls.

With what relief, then, one opens the little purple volume with its black title, "God's Fairy Tales," by E. M. Dinnis, for Miss Dinnis knows the Iesus of Nazareth that the sinner, the blind and the lame of Judea once knew, the gentle Saviour that His friends, yes, and His enemies, too, still know. These twelve little tales are excellent examples of that other type of the mystical novel, the mysticism of God's Providence. In every one of these stories we have an exemplification of "God's close and loving relationship with His creatures, preternaturally manifested." Sometimes the Holy Eucharist weighs down a man, making him another "Christopher," while grace goes out to save or heal some soul; sometimes it is a tramp that becomes "The Intruder," bringing faith to a man who longs for a vision; sometimes a sick child's delirium sees in the maimed face of a persecuted priest a beautiful countenance, thus throwing off the poor, brave saint's pursuers; sometimes it is just the odor of lavender on a charitable Veronica's handkerchief that wakes the grace of repentance in a dying sinner's soul-trivial incidents, many of them, if you will, but to the eye of faith pregnant with meaning. God loves us more than we can even dimly guess, and that tender, patient love finds nothing too small, nothing too commonplace, nothing too trivial, for His use if it but serve to give Him a means of helping us. Like a fecund atmosphere does His love surround us, energizing our vitality, quickening our life, vivifying our soul, and we being partly material, partly spiritual beings. He must of necessity employ both material and spiritual means. Ah, the wonder of that privilege, to be the instrument with which He elects to work! What tool could be mean or small or inconsequent if it moved by the touch of the Master's hand, and what a glory that touch would leave on it forevermore! Yet so it is as the smallest child knows, for is it not in Him we live and move and have our being?

An analysis of any one of the stories in "God's Fairy Tales" will reveal these principles. Let us take the fifth, "Simple Simon," as an example. Simple Simon, a poor, puny little boy, whose daily work it was to carry a huge bundle of "trouses" to Mr. Moss Isaacofsky and to bring home a new bundle of work for his mother, had received his nickname from a "rum bloke," which translated means a Roman Catholic priest. Meeting the child one day, the Rum Bloke had asked whether he did not find the bundle "terribly heavy," and the lad had answered, "Middlin';" the man smiled at him out of very gentle eyes and said: "Well done, little Simon of Cyrene." Some companions had caught at the name and recalling the nursery rhyme, had dubbed the boy Simple Simon.

One evening a little later, Mr. Isaacofsky refused to take the finished work and so Simon started home with a double load. After several bad falls the poor little lad found himself in front of Pat Murphy's church, "where they worship candles and pray to pictures and images." The door stood open, "the refuge looked inviting," and "Simon was horribly used up." "He ventured in," found a dark corner where he deposited his bundle, "just below a statue with outstretched hands," and then looked about. Imagine his dismay on discovering two "blokes" near the door, "and one of them no other than the Rum Bloke himself!"

He was wearing black petticoats on this occasion that hid his shabby "trouses." The other gentleman was by way of being a "real toff," and Simple Simon had remarked with much interest that the Rum Bloke had got a bad name for him as well, by which he addressed him.

"You're a mystic," he was saying, "so you will appreciate my new Stations; there's a lot of real poetry in that French fellow's designs, he's a magnificent painter, too. You'll be able to see them better when the boy brings the lights; we are just going to make the Stations."

"I'll join in with pleasure," replied the man who had submitted to being called a mystic. Simple Simon wondered what on earth it all meant.

But "impelled by curiosity," "Simple Simon, with his bundle, hovered in the shadow on the other side of the tall columns where there was a narrow gangway between the latter and the rows of rush-bottomed chairs," during the whole ceremony, moving along from picture to picture. At the Fifth Station

Simple Simon received a shock. To begin with, he was feeling uncommonly queer on account of the weight of the bunde, and was, indeed, wondering whether he could hold out much longer when he distinctly caught the sound of the name that the Bloke

had addressed him by on that occasion. The Bloke had evidently spotted him.

He got as far as the door and then collapsed into "a shy little seat at the far end of a bench." Presently he began to feel better. By now the people had dispersed.

Only the Bloke and the Mystic remained. They came down the aisle where Simple Simon was hiding, talking together.

"But, my dear fellow," the Bloke was saying, "what is it that you find so extraordinary in my Stations? I'm surprised; I thought the pictures would appeal to you."

"But," the other said, "why-why is our Saviour represented

in the first five without His cross?"

The other stared at him in amazement.

"What idea have you got in your head?" he said. "Couldn't

you see the pictures properly?"

"I saw perfectly," the other said, "and there was no cross on the shoulders of our Lord until the Sixth Station—Veronica! And Simon of Cyrene is represented as quite a boy—what can the artist be about?"

His Companion looked at him in silence for a moment.

"Don't you think we had better go back and see?" he said quietly.

And then to the frightened boy's great relief they turned back to examine the pictures. Poor little trembling Simple Simon raised his bundle and staggered towards the door, but "the big spirit that animated the little wizened body suddenly gave out."

The two priests picked the lad up and calling a cab took him to the Settlement hospital. As they drove along, Simon began to come to and he heard the Mystic say:

"I can't think where I've seen the lad! The face is quite familiar; I've seen him somewhere quite lately, yet I don't believe it was at the Settement—more recenty still." Then: "I've got it, Mike! Good God! (this quite reverently) "It's Simon of Cyrene!"

The Settlement doctor soon found "that Simple Simon was suffering from a form of malady that made the bearing of bundles a very terrible thing indeed." The mother was assisted and little Simon remained at the Settlement "with one leg abbreviated," where he soon "learnt enough to know what prayers before pictures meant." The first time Simon made the Stations on his crutches, the Rum Bloke had watched the Mystic curiously. As they paused before the First Station, the latter "had given a slight start, drawn a quick breath and a strange light had come into his eyes." And now when "there is a big thing to be pulled off at the Settlement," the Mystic says: "Little Brother Simon, I want you to make the

Way of the Cross for my intention this evening." And then "the big thing is generally pulled off."

Now, of course, your materialist objects that this story of Simple Simon is simply a record of happy accidents. The boy just happened to enter the church; he fainted from a purely natural cause, medical knowledge (science) and charity (humanitarianism) did the rest. Yes, but why did it happen so? Why do a thousand strange things and perfectly obvious things, too, happen in the life of every single one of us? Is life simply a game in which the dice just happen to fall so? Or are its events shaped by the hand of Him who counts the sparrow's falls? Put them side by side: the chance of Materialism, the Providence of Faith, and then consider Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary. Would a father, a big brother, have done all that and still permit man to be the helpless dupe of fate? Faith alone explains those wonderful thirty-three years, faith alone understands those seemingly accidental events of our lives, sees not only the event in itself, but the divine hand that is behind it, too. Ah, blessed are the eyes of faith that are the inheritance of the clean of heart! With such eyes the soul knows a world, a great, beautiful, wonderful world, that is beyond the poor world-blind heart even to conceive, and with such eyes it becomes possible for the soul to enter into a union with God so intimate, so constant, so trustful and loving that in actual truth it abideth in God and God in it. God to so close to us always, dwelling right in our very souls, watching, guiding, protecting our lives at every instant, that the difficulty would rather seem to be that we could prevent the union of our soul with Him, and surely no aspect of our relations with God could be more conducive to true mysticism than that of His Divine Providence.

This is the mysticism of Enid M. Dinnis, who is preëminently a woman of faith. A loving, trustful confidence in God, a clear insight into His tender Providence, a simple, childlike love for Him, are the best traits of this author, and one lays aside her little book consoled, strengthened, encouraged, enlightened, conscious of a new measure of love and trust in Our Father. In a word, "God's Fairy Tales" have all the qualities a venerable Jesuit novice-master was accustomed to declare a good meditation book should possess. There is not a line that even the most austere critic might regard as dangerous, and besides, Miss Dinnis has told her stories in a simple, straightforward, happy-hearted style that is a distinct addition to the theme. Like the Jesuit in "Initiation," she has "the tact of utter simplicity," one of the most essential requisites of a true mystic. Miss Dinnis can be a nature mystic, too, if occasion demand, but even then she is still the mystic of God's Providence.

The other writer of this short-story group, Constance E. Bishop. is somewhat more difficult to classify. "The Seventh Wave and Other Soul Stories" shows a blending of both the mysticism of suffering and the mysticism of God's Providence. Naturally speaking, it is, of course, an almost impossible task to keep each distinct from the other, since suffering is certainly one of the dispensations of God's Providence in our regard, and so even "Initiation" and "None Other Gods" are redolent of the tender, watchful care of Our Heavenly Father. But Father Benson so clearly emphasizes the suffering and Miss Dinnis the Providence aspect that one feels no hesitancy in making the distinction in their case. However, no matter what kind of a mystic their author may be, Constance E. Bishop's best stories are stories of suffering. The greater number of stories in her book are told in first person, too, in a manner that savors strongly of autobiography. This is particularly true of the first story, "The Seventh Wave," which is probably the best one of the seven. Some of the others, "Lachryma Sancti," for instance, are startlingly fantastic, although the lesson, symbolically conveyed. is ethically and mystically correct. The description of the soul experience in "The Professor's Awakening" is Dantean in its marvelous imagination, and such a contrast to "A Little Child Shall Lead." as one wonders at in reading Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," and then his "Ex Ore Infantium." Another characteristic feature of Constance E. Bishop's stories is their setting, the few scenes which are not laid in Scotland having their stage-setting in India, and then there is the subtle something of the Celtic temperament coloring both the treatment and background of her stories and giving them a delightfully distinctive flavor which entirely separates this book from the rest of its fellows. "God's Fairy Tales" have the advantage of "The Seventh Wave and Other Soul Stories" in lucidity and simplicity and cheeriness of tone. The latter set have caught a little of the austerity of the rugged Scottish landscape. more sturdy, perhaps, than "God's Fairy Tales," but lacking the compelling sweetness of the latter.

Besides these two main classes of mystical stories, the story of suffering and the story of God's Providence, one must also take cognizance of the ghost and miracle stories. These latter are preternatural, sometimes supernatural, too, but not as a rule mystical because they lack the "element of expressing God's habitual nearness and loving grace to us." In fact, many of the ghost variety leave one no definite conclusion of any kind. The appearance seems absolutely purposeless, though this may proceed, of course, from our poor human slowness in grasping the import of things spiritual. In this class belong the greater number of the stories in Monsignor

Benson's "Mirror of Shalott." In "Father Mueron's Tale." "Father Girdlestone's Tale," "Father Martin's Tale" and "Father Bianchi's Tale," the existence and power of evil spirits is shown; "Father Brent's Tale," "Father Macclesfield's Tale," "Mr. Percival's Tale" and "My Own Tale" are ghost stories; "Father Jenks' Tale" is a miracle story; "Father Stein's Tale" a dream, and "Mr. Bosanquet's Tale" is the prototype of "The Professor's Awakening" in Constance E. Bishop's "The Seventh Wave." The remaining two stories, "Monsignor Maxwell's Tale" and "The Father Rector's Tale," are the only really mystical stories out of the thirteen that make up the volume. Both of these are stories of suffering, the first a tremendous tale of mystical substitution like the Maggie Brent story in "Loneliness." the second a tale of purification that is almost terrifying. In fact, an atmosphere of that awe of the supernatural so pervades this book of Father Benson's short stories that one does not particularly enjoy reading it when alone, and one's faith and love and nearness to God are in no way helped by this uncanny fear. We finish more convinced than ever that "things happen"; "that this spiritual world is crammed full of energy and movement and affairs," but "we know practically nothing of it at all, except those few main principles which are called the Catholic faith-nothing else."

Any one of these books here discussed gives sufficient warrant to the contention of Father Lucas that Catholic fiction has distinct advantages over non-Catholic. The Catholic novel may, indeed, be inferior in plot construction, it may be merely a "melody with an accompaniment." but in plot interest and plot significance it far outstrips its non-Catholic rivals. The reason for this superiority is obvious: "the end for the denouement is higher." The value of human acts is measured by the purpose, aim or intention of their author, that is, by the end for which he acts. If this end is merely a temporal or human end, then the act it inspires deserves but a temporal or human reward. On the other hand, if the act is prompted by a supernatural motive, if God was the end in view when acting, the act becomes worthy of eternal and divine reward. So a man may be a mere animal, or he may be a God, as St. Paul tells us. Precisely the same principle applies to the novel. The value of fiction is as the end of its denouement. If this end be purely passion, sensuality, depravity of any form, the book is plainly bad; if humanitarianism, social service and the like, it may be merely indifferent; but if its end be spiritual, supernatural. mystical, why, then, it is a modern "handmaid of the Lord."

And such is the Catholic fiction we have been considering. It is tragedy, much of it, if you will; it is unquestionably religious; but it

is artistic and interesting, too. "Initiation" and "The Red-Handed Saint" are live stories, and so on down the list we have here examined. Not one of these nine books is dull or insipid, and yet religion is the very lifeblood of every one of them. But why should it not be? A novel purports to be before all else a representation of probable human beings and their actions. Now any probable human being is a dual creature composed of a perishable body and an immortal soul. No normal human being, therefore, has any right to be anything but a creature motivated by religion, for religion is simply the outward, tangible expression of the spiritual relations which bind the soul to its Creator, and since the soul is immortal, what could possibly be more important than a correct regulation of this spiritual bond? The marvel of it is that we could ever feel that we could spend even five minutes in doing anything or reading anything that does not tend to tighten our hold upon God. But if we can find a book that nourishes our spiritual life and amuses us at the same time, so much the better both for us and the book.

English fiction seems to fall pretty much into three groups: the rotten-apple type, the show-window-lady type and the handmaid-of-the-Lord type. The first in form and structure, coloring and all external accessories is often a perfect fruit, artistic as, sometimes even surpassing, its sound neighbors. But open it. Within a mass of ugly worms, loathsome creatures of a corrupted mind, prey and feed upon the very heart of what one thought to find so beautiful and wholesome. The artistry is but a mask for a vileness so hideous that we despair of words severe enough to express our censure.

The second type, also, is attractively arrayed, but all its beautiful trappings are hung on a lifeless wire skeleton. No soul animates that graceful figure, no heart beats in its hollow breast, no intelligence flashes from its eyes. All its beauty is a mere external, a garish display, but when all is said, it still remains a mere "vanity of vanities." Oh, of course, it may have its plot-significance for those who are content to worship at the shrine of Science—poor, abused word—or whose creed spells altruism, but for a faith-seeing soul whose end is God, such a book is of the earth earthy, while it longs for a breath of heaven, the home of its Beloved.

And that is just what the third type brings us. You remember how long, long ago God's great Angel came to a little Galilean maiden where she knelt at prayer and asked her to accept the honor and obligation of Mother of God. Her answer, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," still rings through this valley of tears, brightening it with the hope of Redemption. It was her pure, hum-

ble life that drew God down to dwell in our midst; it was her hidden virtue that robbed death of its terror; it was her mystical union with God that made her "blessed among women." The gates of heaven were opened through her, Mary, Mother of Divine Grace.

And just as God chose a poor, humble little maiden for the channel of the most stupendous manifestation of His love for mankind, so does He still choose many another humble human instrument to convey His grace to us. The Church understands this action of the Holy Spirit so well that she blesses everything in God's great creation from the humblest creature to the most perfect invention of modern science—mixed marriages alone excepted. And so, whenever the use of, or contact with, any creature—in the Ignatian sense—draws us closer to God, gives us a clearer perception of His perfections, His designs, His providence, makes it possible for us to love Him more ardently, trust Him more confidently and serve Him more perfectly, that creature, be it man, woman, nature, instrument or book, even a novel, is a handmaid of the Lord just as truly as was our Blessed Mother, though of course in a less eminent degree.

Now who could read "Initiation" or "A Red-Handed Saint," or "God's Fairy Tales" and not feel a new interest in spiritual things, to say the least? To open and read any of these books is like what a passing peep into Nazareth must have been to the people of that little town in the days when He went in and out among men. As the wind lifted the veil of His maiden Mother, the passerby caught just a swift glimpse of the God Incarnate, but went on his way wondering at what he had heard and seen. So we take up one of these books and for one brief hour a tiny breeze steals through heaven's gates to refresh our weary spirits, drooping and parched and soiled by the heat and dust of life's warfare. Again the handmaid of the Lord passes by, and we feel that the Lord is near.

We Americans are prone to evaluate everything by the standard of its human utility. Weighed in this balance, the worth of the mystical novel becomes even more strikingly apparent. There are two great crises in the life of every human being when the spiritual is one's only salvation. One of these critical moments comes with the failure of some cherished plan, when all the hopes, all the work, perhaps all the resources of a lifetime, collapse, and a man stands alone with the ruins of all his best efforts crashing down about him. Then, unless some powerful friend come forward to console and cheer and strengthen him, he will almost inevitably be beaten under and lost in the downfall of his ambition or be left to drag out a broken life in cynicism or despair; but if a man has

made his soul "the trysting place with the Divine" and has learned to turn himself to the hidden temple where God abides, he is always victorious because his King always fights with him and gives him of His own Divine strength and consolation and healing. Now the mystical novel assuredly tends to induce the cultivation of that inward life so essential to man's happiness, for as often as a man reads one of these books he will find himself thinking and reflecting on the things that really matter and learning from the example of the characters he meets in their pages the great lessons of patience and humility and resignation that spell success in the solving of life's problem.

But should no such need ever arise in his life, there is another erisis which no human being can avoid. Not even the Word Incarnate nor God's Holy Mother escaped this common trial of all mankind. This crucial moment is the hour of death, the most vital, the supremest hour of a man's life, for eternity hangs on its issue. At that moment a man must fight, single-handed and alone. the combined forces of his own evil deeds and of the legions of hell. His very closest friends cannot lift even a finger in his defense, and then woe to him if he dare not look to God for help and succor. If his reading be joined with the powers arrayed against him, how much the worse for him. But if, at that hour, his past reading can be not only a disinterested spectator of his conflict, but can enter the lists with power to draw him more closely to the side on which his King does battle, how happy he is! Bad fiction has hurled many a soul down to eternal despair; why, then, might not good novels. these "God's-Plot" kind, form little stepping stones to heaven?

J. R. ADAMS.

A SAINTLY AMERICAN BISHOP.

BARLY LIFE.

HEN Simon Bruté was consecrated first Bishop of Vincennes, the new discess and the second sec and a part of Illinois, and this large territory had only three priests to minister to the scattered Catholics of this desolate vineyard when he took possession of his see on November 5, 1834.

The episcopal town took its name from M. de Vincennes, a French military officer who had been massacred there in company with a French Jesuit as they were on their way to a friendly Indian settlement on the Wabash, known as the mission of St. Francis Xavier. To write the life of good Bishop Bruté would be to give a synopsis of at least all the stirring events of France and America in that period, particularly of the former country where he beheld the sanguinary tragedy of the Revolution. It is our aim merely to present a sketch of the pioneer Bishop in his trying apostolate, where he was the model of every sacerdotal virtue and recalled the sanctity, simplicity and penance of the Bishops of the golden days of Christianity. Simon Gabriel Bruté was born at Rennes, the capital of ever faithful Brittany, France, on the night of the 20th of March, 1779, of Simon William Gabriel Bruté de Remur and Renée Jeanne Le Saulnier de Vauhelle, his wife. Both parents belonged to ancient families and at the time of the birth of the subject of our sketch his father held the position of superintendent of the finances of his native province and had an offer of the more remunerative office of farmer-general of the revenues at Paris.

After the birth of Simon, the child was sent into the country to a foster nurse, according to the custom of the times. There were three hamlets adjoining—one was known as Hell, another as Paradise and the third as Purgatory. The future Bishop was domiciled in the hamlet with the direful name of Hell. The nurse who had charge of him was of a practical turn of mind, and sometimes obliged a poor neighbor by giving her a loan of her charge, so that she could impose on the charitably disposed by representing herself as a widow with a lone orphan child. Bishop Bruté loved to speak of the incident in a jocose manner and felt some consolation that he had been a source of profit even in childhood to the poor.

The shadow of adversity fell on the Bruté family by the death of the head of the family on the 27th of February, 1786, when instead of the opulence and much-cherished removal to Paris succeeded a period of difficulty for the family. Monsieur Bruté had, it appears, allowed persons to run in debt for their taxes, and at his

death it was found that upwards of a million of francs were due. Jealous of her husband's good name, Madame Bruté took over the supervision of his seemingly hopeless affairs, determined, if necessary, to make up the deficit out of her own property. She engaged two accountants and they finally found that the losses would not be so considerable. Madame Bruté's letters indicate that she was a lady of more than ordinary ability and piety. It was under such a mother that the religious and intellectual character of the son was fostered.

He was also singularly favored in having the celebrated Abbé Carron as his guide and confessor until that good priest was compelled to emigrate to England, where his labors and zeal spread the faith and helped so largely the "Catholic Revival." The abbé was known as the St. Vincent de Paul of his own day. We gain a pleasing insight into the early life of Bishop Bruté through the pages of a diary which was not intended for public gaze. In it he says that the only sin he had to reproach his conscience after five years of school life was having taken an apple from the stand of an old woman who sold fruit. He fortunately received religious instruction before the religious upheaval and made his First Communion in 1701, and often thanked God for the state of innocence and piety he was in when he performed this most important act. His papers speak of the series of preparatory instructions, the solemn surroundings and the confession and Holy Communion. the memory of which was never effaced in after years. He describes his early school life at the boarding school of Madame Badier, at Rennes, and the attendance at the College under the supervision of Pere Sorette. On November 4, 1789, the Constituent Assembly confiscated all ecclesiastical property, suppressed the religious orders and proceeded with its object of dechristianizing France by enacting the infamous civil constitution of the clergy.

The Bishops and priests were then chosen by the electors and all communication with Rome was forbidden and the open exercise of religion ceased in France. The college where M. Bruté pursued his studies was dispersed and he had to go to a private college to receive a Christian education. This in itself was a crime against the State, which boasted so much of liberty, equality and fraternity. A letter from a friend, L'Abbé De Pierre, to his young friend Bruté describes what took place at St. Sulpice on the occasion of administering the civic oath, January 19, 1791, in which the curé of St. Sulpice and over fifty priests were threatened with an awful death if they did not take the iniquitous oath. They remained stead-fast and informed the mob that they would suffer persecution and

death rather than take the forbidden oath or recognize the constitutional Bishops. During the days of terror M. Bruté found relief from anxieties by a close application to study and was eminently successful in filling his mind with science and classic lore. In after years he could recite the fables of Fontaine, scenes from Racine and Corneille and passages from French and Latin poets with ease. He acquired familiarity with the Greek classics, which developed his knowledge of the Greek fathers of the Church, for which he was distinguished as a professor. His studies were interrupted by the revolutionary troubles and he spent two years in the printing establishment of his mother and became an expert compositor. He was thus saved from being enrolled in a youthful regiment that had to be present at the condemnation of the victims of the revolution.

On the 10th of February, 1796, he began the study of medicine with a Doctor Duval, an eminent surgeon of his native city. He selected the medical profession because it afforded him an opportunity of being useful to his fellow-creatures. If he had any inclination at the time for the ecclesiastical state, the condition of France rendered such aspirations hopeless. His earnest application to his medical studies did not impair his faith, as his correspondence with imprisoned priests at Rennes and elsewhere shows. He served as an intermediary for these holy confessors of the faith and their friends. After two years' study under Dr. Duval, he went to the medical school at Paris and attended the lectures of eminent professors, such as Pinel, Foureroy, etc. Many of these distinguished men were avowed infidels and tried to inculcate their false principles in their students. This insidious propaganda succeeded in a measure, but Bruté openly practiced his religion and organized a band of Breton students to oppose the false teachings to which they were obliged to listen. They chose such subjects for their thesis before class as enabled them to avow and defend their belief in Christianity and strengthened those of the students who had been wavering in religion. Napoleon was then First Consul and was restoring Catholicity as the necessary means of reorganizing society, and when he learned of the tactics pursued by the students. he commanded that the infidel professors should confine their attention to medicine and not make religion the object of their sneers and sophistries. Such were the satisfactory effects of the youthful apologists. Bruté graduated as a doctor with the highest honors in 1803 at the concursus which 1,100 students attended. received first prize in another examination and sent the reward to Dr. Duval, who had been his teacher at Rennes.

He was appointed physician to the great dispensary in Paris, but

refused it, having by that time determined to study for the Church. It was a great sacrifice to abandon a profession to which he had devoted years of assiduous study and which opened the most brilliant prospects for the future. The seminary would end all earthly renown, and the priesthood then was the most undesirable of callings. Perhaps he realized all this, but saw also that it was easy to find doctors for the body out of the 11,000 students then studying medicine in Paris, but the Revolution had made it more painful to find priests for the ills of the soul. Infidelity and impiety had eaten into the souls of millions in France, and the Bishops wisely made it their first care to re-establish seminaries to provide priests in the place of the thousands who had perished. Dr. Bruté had lived a life in the world which was a fitting preparation for the sanctuary, and he found theology was admirably fitted for his mind and it became a delight to explore all that related to it. He carefully studied the works of the fathers of the Church and the acts and canons of her councils, and his voluminous notes show how he recorded every point which served to defend or illustrate truth and confute error. He was a tireless student and as a consequence of this industry, his tenacious memory enabled him to lay up a treasure house of learning.

After completing the usual course of four years in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, he was ordained priest in the parish church of St. Sulpice by Bishop André, the retired Bishop of Quimper, on the Saturday before Trinity Sunday, 1808. He desired to go to India as a missionary, where his degree of doctor of medicine would prove useful. The Bishop of Nantes was anxious that he should come to his diocese, but the Bishop of his native Diocese of Rennes, who knew his worth, appointed him professor of theology in the diocesan seminary. The Bishop also offered him a canonry in his Cathedral, which dignity he gracefully refused, and he still clung on to the resolution of devoting himself to the foreign missions. He detached himself from home and friends and was prepared for the necessary sacrifice to leave his beloved France at any moment. Father Flaget, who had been several years on the American missions, was nominated to the new See of Kentucky, and came to St. Sulpice to M. Bardstown Emery, in the hope of being permitted to decline the Bishopric, but found orders awaiting him at the seminary from the Pope that he should accept the office to which he had been called.

Pere Bruté was probably encouraged by the Bishop-elect to go on the American missions and accompanied his new superior after having obtained his Bishop's consent. They sailed from Bordeaux and arrived in Baltimore on the 10th of August, 1810, where he was retained for nearly two years as professor of philosophy in the seminary. Father Bruté kept up correspondence with his countryman, the Bishop of Bardstown, and gave home news from France. He always retained the greatest veneration for the venerable Bishop and both names are linked together in the history of the Catholic Church of pioneer days with that of Bishop Dubois.

SEMINARY LIFE.

In 1812 he was sent for some months to St. Toseph's, Talbot county, as assistant to Father Monaly, where he made gallant attempts to preach in English. He was then changed to Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, as assistant to Father Dubois. who was the founder and president of Mount St. Mary's College. pastor of Emmitsburg and superior of the new congregation of the Sisters of Charity, which had lately been founded by Mother Seton. These varied duties made it necessary that there should be an assistant priest. So Father Bruté was sent to the mountain, where he remained (except for an interval, 1815-1818) until he was chosen Bishop of Vincennes. The district was an historic one for the Catholic religion, where it received a foothold before the Revolution. The Church in Emmitsburg village was built in 1703-04, but the mountain church dates from 1805-06. The old log cabin at the elder station stood for many years surrounded by primeval forests, and was the only Catholic place of worship in that part of the country and was built by some Catholics of English descent.

An influx of Irish Catholics caused the Church in the village to be built, and eventually a resident priest was appointed. The first priest was the Rev. Matthew Ryan. In 1818 the Sulpicians had the intention of selling the college, but the surrounding people gave generous help to Father Dubois in order to obviate any such necessity, so that things were left "in statu quo." The seminary life likewise afforded Father Bruté a scope for his apostolic zeal and he could never have done such work in his desired India. Archbishop Bayley said: "It is in no disparagement of those holy and eminent men who have adorned the annals of the Catholic Church in this country-of a Carroll, a Cheverus, a Dubois and a Flaget-to say that no one has ever exerted a more beneficial influence in favor of the Catholic religion than Bishop Bruté." His humility, piety and learning made him a model professor and he stamped the college with a true ecclesiastical spirit and made it a nursery of an educated and zealous priesthood. Old students of the college used to speak of his wonderful fervor, especially at Mass, when he seemed to be

entirely carried out of himself at the moment of consecration. The new congregation of the Sisters of Charity also had reason to thank God that he had been sent to them. Mother Seton found in him a sincere friend and an ideal director for her young community and a kindred soul in spiritual matters. She looked on him as a true man of God. For his part he said that if Mother Seton were placed in circumstances similar to those of St. Teresa and other great saintly women, she would have been equally remarkable as they were. At her death she left him her Bible as a pious remembrance.

In 1815 he visited France for a short time to bring over his valuable library, which was the only property that he ever possessed. On his return in November of the same year he was transferred to Baltimore and made president of St. Mary's College, where he remained until 1818, when, on the death of Pere Duhamel. he again returned to Emmitsburg and resumed his work at the college, which was thoroughly organized at that time. He was ever mindful of his duty as a mission priest also and did not find excuse from ministering to the surrounding people under the plea of professional duties. A copy of some of his memoranda will give a better idea of his life than any mere statement of generalities. He kept the thought of eternity ever present in his mind, which animated him in fidelity to all his duties. It was written upon all his letters and papers and nerved him on a truly unselfish and heroic life. We give a few selections from his diary which speak for themselves:

A PRIEST'S DAY,

4.30 A. M.—Benedicamus Domino on awakening, vocal prayers, meditation before the tabernacle, Rev. Mr. Mickey's Mass;

Jesus Christ my Lord present.

6 Å. M.—Celebrated Mass, Jesus Christ my Lord present; breakfast, bodily care. Returned to the church, opened the tabernacle and took out the Blessed Sacrament. Went with Guy Elder through the woods, our Blessed Lord on my breast. Said our beads with acts of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament at the end of each decade.

8 o'clock—At Mrs. McCormick's: her lively marks of faith and joy; heard her confession, arranged the table, called the people: the young convert and her little ones; her husband preparing for his First Communion; administered the Blessed Sacrament to Mrs. McC., spoke of Martha and Mary, Lazarus and Zaccheus, the old friends of Our Lord on earth: He is still on earth and we his present living friends; on our way to Emmitsburg recited the "Miserere," "Our Father," "Hail Mary." Hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

[&]quot;Mother Seton," by the Rev. Dr. White.

- 9.30—At the church in Emmitsburg; opened the tabernacle and ciborium. Went to see Mr. —, ten years without making his Easter Communion; good moral character, as they say; heard his confession, strong faith, gave lively evidence of it; had a talk with him, etc.
- 10.45—Coming back baptized the child of Peter's wife; her abundant tears; her great difficulties; did not hear her confession at that time.
- 11 A. M.—Returned to church at Emmitsburg; restored B. S. to the ciborium; stopped at Joseph's with Guy, paid a visit to the B. Sacrament; saw Mrs. Brawner.
- 12 o'clock—Found at the college on old German woman waiting for me; no duty for ten years, sick and lame; looked very poorly; came to know if I would hear her; Sister Angela gave her a dinner; to come again on Sunday.
- 1.30 P. M.—Was called to see Glacken, above Emmitsburg; went to the Church at Emmitsburg to get the Blessed Sacrament; this is the fifth time to-day that I have touched my Sovereign Lord, the King of Glory, as Mr. Duhamel has it embroidered on the inside door of the tabernacle; carried it to the sick, administered the sacrament of extreme unction; made a little address to those present—several Protestants.
- 4 o'clock—Went to Mrs. Brawner's, heard her confession, recited my office; oh, the wonders of that office of the Blessed Sacrament! and am now writing down these notes, but a thousand details, thoughts and acts not told: how wonderful the day of a priest. In the evening instructions for confirmation. What have I done to-day for the house? Reviewed the second Latin class; had a conversation before God with one of the young men; Latin lesson; reviewed the third French class; Latin lesson to Guy Elder; had a conversation with another young man who came to consult me, one with Dr. Hickey, one with the two Gardiners; wrote a letter; the Dialogue for Baltimore, six pages; spiritual reading; the usual prayers. If all done well, what a blessing it would bring, but oh! my Lord, so poorly by halves—alas!

Sunday at Emmitsburg—Slept at the mountain.

- 5 o'clock A. M.—Rose; first prayers.
- 5.30 A. M.—On my way to the Sisters (at St. Joseph's); meditation enroute.
- 6 o'clock—Heard confessions, wrote out my meditation.
- 7 o'clock-Mass. Read De Bois' "Lives of the Saints."
- 8 o'clock—Breakfast at Mr. Grover's.
- 8.15 o'clock—Gave Communion at the church at Emmitsburg to two persons, heard confessions, wrote a meditation.
- 10.30 o'clock—Went to visit Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Bradley, who are sick; said my "Little Hours" on the way.
- 11.30 A. M.—Stopped at the Sisters'. Read the "Life of Madame de Chantal"; wrote an exhortation for the funeral of Mrs. Lindsay.

I P. M.—Gave Benediction, read the Epistle for the Sunday and gave a short instruction.

1.30 P. M.—Returned to the mountain; visited the Sisters at

their house; a few words.

2 A. M.—Went to Mr. Elder's; officiated at Mrs. Lindsay's funeral; exhortation; read the "History of the Councils" whilst walking.

3 P. M.—Vespers; gave Benediction; heard confessions after

Vespers.

4 P. M.—In my room; heard confessions there; office; looked over some Gazettes 1816-17; read in the "Encyclopedia" account of Pennsylvania.

7 P. M.—Supper, study.

8.45 P. M.—Evening prayers, reading, etc.

A Day's Journey, March 15, 1821.

On the evening of the 4th of March, Mr. Damphoux arrived at the mountain to recall Mr. Hickey to Baltimore. The next morning I started on foot to Baltimore, without saying a word to any one to speak to the Archbishop and Mr. Teffier and endeavor to retain him. Stopped at Taneytown at Father Zachi's and got something to eat. At Winchester found out that I had not a penny in my pocket, and was obliged to get my dinner on credit. Arrived at Baltimore (fifty-two miles) ten minutes before 10 o'clock. Mr. Hickey to remain at the college. Laus Deo! Set out on my return next day, 16th, in the afternoon. Stopped at Mr. Williamson's, six and a half miles from the city, where the storm obliged me to take refuge. On Saturday (St. Patrick's day) said Mass and made a discourse to the people on the text "Filii Sanctorum." At 7 o'clock started again, the wind and rain in my face, sometimes so severe as almost to take away my breath; arrived at the mountain at 10.30 at night. In going I read 388 pages in D'Anquètil's "History of France," fourteen pages of Cicero de Officiis," three chapters of the New Testament, my office; recited the chaplet three times.

During the time that he was so busily employed in the seminary, parish and convent he found opportunity to contribute constantly to the Catholic newspapers, learned and original articles. His correspondence with his family, friends and distinguished persons was voluminous. He assisted Mr. Duponceau in his works on the Indian language. He was a friend and correspondent of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; of Judge Gaston, of New Bern, N. C., and among his papers were found a large number of letters from his unhappy friend De La Mennais, who came to the seminary of Rennes when Father Bruté was professor there in 1809. Their mutual friend was L'Abbé Carron, with whom La Mennais stayed in London for some time.

When Bishop Kenrick went to Philadelphia in such a critical

period, Father Bruté took a great interest in his establishment of a seminary and the holding of regular diocesan synods. His letters to that prelate show that he warmly approved of the Bishop's design to prepare a course of theology adapted to the wants of the American Church. The Bishop highly valued his suggestions. It might have been supposed that he would be ultra-conservative. owing to the scenes which he had witnessed in his youth in the Church during the French Revolution, but such was not the case. He judiciously accommodated with advantage to the time and country in which he lived. When he arrived in America he lamented the absence of provincial councils, feeling that they tended to the progress and stability of religion and established uniform rules of discipline throughout the country. His advice was asked in matters pertaining to them when they were held. Many of the beneficial effects which followed the provincial councils of Baltimore may be attributed to him, says Archbishop Bayley. His Grace also said that when engaged in his quiet duties his influence extended on all sides, so it may be said that the whole country benefited by him.² If he heard of negligent Catholics or a priest who was the cause of scandal or had apostatized, he used every effort to bring them to a sense of their duty and infused into the souls of many some of the spirit of faith and love that consumed his own.

On the death of his mother he again visited his native place to arrange family concerns and took advantage of this visit to make a long retreat at the solitude of Issy. On his return to the United States he resumed his duties at Mount St. Mary's. In 1832 he offered his services to Archbishop Whitfield when the 'cholera visited Baltimore, but was attacked with intermittent fever in a few days after his arrival there and perforce had to return to the mountain. As soon as he had recovered, he set off again for the afflicted city without telling any one and labored in the cholera hospitals there until the plague subsided, like another St. John of God. The fathers of the second provincial council of Baltimore in 1833 requested the Pope, Gregory XVI., to erect a diocese in Indiana, with Vincennes as the Cathedral town, and professor Bruté was on their recommendation appointed to be its first Bishop. He was giving a retreat to the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's when he received the Bulls on May, 1834, and on opening the letter was disturbed at the news. He went next day to Baltimore to make a retreat in the seminary to decide whether he should accept or refuse

^{2 &}quot;Memoir of Bishop Bruté," by the Right Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., Bishop of Newark.



the office. His humility at first caused him to shrink from the burden to be placed on his shoulders, but when he found that the matter was settled, he acquiesced. His only drawback was his imperfect English pronunciation. He had everything else—natural talent, great learning, a high sense of duty, a great spirit of sacrifice and deep piety. He made early arrangement for his consecration and set out for his new and arduous field of labor.

He tore himself away from Mount St. Mary's with reluctance. which was a second home to him and where all his attachments clustered, but duty was the first point with him. At once he felt that any undertaking was God's will he permitted no other consideration to intervene. When Father Bruté arrived in Baltimore from France in 1810 there was but one Bishop in the United States. Archbishop Carroll. The new See of Vincennes was the thirteenth diocese and this was looked on as a great development of the Church. Such was the hopeful outlook when the Bishop-elect of the new diocese took possession of this missionary outpost in the backwoods. The good Sisters of Charity made him a present of \$200 to assist in his onerous and poor diocese. He required means and workers, but they were not forthcoming, so he set out to Bardstown, but stopped on the way to visit Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. He then proceeded to Bardstown, where he met his father and friend, Bishop Flaget, who had been Bishop for twentyfive years, and Bishop David, formerly coadjutor of Bardstown. Bishop Flaget was on the point of leaving for Cincinnati to consecrate the German church there and his guest filled up the delay by visiting the seminary and institutions at Bardstown. He then went on retreat under Bishop David, and by the time he had finished it Bishop Flaget had returned. The Bishop and Father Bruté set out for Louisville, where Bishop Purcell joined them.

Crossing the Ohio, they proceeded directly towards St. Louis, across the vast prairies of Illinois and through the town of Vincennes. They were caught in a violent storm on the prairies and suffered from the cold and wet. They spent over an hour in Vincennes, incognito, and reached St. Louis after many days, where Bishop Rosati entertained them. On the 26th of October he assisted at the consecration of the Cathedral, which was a great and popular civic event in St. Louis, where the modest building was thought a marvel. Two days after, on the feast of SS. Simon and Jude, he was consecrated in the new Cathedral by his friend, Bishop Flaget, assisted by Bishops Purcell and Rosati. The sermon was preached by Father Hitzelberger. He officiated pontifically at the request of Bishop Rosati on the feast of All Saints, and there was a religious festivity for some days, at which the Bishops preached

each morning and evening. It was a rare sight to behold three Bishops at that time in St. Louis. The Bishops of Cincinnati and Bardstown and three priests accompanied Bishop Bruté to Vincennes. They were met by the local priest, Pere Lalumiere, and a number of citizens on horseback some miles before reaching the town. They were overjoyed to see that a Bishop had been granted to them and looked forward for the organization of the church. Bishop Flaget had been the missionary priest at Vincennes forty-three years before, when it was a trading and military post in the midst of a wilderness. He introduced their new Bishop, who was in his fifty-fourth year, and urged the people with his usual fervor to make use of the privileges which God in His mercy had bestowed on them.

The Cathedral was a plain brick building, consisting of four walls and roof unplastered and not even whitewashed. It had no sanctuary nor sacristy and very little furniture. The episcopal residence consisted of a small room and closet, twenty-five feet by twelve. A small plot for a garden lay between it and the church and nearby was the cemetery. An old wooden building a short distance from the Bishop's house was occupied by the servant and quite near was an old stable for the Bishop's horse when he would be able to buy one.

The people were of French descent, poor, illiterate and rather lively in disposition, as a writer quaintly described. They had the faith, but were negligent in attending to their religious duties or teaching their children their prayers and catechism, hence there was little encouragement. They could give little money to their new pastor and paid most of their promised subscriptions in grain. and the Bishop found that he could hardly expect \$200 as a yearly income. He was not troubled at this personally, as it took very little to support him, yet the resources of the diocese were entirely inadequate to provide for its great and urgent wants. It could be said that it had none of the requirements of the poorest diocese: the Bishop found the outlook bleak. The revenues of the Cathedral barely sufficed to cover the altar and current expenses of the church itself. He remained at Vincennes, attended sick calls in all directions and in a short time visited Father Lalumsere's missions and blessed the humble log chapels of St. Mary and St. Peter, baptized small children, married some parties and instructed the people.

Afterwards he visited the surrounding country and found groups of Catholics in settlements and saw the necessity of priests to attend to them. He had only two priests in the diocese and determined that the crying need of more priests was the first one to be met. The harvest was ripe, but the laborers were few. At Vin-

cennes he instructed the long-neglected youth and had over sixty to receive their First Communion, many of them seventeen, eighteen and twenty years old. He confirmed ninety persons in a few days after. He preached two sermons every Sunday—one in French and one in English. In the first eight months he had sixty-five baptisms, ten marriages, twenty burials and a great many sick calls, often many miles away. He was a firm advocate of the Catholic press and contributed many articles to the Catholic Telegraph, of Cincinnati, under the signature of "Vincennes." He addressed a pastoral letter, not alone to his own people, but addressed the Protestants in an affectionate manner. He explained his intentions to all in simple terms, which left no room to mistake religious considerations for political aspirations and that there was no foreign conspiracy to undermine American institutions by the Divine Commission, "Go ye and teach all nations."

After Easter he went through Illinois as far as Chicago, where he found Father St. Cyr, who had arrived from St. Louis to enable the scattered Catholics to make their Easter duty. He confirmed a small number and found 400 Catholics of all countries in Chicago. The garrison of the fort attended and the military band played during the Bishop's Mass. From Chicago he went round the end of Lake Michigan to the River St. Joseph and visited the Indian village of Pokegan, situated just outside his diocese, where there were 650 baptized Catholic Indians. The Bishop said Mass and a large number of Indians attended, whom he addressed through an interpreter.

He arrived at South Bend, which he describes as a beautiful little town, on the high banks of the St. Joseph River. Crossing the river he visited the mission of the celebrated Father Badin, which at that time was vacant. The Bishop noted the advantages of St. Mary of the Lake as a situation for a future institution. received an enthusiastic welcome at his next stop in the village of the Chickahos Indians, where the chief entertained him. Father De Seille was staying there, preparing some Indians for baptism and First Communion. Already he had baptized about 120 Indians. of whom the Bishop confirmed sixteen. The Bishop was introduced as the "Robe Noire," who had no one above him but the great "Robe Noire" beyond the seas. The chief and people presented 320 acres of their land, so that God when He would return from heaven to visit our earth would see that ground which they were giving Him, and that it would prove their sincere devotion to their holy religion and the messengers sent to secure its blessings for them. The Bishop noticed the affecting, earnest attention of the people to his instructions and felt edified by their prayers and hymns. The Bishop and priest slept on some straw in the chapel wrapped up in their great coats. It was admirable and touching to see how this band of Indians kept the faith. They remembered when the Jesuits left the country after the conquest of Canada by the English, how their fathers had hoped until their death for their return, and dying without that consolation, most earnestly recommended their children to be looking for the black robes, when they should come, and receive them and believe them to be the true messengers of God. The day of their long-deferred expectations had arrived. They informed the priest that the coming of the head of the black robes had delighted them, as he was "a chief man of the true prayer." The poor untutored redmen recognized the true merits of their Bishop at first sight.

"His thoughts were borne Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds, And wafted thence on angels' wings through ways Of light, to the bright Source of all."

The Bishop spent the next night at a settler's house some distance from the Indian settlement, but was rather unfortunate to find that there were so many in the house that several had to be on the floor. However, he received one of the few beds, which was as primitive as the one of the previous night. Through all the journey of 600 miles back to Vincennes the Bishop and a guide found hospitality, and in almost every house they were given a meal and a place under the roof for the night for a little money. One night he lodged with one of the sect called "Christians," who invited him to night prayers, but added: "You can remain with us. or if you prefer to retire, I will show you your room." The Bishop and his companion retired and this did not displease his host: otherwise it would be a serious problem. When he lodged with Protestants he passed some remarks that led on to a discssion on Catholicity and removed the prejudices which had been handed down to them against the faith. He remarked how they always listened patiently to what he had to say. They reached Loganport. a rapidly improving town on the Wabash Canal, which was not vet complete. He found a good number of Catholics there and promised to send them one of the first priests he could obtain. He said Mass there and passed on his journey homewards through Fayetteville, Attica, Covington, Terre Haute, etc., but found few Catholics in those growing towns. In the latter town, he collected about twenty Catholics and found the Protestants there well disposed. Again he had to lament the lack of priests and took consolation from the fact that within the memory of living persons Mass had been said in a room in Baltimore when the faithful were as few as in this undeveloped part of the country.

My Catholic readers can also glean comfort from the statement of the good Bishop that in Baltimore there were then five churches, five private chapels and a Cathedral, and now the number has swelled to the total of fifty in the city itself. On his return to Vincennes, he received the report of Father La Lumiere, who had visited the other portion of the diocese, with a view of finding out how many Catholics were there and what was their status. He gave a favorable account of his journey. He had found more Catholics on his journey than the Bishop. This at least gave a ray of hope. In three places they were ready to receive a priest and were building churches. At Fort Wayne the church in course of erection was sixty feet by thirty and the congregation numbered 150 Catholic families. The Bishop sent them Rev. M. Ruff, who had been recently ordained in France and spoke French, English and German. Several Germans lived in Fort Wayne and its environs, but most European countries were represented in that centre also. The good Bishop then recognized that he had no religious establishment in any part of his diocese, except a small academy kept in Vincennes by four Sisters of Charity from Kentucky. Filled with apostolic zeal, despite the gloomy state of the diocese, he went on a missionary tour of 550 miles on horseback, which lasted six weeks. He was determined to see the other portion of his vast diocese. He described very graphically in his papers the groups of emigrants whom he met exploring the country and seeking for homes in the wilderness. Whenever he heard of a Catholic family he spared no pains or fatigue to find them out and visit them in their lonely surroundings. Sometimes it was a poor Catholic Negro family from Maryland or Kentucky living in a remote part of the woods. When he told them that he was their Bishop they crowded round him to get his blessing. Sometimes it was a respectable white family that had come from a neighborhood where there was a church, but now were without all the blessings of religion. They often succumbed to the temptations of their lone condition and lapsed from the faith. Such sights fairly crushed the Bishop's heart and he gave expression to his sorrow in a letter to Bishop David. They were indeed the lost sheep and he the Good Shepherd. He conversed with Protestants, taking advantage of every opportunity and in a quiet, simple way removed at least their prejudices in regard to the Catholic Church and gradually explained to them the real doctrines so often misunderstood. Thus he found the harvest ripe inu many places and understood the exact nature of

the necessities of his missionary diocese from personal observation. In all things he was most patient and gentle and never gave an expression of discouragement. The more difficulties stood in the way they only served all the more to increase his zeal and activity. His heart turned instinctively to France in the hour of pressing need: the pioneer condition of the other dioceses precluded any hope of succor in their direction. Vincennes gave \$240 yearly when it was paid and the Cathedral pew rent amounted to the truly modest sum of \$100, so he had to turn to his own country or let the work languish. He accordingly returned home to seek for missionaries and for such pecuniary help as would enable him to finish his Cathedral and provide schools for the education of the young. It was a relief to his heart to see France once more. He traveled extensively and went from the courts of the great to the very humblest workers, where he thought that his mission of charity would appeal. He was everywhere received with the greatest The Emperor of Austria, and Prince Metternich in particular, took the greatest interest in providing for the wants of his diocese and loaded him with favors and offerings.

He notes in his memoranda that it was a pure sense of inexorable duty that compelled him to go among the grand personages for alms, as he found himself out of place in their surroundings. He did not know what an impression such an apostolic, humble and gifted episcopal mendicant had on most of them. They were accustomed to courtly and worldly prelates, but Bishop Bruté bore the impress of the Good Shepherd. He took advantage of the opportunity to make the Limina Apostolorum, and received the Pope's blessing for himself and his diocese in the wilderness. After a tedious journey he returned to Vincennes and was surprised at the spontaneous welcome that he received from Catholics and Protestants alike on his return home. All the citizens had become much attached to the good Bishop, who tried like the Apostle of old. "to be all things to all men." He then entered on a series of labors which were to end only with his life. He brought back the sinews of war for his campaign. The Cathedral was thoroughly overhauled, plastered, beautified and a needed vestry and steeple added to make it in some degree worthy of its title. He established a diocesan seminary, an orphan asylum and several small churches at certain points where they were needed. He moreover brought twenty priests and seminarians with him from France. Continual traveling, anxieties and little attention to personal comforts at this stage told on his frail constitution, and he began to fail in health, but still performed his manifold duties, which would have taxed any young and robust man. To add to the calamity, he caught a

severe cold while riding on the outside of a stage coach in Ohio on his way to the council at Baltimore in 1837, which ended in a confirmed consumption. This hastened his death by years. At home he was Bishop, working pastor of the mission, professor of theology for his seminary and teacher for one of his academies, besides his voluminous writing for the press. He also wrote twice a month to every priest in his diocese, and thus communicated to them a portion of his own zeal for God and the salvation of souls, which formed the constant object of his thoughts and actions. He repeatedly visited every portion of his diocese, and wherever he went he discharged all the duties of pastor.

Indiana and Illinois had at that time set in motion an ambitious series of State projects which later on ended so disastrously for them. Hordes of laborers came in their wake and most contracted malignant fever and cholera. One of the greatest afflictions of the Bishop was to know that the spiritual wants of this people of lively faith were not able to be wholly attended to on account of the dearth of priests. He was warmly attached to the pioneer Irish, whose generous, impulsive nature reminded him of his own people, the Bretons. He went continually among them, said Mass for them in their huts, gave them the sacraments and prepared the sick and dying for eternity. He was in a very precarious state of health at the time, but never thought of himself. He went on a journey of 400 miles on an errand of duty and mercy and in such a state of bodily suffering that he could not sit upright on his horse. Every hole or impediment on the primitive roads caused him exquisite pain, as he had to urge the animal past. He nevertheless completed the journey without the intermission of a single day.

Shortly before his death he attended a distant mission on three sick calls in the absence of the pastor, when he could scarcely support his tottering frame. Difficulties that would have discouraged almost any one else served only to increase his zeal and charity. In the end he administered the last sacraments to those who appeared no nearer death than himself. When no longer able to work with the debilitating disease, he cheered on those who were engaged in the task with words of courage and enthusiasm. His activity was not the result or effect of temperament, but rather through dislike of slothfulness and out of ardent zeal. He invariably rose from bed after his first sleep, no matter how early that ended. If he felt drowsy during the day he would say, as if addressing his body: "If you want more sleep, you must take it the next time you get a chance."

It seemed to grieve him to give orders without being able to take his share of the labor necessary to put them into execution. A

convert priest, who had formerly been an officer in the English army, erected the first church at Madison, Ind., under the greatest difficulties. The Bishop was evidently attached to this good priest and did all he could to encourage him. The following letter, says Father Hickey, was characteristic of the Bishop with his lively faith and sympathy for the feelings of others:

St. Georges Day, 1838.

How many associations! from the days of St. Paul and Lucius, of St. George and St. Alban, St. Austin, the Venerable Bede, St. Edward and the innumerable saints of fifteen ages to the days of Fisher and More and Mary and the glorious victims of our divine faith—to those of Milner and Lingard and the host of able and fervent restorers of its glories for England. The mind and heart dwell to-day in this land of hope and promise—and mine earnestly so, my dear sir, in union with yours. The days of such praise to God in Bangor and Croyland and Winchester, etc., etc.—the Holy Victim offered everywhere is present to both of us. Accept dear friend, these remembrances of the day . . . of the faith—memoriam fecit miribilium suorum."

No good work was ever allowed to stand still, once it was undertaken, and it was marvelous to think how much was done in so short a time, especially when we recollect that Indiana and Illinois were laboring under a severe financial crisis. It was all the more wonderful that the Bishop would sign no mortgage upon church property and had a horror of going in debt. The assistance he received from the Leopoldine Association of Vienna and what he collected and was donated from the royal family of Austria enabled him to do much, and the establishment of the Church in the immense area of the first Bishop of Vincennes owes a great deal to the Austrian and French aid. Personally the Bishop cared little for money, and the testimony of Father Hickey states that if he had five dollars in his pocket, it went to the first person who asked it. He often gave away everything except the plain clothes that he wore, and in some instances he took off his linen and underclothing and gave them to poor Negroes whom he was accustomed to visit. His emaciated body, to which he had given so little rest and comfort, was obliged to give up at last. When he could possibly sit up in a chair, the Bishop was glad, as it gave him an opportunity to write to his friends. He continued this practice and wrote to his dearest friend, Bishop Flaget, after he had received the last sacraments, when his hand was trembling with death. Death was no unwelcome visitor to one whose lifelong thoughts and hopes were centered in eternity, which, like a Trappist or Carthusian, he had before him in his room and on every page of his memoranda. He was invincibly patient when spasms of pain went through his frail body and sought no

alleviation so as to be like his great Exemplar on the Cross. As his strength diminished his devotion increased and he spoke to those around him on the love of God and other pious subjects with the unction of a saint. With difficulty and pain he wrote several touching letters to persons who had abandoned their faith and whom he wished to realize that it was the appeal of a dying man.

When his friends beheld him in such sufferings and desired in some way to procure some remedy to alleviate the pain, he would point out some passage of the Bible or the "Imitation of Christ" which he desired them to read or asking them to say some prayers for his happy death. The constant saying on his lips as well as the abiding sentiment of his heart was: "The will of God be done in all things." He would allow no one to watch by him at night until his agony had begun. He preferred to be alone and hold communion with God, whom he hoped to see and enjoy forever. He answered devoutly the prayers for the dying until the last, and on the morning of June 26, 1839, he calmly and sweetly gave up his soul to God. His vicar general, Father De La Haliendiére, was in Europe at the time and had been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop, and on the news of the saintly Bishop's death was consecrated his successor in Paris on the 18th of August, 1830.

The obsequies of Bishop Bruté were attended by most of the population of Vincennes, headed by the Mayor. All mourned him as a saint, a scholar and philanthropist. He was especially lamented by his own flock, and the clergy bewailed him in a particular manner. He was a true father in Christ to them—shared their joys and participated in their labors and sorrows. It was not long until they realized all that they had lost in him. He was buried under the sanctuary of the first Cathedral at Vincennes. It may be said of Bishop Bruté that he awakened to a new religious life the whole Western section of the country and became a victim to the hardships of the apostolate. When he arrived in the diocese, there were but three priests, and one of these belonged to another diocese. At his death there were twenty-four priests, twenty-three churches and six church buildings and 25,000 Catholics.

W. B. HANNON.

Spartansburg, S. C.

⁸ Rev. Dr. McCaffrey.

THREE FAVORITE THRUSHES

"Hermit, veery, thrush-o'-the-wood, Silvery treble raise together,"

to adapt two lines from Robert Buchanan's "White Rose and Red"
—(he named the chewink instead of the hermit, but certainly the sojourning English poet would never have given that lively little sparrow a place in the trio had he been better acquainted with American birds). My revision names three very highly praised songsters, the hermit thrush, the tawny thrush and the wood thrush. American poets, following the example of their English brethren—or more likely their own loving appreciation—have not been slow to adorn their lines with one of these beautiful singers, even compose lines in praise of singers and songs.

To be sure, the poet does not always indicate the specific bird he had in mind, and perhaps he did not intend any one of the three, but was conscious only of some thrush-like quality common to all. For instance, Eugene Field's line, "From her boudoir in the alders would peep a lynx-eyed thrush," might be true of each and all, since the three are fond of such secluded spots as alder thickets and are alert to any danger threatening nest or nestlings. There are several common characteristics in this stanza from Archibald Lapman's poem on "Heat":

"From somewhere on the slope near by,
In the pale depth of the noon,
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin, revolving tune."

For the hermit, the tawny and the wood thrush sing during the day, even into the warm months; the midday summer song is as Mr. Lampman states and is sung in some secluded spot as the bird roams about. Though when there is too much spirit in the performance, one suspects the brown thrasher, once called brown thrush and still poetically classed with this family when he rightfully belongs to the mocking bird tribe:

"The thrush still hurrying, loud and gay, To find the lost thread of his lay; And chasing, as he flies along, The fleeing ripple of his song."

-Edward Bowland Sill.

Naturally, the poet associates the thrushes with spring, for it is while the birds are loitering about for mates that they overcome

their common shyness enough to sing in shade and lawn and orchid trees, where they can be readily heard:

"Methinks that voice exults most joyously
That from the thrush's speckled bosom flows;
Surely the rapture-raising minstrel knows
That the same life that fills his throat with glee
Climbs swiftly up each bark-bound stem."
—Anon ("The Early Thrush").

Paul Hamilton Haynes notes that "The thrush her fitful flight ventures in vernal dawns"; Lewis Wilson includes in "The Hylodes" time the anticipation: "When the thrush within the dell his heavenly note shall sound." Holmes, on the other hand, sees the bird neither gay nor musical when he arrives:

"The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down, Glad in his remnant of autumnal brown."—("Astræa.")

However, he soon burnishes up his coat and tunes up his voice and joins the spring carnival:

"And from the laden branches of the larch,
Upon the frosty air a happy thrush
Pours a flood of melody, and flings a gush
Of gladsome music to the winds of March."

—Anon ("In Praise of Spring").

Strange to say, morning is the time the poet hears the bird, though the thrush as a class is not strictly a musical alarm-clock, and these three chief American species are noted for their lovely evening songs. Yet it is "The thrush that carols at the dawn of day from the green steeples of the piny wood," according to Longfellow,

"And morning brings the thrush's flute
Where dappled lilies nod and dream."

—John Burroughs ("In May.").

"And little dew-showers pattered far and nigh,

Where wakened thrushes stirred the sprinkled spray."

—E. R. Sill.

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"High on the waving top of some tall tree

Sweet sings the thrush to morning and to me."

—Alexander Wilson.

"Oh, hush,
It is the thrush,
In the deep and woody glen!
Ah, thus the gladness of the gods was sung,
When the old earth was young."
—Edwin Markham ("A Lyric of the Dawn").

And if morning is the thrush's favorite hour in poetical lines, so June is the favorite month for his song:

"Here sang the thrush, whose pure, mellifluous note
Dropped golden sweetness on the fragrant June."

—Madison Cawein.

"So sweet, so sweet, the calling of the thrushes,

The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere."

—Nora Perry ("In June").

"You hear? That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June."

—Bliss Carman ("The Deep Hollow Road").

"High in the hills the solitary thrush

Tunes magically his music of fine dreams."

—Archibald Lampman ("June").

Says Mr. Burroughs: "If we take the quality of melody as a test, the wood thrush, the hermit thrush and the veery thrush stand at the head of our list of songsters." He does not state whether his placing of them in the list has any reference to merit or whether the order is immaterial. In regard to the quality of this melody possessed by all three, the poet has a word, several words, indeed to say:

"Hark, the thrushes at their fluting! The old wizardy and stress Of entrancement are upon them. Wise ones of the wilderness, Who can say but they have burdens of joy beyond our guess?

—Bliss Carman ("The Magic Flute").

Any one of the three may be "the rich-throated thrush" Archibald Lampman hears in "Comfort in the Fields," or Alexander Wilson in "A Rural Walk": "The thrush poured out this varying song," since each member of the musical trio is so certain of his score that at times he tries variations, while each has song-pecuiarities not possessed by the other two. Alice Cary sums up a common description of the famous songsters in her line, "The little, sweet-voiced, homely thrush," while others, even if a certain species was in mind, present a composite rather than definite bird:

"The russet thrush its soul of song
Pours out melodious, sweet and long."

—Isaac McClellan.

"And last the thrush, wood-hid, aloof and lone,
A disembodied voice, a phantasy
That shapes the plastic soul to higher things."

—Richard Burton ("Spirits of Summer").

"And hark! and hark! the woodland rings;
There thrilled the thrush's soul!"
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"While all the listening laurel underbrush
Trembled and thrilled its myriad leaves among,
Chained by the necromancer of the wood,
Enraptured by the ecstacies of song."
—Lloyd Mifflin ("The Thrush").

When it comes to praising the individual members of this trio, the chorus remains loud and full. Taking them in Mr. Burroughs' order, first consider the wood-thrush, or wood-robin, as it is often called, apparently under the notion that "robin" is more complimentary than "thrush." Or, perhaps, because it is the least seclusive, most neighborly of the three:

"The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear

From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year."

—James G. Clarke ("The Wood-Robin").

Listen to Audubon's introduction of the bird in true chairman or toast-master style: "Kind reader, you now see before you my greatest favorite of the feathered tribes of our woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits, when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, when storms were raging. The wood-thrush seldom commits a mistake, for no sooner are the sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear. I do not know to what instrumental sounds I can compare these notes, for I really know none so melodious and harmonical."

The wood-thrush's rain song has been observed by a certain anonymous poet:

"And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet."

—Anon ("Song of the Rain").

If Auduben finds no comparison for the notes, others have at least attempted it. Mabel Osgood Wright has succeeded, for she terms it a harplike melody, "in which some notes have the effect of a stringed accompaniment. The syllables are uttered deliberately, about four seconds apart: 'Uoli—a-e-o-li, uoli—uoli—uol—aeolee-lee!' . . . He is an exquisite vocalist, the tones having a rare quality of rolling vibrance, and often as he utters his placid notes, each one full and deliberate, the song seems like the music of a flute and an æolian harp in the trees. 'Uoli,' he begins, and after pausing contineus, 'Aeolee-lee' (the last syllable having the harp quality), 'Uoli-uoli—aeolee-lee.' First softly, then modulating, reiterating sometimes for an hour together, but compassing in these few syllables the whole range of pure emotion." One poet has not missed this flute-like quality:

"The dim ravine below
Echoed with voices in a golden trance,
Welled with the pure deliberate jubilance
Of flutes that none but wood-thrushes could blow."

—J. R. Taylor.

Bryant chooses an instrument almost too sharp in tone and seems to think so himself, since he uses a qualifying adjective later in this first line:

"I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more."

("Waiting by the Gate.")

"And while the wood-thrush pipes his evening lay,
Give me one lonely hour to hymn the setting day."

("A Walk at Sunset.")

Perhaps it is the harp-like nature, the "stringed orchestra effect," that cause many poets to remark the liquidity of the notes. "The liquid song of the wood-thrush pours forth in joyous lay," says Phoebe Holder in "A Woodland Hymn," or as Madison Cawein puts it: "A wood-thrush gurgled in a vine." Or two others:

"The wooing air is jubilant with song,
And blossom swell,
As leaps thy liquid melody along
The dusky dell,
Where Silence, late supreme, forgets her wonted spell."

—John B. Tabb ("The Wood-Robin").

"at even,
Like liquid pearls fresh showered from heaven,
The high notes of the lone wood-thrush
Falls on the forest's holy hush."—J. T. Trowbridge.

A few lines from Mr. Mifflin's "The Fields of Dawn" might be credited to this species, since by the thrush wood-thrush is usually implied, particularly if capitalized:

"Until we hear—
The thrush outpour from coverts still unseen
His rare ebuliency of liquid song."

Mr. Parkhurst finds a third instrument duplicated in the "golden, richly modulated undertone, like the melting of the French horn in the morning's orchestra. It has a short and stately cadence, giving a sense of the reserve power of a mature and genuine artist." He also states that the bird's call note is his very loudest and richest sound, being repeated two or three times in a vigorous, sparkling, delicious style. He finds the bird's "fiery animation startling," and says that "if his song were proportionate to his call note, he would almost rival the human songster." Mr. Torrey, however, considers the wood thrush's call "extremely sharp and brusque, usually fired off in a little volley." Neltje Blanchan goes even farther:

"Pit-pit-pit" you may hear sharply, excitedly jerked out of some bird's throat, and you wonder if a note so disagreeable can really

come from the wonderful singers on the branch above your head. By sharply striking two small stones together you can closely imitate this alarm call.

His name bell-bird suggests another musical instrument for Audubon's use:

"Bell-like tones the laden breeze
From his throat is bringing;
Lo, sweet summer harmonies
In the twilight."

—Ray Clarke Rose, Rondel ("The Wood Thrush").

"And where the shadows deepest fell
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell."
—Whittier ("Seeking the Waterfall").

"Again the sultry noontide hush
Is sweetly broken by the thrush,
Whose clear bell rings and dies away
Beside thy banks, in coverts deep."
—Anna B. Averill ("Birch Stream").

Mr. Sill uses the pretty idea that the bell-bird awakes in response to a rival note, and in two lines he paints a morning scene of great freshness and calm beauty:

'But the bell woke a thrush, and with a call

He roused his mate, then poured a tide of song."

—E. R. Sill ("At Dawn").

"'Here am I' come his three clear, bell-like notes of self-introduction," says Neltje Blanchan. "The quality of his music is delicious, rich, penetrative, pure and vibrating like notes struck upon a harp. If you don't already know this most neighborly of the thrushes—as he is also the largest and brightest and most heavily spotted of them all—you will presently become acquainted with one of the finest songsters in America. Wait until evening when he sings his best. 'Nolee-a-e-o-lee-nolee-aeolee-lee!' peals his song from the trees. Love alone inspires his finest strains; but even in July, when bird music is quite inferior to that of May and June, he is still in good voice. A song so exquisite proves that the thrush comes near to being a bird angel, very high in the scale of development, and far, far beyond such low creatures as ducks and chickens."

Alexander Wilson approves this hint of angelic fervor and beauty:

"Deep in the thickest shade, with cadence sweet, Soft as the tones that heaven-bound pilgrims greet, Sings the wood-robin, close retired from sight, And swells his solo 'mid the shades of night."

Florence A. Merriam, too: "The call note of the wood-thrush is a rapid pit-pit, his song a calm, rich melody which, heard beside the chorus of spring songs . . . sets vibrating chords that none of the others touch. As a young woman told me once, after first hearing the thrush: 'I don't know what it is, but,' putting her hand on her heart, 'it makes me feel queer.' Indeed, the song is so distinct one does not need to build up associations in order to appreciate it, as is the case with so many songs, but can at once feel the quieting touch of its hymn-like melody."

Mr. Keyser, "In Bird-Land," overhears one of these evening hymns: "As the sun sank, I seated myself on the grass far up the steep! and looked down on the beautiful valley below me. There was the broad Ohio, wending its way between the sentinel hills, the green clover fields and meadows smiling good night to the sinking sun, and the brown ploughed fields with their green corn-rows. A wood-thrush mounted to a dead twig at the very top of a tall oak some distance below me, and poured forth his sad vesper hymn, so bewitchingly sweet and far-away."

"What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?" asks Whittier in one of his poems, to which Mr. Abbot in his "Bird-Land Echoes" makes reply: "Of all our New Jersey birds, the wood-thrush is held to be the chief singer. It may be true, but I do not believe it. I object to the melancholy that permeates the whole song. A poet once wandered as far as my house and, after sitting in the shade of the old oaks for half the afternoon, remarked, 'Your thrushes have been calling in vain for Geraldine, dear Geraldine. I do wish she would come or else that the birds would forget her.' There was something in the way he put it that expressed more than the crankiness of a poet. There is a sadness that will tell at last upon even a soured old man, and the thrush's song comes within this category." To Mary Brotherton it is

"the 'Marguerite! Marguerite! of constant thrush in love so long."

Though to one who is sad there is a joyousness in the spring song that is trying:

"Spare me that clear triumphant song of praise,

Sweet thrush, with which thou welcomest the morn."

—Anon ("Spring Sorrow").

While one not melancholy finds an echo of his spring ecstacy in the bird's welling melody:

"Lo where the blooming woodland wakes
From wintry slumbers, long
Thy heart, a bud of silence, breaks
To ecstacy of song."

—John B. Tabb ("To a Wood-Robin").

Mr. Abbott is not always in a fault-finding mood: "We are apt to forget (other song birds) when for the first time, through some long pathway in the forest, floats the matchless melody of the wood-thrush. There may be sweeter sounds the wide world over, but he is blessed that has heard this one. That this thrush is a bird of the evening, too, adds to the charm, for the song fittingly blends with the fading light, is meditative and vesperine rather than matutinal and rejoicing. But the wood-thrush sings at other times." With which last sentence James S. Compton agrees:

"Teach us in the glow of morning,
In the flare of bright noonday,
In the dim of lengthening shadows
To brighten with music the way."

("To the Wood Thrush.")

Continues Mr. Abbott: "At various times I have praised the wood-thrush—which is a ridiculous assumption on any one's part when we reflect upon it—and suppose I shall be ready yet again if called upon to do so; but why should I? These frantic efforts to put music into print are painfully weak and unavailing. The proper comment is, go into the woods and hear the bird, not simply stay at home and hear about it. Is not this the proper purpose of a book describing the outdoor world, to offer an inducement to tarry longer in the garden and less beneath the roof-tree, to take a walk with open ears as well as open eyes? And that walk is well taken that has a singing thrush at the far end of it. . . . How we should miss them if the birds failed to come. This, however, I have never known them to do. There are old apple trees in the lane

whereon they have nested for half a century; there is a springy hollow, filled with grape-vines, green-brier and sumac, that has always been a summer home to them, a seckel-pear tree that has weathered the storms of half the last century, and all of this still affords them shelter as the sun goes down, when their sweet-sad song is heard above all others—a song as rich, as cloying as the fruit of the famous tree. But among the lilacs lining the path to the springhouse is, perhaps, the place that I love best to hear these thrushes; for, however grand the music, however perfect the melody, however complete every requirement that science demands, is not the charm, the subtle essence that reaches the heart due to the thoughts that well within us as we listen?

To me the song of the wood thrush is an invitation to dream when it does not unlock the door of the dead years. Given a dewy evening in early June, when freshness is stamped upon every living thing; given the color of the season's brightest blossoms and the scent of its choicest odors, given that mysterious purple light that fills the whole earth at the close of day and with these the songs of many thrushes, and there remains no trace of harshness in the world. The thorns are dulled, the angles are rounded off, we listen, for the time at peace, as if the dross of our imperfect selves had been taken away."

It is as Oliver Wendell Holmes implies in his "After a Lecture on Wordsworth":

"Though still the lark-voiced matins ring The world has known so long; The wood-thrush of the West shall sing Earth's last sweet even-song!"

Wood-thrush is choice of his melody, but not ungenerous. As his name implies, he is a woodland bird, but not thereby unknowable, as one has only to seek him out to enjoy him. Rose Terry Cooke finds him in such fragrant, retired nooks as the "Trailing Arbutus" loves. "There the wild wood-robin hymns your solitude," she congratulates the pretty blossom. Lowell records the bird's fondness for brooksides:

"By beaver brook a thrush is ringing
Till all the alder-coverts dark
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing."

In his poem "To Whittier," he compliments the shy poet on his success with the reserved bird:

"Thy steps allure us, which the wood-thrush hears As maids their lovers', and no treason fears."

When heard from a distance and in strictly sylvan scenes, the rise and fall of the melody takes on an echo-like character:

"The wood-thrush singing in the pine trees' twilight shade
As if one-half his melody the boughs' low murmur made."

—Lucy Larcom ("Friend Brook").

"From tangled runnels girt with daffodils

Bare echoes reached us of wood-robin trills."

—Lloyd Mifflin.

"Their secret; they thought it was hid,
But the wren and the bobolink knew it;
And a wood-thrush, the alders amid
To his mate in a flute-echo threw it."—Lucy Larcom.

Mr. Torrey finds the bird an inventive genius, saying that the variations he uses sometimes makes it "impossible not to feel that the artist is making a deliberate effort to do something out of the ordinary course, something better than he has ever done before. Now and then he prefaces his proper song with many disconnected, extremely staccato notes, following each other at every distant and unexpected intervals of pitch. It is this, I conclude, which is meant by some writer when he criticizes the wood thrush for spending too much time in tuning his instrument. But the fault is the critic's, I think; to my ear these preliminaries sound rather like the recitative which goes before the grand aria."

The hermit thrush, too, has this liking for commencing his slow, rapturous song with a preliminary clause that is rich and entrancing:

"Serene and undismayed,
He runs the measure over,
Perfection still delayed.
No hurry and annoyance;
Enough for him to try
The large few notes of prelude
Which put completion by."
—Bliss Carman ("The Breath of the Reed").

As his name indicates, the hermit thrush, or swamp angel, is still more reserved than the wood thrush, preferring the darkest, most marshy swamps and canebrakes to be found. Yet his shyness is of a dignified sort, Mr. Torrey finds his demure taciturnity very curious and engaging. "The fellow will neither skulk nor run, but hops upon some low branch, and looks at you, behaving not a little as if you were the specimen and he the student! And in such a case, as far as I can see, the bird equally with the man has a right to his own point of view."

Emerson, in his poem "Walden," says that the "hermit thrush comes there to build," which is a delicate tribute to Thoreau's nature-loving soul that could enjoy the wild life about him without being intrusive. Other nature-lovers have spied the retiring bird in his protective colorings:

"In the tangled underbrush

Flits the shadowy hermit-thrush."

—Maurice Thompson ("In the Haunt of Bass and Bream").

"Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,
Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
The withered leaves keep dumb for him."

—James Russell Lowell ("Al Fresco").

"In the swamp, in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song,
Solitary, the thrush,
The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song."—Walt Whitman.

Mr. Parkhurst says of the quiet, brown-clad woodland chorister: "His every aspect of plumage, form and melody holds acknowledged supremacy among his brothers, until it is no wonder he loves music, seeing everything in his own character is harmony." John Burroughs calls his song the "finest sound in nature," "as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. . . . I open his beak and find the inside yellow as gold; I was prepared to find it in-laid with pearls and diamonds or see an angel issue from it." Henry Van Dyke, among others, finds the same spiritual quality in the rendition:

"O wonderful! How liquid clear
The molten gold of that other real tone,
Floating and falling through the woods alone,
A hermit-hymn poured out for God to hear."
—("The Hermit Thrush").

Mrs. Merriam, too: "The songs of the wood thrush and hermit resemble each other in their spiritual quality; but the hermit has a more chant-like utterance, and its first high strain arouses emotions which its regularly falling cadences carry to a perfect close. The song is one for which many of nature's devotees make long pilgrimages; and to my mind it excels that of any bird I have ever heard, being, above all others, serene and uplifting." This Mr. Burroughs has put well in verse form:

"In the primal forests's bush,
Listen! . . . the hermit thrush!
Silver chords of purest sound
Pealing through the depths profound,
Tranquil rapture, unafraid
In the fragrant morning shade.

Pausing in the twilight dim,
Hear him lift his evening hymn,
Clear it rings from mountain crest,
Pulsing out from speckled breast,
Day is done, the moon doth soar,
Still the hermit, o'er and o'er,
In the deep'ning twilight long
Holds and swells his cadenced song."

;

-("The Hermit Thrush").

This "cadenced song" has been more carefully described by Olive Thorne Miller after listening to one day after day: "The bird began to sing his way down to us about ten o'clock in the morning. I heard him first afar off, then coming nearer and nearer, till he reached some favorite perch in the woods behind, and very near the farmhouse, before noon, where he usually sang at intervals till eight o'clock in the evening. I studied his song carefully. It consisted of but one clause, composed of a single emphasized note, followed by two triplets on a descending scale. But while retaining the relative position of these few notes he varied the effect almost infinitely by changing both the key and the pitch constantly, with such skill

that I was astonished to discover the remarkable simplicity of the song. A striking quality of it was an attempt which he frequently made to utter his clause higher on the scale than he could reach, so that the triplets became a sort of trill or tremolo, at the very extreme of his register. Sometimes he gave the triplets alone, without the introductory note; but never, in the weeks that I studied his song, did he sing other than this one clause. . . . It was only with an effort that I could force myself to analyze the performance. Far easier were it, and far more delightful, to sit enchanted, to be overwhelmed and intoxicated by his thrilling music. Often when listening to the hermit song I wondered that at the first note of the king of singers all other birds were not mute. But evidently the birds have not enthroned this thrush. Possibly even they do not share human admiration for his song. . . . But the hermit thrush goes on with sublime indifference to the voices of common folk down below. Sometimes he is answered from afar by another of his kind, who arranges his notes a little differently. The two seem to wait for each other, as if not to mar their divine harmony by vulgar haste or confusion."

"O singer serene, secure!

From thy throat of silver and dew
That transport lonely and pure,
Unchanging, endlessly new."

—Charles G. D. Boberts ("The Hermit Thrush").

"Within the woods the hermit-thrush
Trails an enchanted flute along."—Madison Cawein.

This fluted, ascending, richly modulated song, now loud, now soft, John Burroughs attempts to interpret in words, with more or less success: "O spheral, spheral! O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" The first phrases are beautiful and appropriate, but the last one leaves the spiritual plane to drop into an almost petulant, worldly note, almost a travesty on the original theme and on the bird's professions:

"A hermit he, from the world hiding;
Like anchorite,
In solitude of the Thebiad;
With morning light
Intones his matins and his vespers
At fall of night."
—Zittella Cocke ("The Hermit Thrush").

"While from his nest
In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones
With heavenly mind his morning orisons."

—Zitella Cocke ("Sunrise").

Bryant, too, with his indolent choice of the word "pipe" to describe a bird's performance, gives the hermit thrush much too dapper and hilarious a tune, even for a spring song, "Among the Trees:"

"The hermit-thrush Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring,"

though, as Mrs. Merriam says, this loud, rich melody, "at a little distance is probably the most beautiful song of our woods," and is not amiss when sung in an alder swamp to the timid adder-tongues and spring beauties and squirrel corn blossoms: "In the midst of all this mute loveliness the minstrel of the forest came to sing for the flowers their lay of the spring. Sitting almost motionless on the dead branch of a fallen tree top, the thrush poured forth his 'oh-tira-lee-lee' in ever varying tone and melody, till the woods seemed enriched by the marvelous song."

As one poet hints, the bird finds joy and inspiration in serving the beautiful, in voicing the music dormant within his mute audients:

"Dweller among leaves
And shining twilight boughs that fold
Cool arms about thine altar place,
What deity receives
Thy fluent tribute gold?
What joyous race
Of gods dost serve, whose service gives
The heart to sing as thou hadst passed no way
Save beauty's since the unsleeping wand
Tipped thee with life, and overfond
Gave thee a perfect woodland lay?"
—Olive T. Dargan ("Lines to a Hermit Thrush").

Continues Mrs. Merriam: "The hermit thrush chants the forest Te Deums for sunrise and sunset. Ever since I was a child, in the long summer evenings we have walked through the woods to William Miller Hill' to see the sunset and listen to the hermit's vespers. As we went along, watching the red light slant across the trunks of

the trees, we would sometimes be thrilled with his song, but not till we had reached the brow of the hill overlooking the village in the

valley, and the dark line of wooded hills beyond, not till the sun dropped behind the dark hills and the rosy cloudlets training across the sky had gradually disappeared; not till the afterglow of the sunset was turning to pale serene light, would the song of the hermit stir us with its full richness and beauty. Then from the wooded hillside it would come to us, filling the cool evening air with its tremulous yearning and pathos, and gathering up into short waves of song the silent music of the sunset—nature's benison of peace."

"And best of all, through the twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm."

—Henry Van Dyke ("An Angler's Wish").

"And across the solitude
The hermit's holy transport peals serene."
—C. G. D. Roberts ("The Clearing").

"Who rings New England's Angelus?

A little bird so plainly dressed

With robe of brown and spotted vest,

He rings New England's Angelus."

—Mrs. Nelly Hart Woodworth ("The Hermit Thrush").

Mabel Osgood Wright describes both the morning spring song and the evening: "The wonderful melody ascended gradually in the scale as it progressed, now thrilling, now legato, the most perfect, exalted, unrestrained yet withal finished bird song that I ever heard. . . . Those who have heard the nightingale say that it is the surroundings and its continuous night singing that make it even the equal of our hermit; for while the nightingale sings in numbers in the moonlit groves, the hermit tunes his lute sometimes in inaccessible solitudes, and there is something immaterial and immortal about the song. Presently you cease altogether to associate it with a bird, and it inspires a kindred feeling in every one who hears it."

"Its dreamy dells, in solemn twilight hush,

Echo dulce warblings of the hermit-thrush."

—William H. Venable ("Fairyland").

"The hermit thrush begins again,
Timorous eremite,
That song of risen tears and pain,
As if the one he loved was far away:
'Alas, another day—
'And now good night, good night,
'Good night!'"
—Duncan Campbell Scott ("The End of the Day").

"The glory of the sunset sky
Fades in violet and gray,
As from the wooded copse near by
A voice in music floats away.
It soars on wings of rapturous flight;
It trills with undertones of pain;
It languishes to reach the light,
Then mounts and soars again."
—Edith W. Lynn ("The Hermit Thrush").

The tawny thrush, named Wilson's after the great ornithologist and veery from its call-note, is a delightful songster with plenty of admirers:

"But far away and far away the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are
ringing:

And when my light of life is low and heart and flesh are weary, I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery."

—Henry Van Dyke ("The Veery").

Says Mrs. Merriam: "When sought in its natural woodland home (veery) will meet your friendly advances with confidence, answering your whistle with its own sweet wavering whee-u, till you feel that the woods hold gentle friends to whom you will gladly return. Hold a stiff beech-leaf at right angles to your lips and whistle softly a series of descending 'whee-u, whee-whee-u's, and you will get a little of the reed-like quality and phrasing of the veery's song. To me it has all the restfulness of the sunny beech woods in summer, for it is one of my best loved home-birds."

"By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes
That whistle to cheer it
All day in the bushes,
This woodland is haunted."
—Lowell ("The Fountain of Youth").

Mrs. Merriam describes a Sunday afternoon in a pine grove: "And when the symphony of wind spirits softly touching their harpstrings in the tree-tops had soothed every sense into rest and peace across the grove, from the trees on the hillside and the bushes by the river in antiphonal chorus rang out the low thrilling chant of the veeries. . . . Although his song is the least remarkable of the three thrushes, his conversational notes and calls are both varied and numerous. His regular song is a series of trills descending the scale, and may be rendered as a trilled 'trea, trea trea.' Another form of this is 'tree, tree, trum, rea, rea.' I have drawn a number of veeries about me by imitating their 'kree-ah,' and one of the rarest forest concerts I ever listened to began with this call. was on a June afternoon, with a touch of golden enchantment in the air. 'Kree-ah kree-up,' came the sweet, rich call, first from one side and then another, till a dozen thrushes gathered. Then from their leafy covers rose the grave beautiful song. It seemed the choral of a dream, in which each note came forth as an inspiration."

"One hears the veery's golden flute,

That mixes with the sleepy hum

Of bees that drowsily go and come."

—Madison Cawein ("Midsummer").

"The veery his wildest enchantment renewed."—Bliss Carman.

Mabel Osgood Wright has also enjoyed a veery serenade in a hollow of laurels and hemlocks and waterfall music: "Suddenly from the woody banks the veeries began their song. They had been singing by twos and threes ever since sunset, but now the sound was as of a full chorus compared to the humming of a few notes. From all sides the notes rang: 'Taweel'ah, taweel'ah!' and then a tone lower: 'twil-ah, twil-ah!' no two birds seeming to sing precisely at once, but continually echoed themselves and each other. Why is not this bird called the echo thrush? The name would reveal its identity to any one who had ever heard the song. The music lasted until after

nine o'clock, when it died away in a whisper like a benediction of the night."

"the veery threw

Its mellow trill from spray to spray."

—Julia C. R. Dorr ("The River Otter").

According to John Burroughs, "he utters a few soft, mellow, flutelike notes, one of the most simple expressions of melody to be heard." But Oilve Thorne Miller does not find it simple, at least not in effect: "Still we went on, climbing the steep hills, loitering through the valleys, till suddenly a bird note broke the stillness, quite near us, a low, yearning 'wee-o!' . . . Again it came, more plaintive than before; once more, in an almost agonized tone, and so it continued, ever growing higher in pitch and more mournful, till we could hardly endure to listen to it. Then arose the matchless song, the very breath of the woods, the solemn, mysterious, wonderful song of the bird, and two listeners at least lingered in ecstasy to hear, till it dropped to silence again. . . . No bird that I know can impart such distance to his notes, and few can get around so silently. A great charm in his song is that it rarely bursts upon your notice; it appears to steal into your consciousness, and in a moment the air seems full of his breezy, woodsy music, his 'quivering, silvery song,' as Cheney calls it."

"And veery's song
Like the tinkle of altar bells."

—William J. Long ("The Woodland Spring").

Here is Neltje Blanchan's opinion or one expression of it: "The veery prefers wild, wet woods, and there its ringing, weird, whistling monotone, that is so melodious without being a melody, seems to come from you can't guess where. . . . It is as if two voices, an alto and a soprano, were singing at the same time: 'Whee-you, whee'you,' the familiar notes might come from a scythe being sharpened on a whetstone were the sound less musical than it is."

"When the morning wind comes up the mountain, Stirring all the beech-groves of the valley, The first tawny-thrush disturbs the twilight With his reed-pipes, eerie calm and golden."—Bliss Carman. Parkhurst calls him a "notable singer, whose call notes are but the chrysalis of his song, at first soft and seldom heard, gradually becoming louder and more frequent, breaking into a rich and modulated chant. "But otherwhere he is more critical." Veery is more melodious at dusk, and prolongs its song later into the evening than almost any other bird. He is refined, but tantalizing and disobliging in his vocal performance, with a soliloquizing, sotto voice strain which is the foretaste of what never comes. One feels a desire to spur him on a little, just to test his full capacity for once, and see what he might do under the impulse of a really enthusiastic thrill. He seems to be harboring a few latent talents in unused napkins. His tone, which near at hand sounds faint and veiled, seems to be magnified by distance, particularly if near water."

"The veery thrush blows in his flute
When all but thou and he are mute—
Reverb'rant note in leafy halls
That echo to his fluty calls."
—John Burroughs ("The Hermit Thrush").

Perhaps the highest tribute of all is Mr. Torrey's, too long to be quoted in full: "Here, if nowhere else, might be heard music fit to be called sacred. The veery's mood is not so lofty as the hermit's. nor is his music to be compared for brilliancy and fullness with that of the wood thrush; but more than any other bird song known to me, the veery's has, if I may say so, the accent of sanctity. Nothing is here of self-consciousness, of earthly pride or passion. . . . Yet for all the unstudied ease and simplicity of his strain, he is a great master of technique. He gives to his melody all the force of harmony . . . it must be by an arpeggio, struck with such consummate quickness and precision that the ear is unable to follow it. and is conscious of nothing but the resultant chord. Moreover, he will favor you with a delightful feat of ventriloquism, beginning to sing in a single voice, and anon, without any noticeable increase in the loudness of the tones, diffusing the music throughout the wood, as if there were a bird in every tree, all singing together in the strictest time. . . . Music so devout and unostentatious does not appeal to the hurried or the preoccupied. I have sometimes pleased myself with imagining a resemblance between it and the poetry of George Herbert-both uncared for by the world, but both prized all the more dearly by the few in every generation whose spirits are in tune with theirs."

As Whittier knew, "there in spring the veeries sing the song of long ago." So "in the mellow month of June when the tawny-thrushes sing," as M. F. Smith describes it, is a good time for the bird-lover to be abroad in the woodland. Like Thoreau, who "found the tawny'thrush's brood," as Emerson tells us, any gentle soul may enjoy the bird.

"'June! June!'
The veery sings,
Sings and sings,
'June! June.'
A pretty tune"—Richard Hovey (Spring").

"Of summer days and summer joys

The tawny thrush his voice employs,
In chorus with the warbling throng

To fill his measure of the song."

—G. H. Cooke ("A Day in June").

"Circle in circle the notes go 'round'
Clear as the tone of a bell;
Tinkling forth like a liquid sound
Up from the depths of a well.
Moist and cool is the peaceful song,
Ringing the same sweet lay,
Not to a bird the light notes belong
But to a wandering fay."
—Anon ("The Veery in June").

Naturally those who know and love each one of these charming thrushes try to pick a favorite among them. Their attempts are enlightening and interesting.

Thoreau frankly states that the wood-thrush is his favorite songster among birds and among thrushes; Burroughs calls him the "crowning glory," which makes one suspect the order in which he places these three as heading the list of American songsters gives the best first. Olive Thorne Miller thought the wood-thrush the best singer until she heard the veery, which was supplanted by the hermit, though she qualifies her decision by confessing: "For me the hermit voices the sublimity of the deep woods, while the veery expresses its mystery, its unfathomable remoteness." She tells of a bird lover who came to visit her and to hear the hermit thrush, and whose verdict was. "I am already paid for my long journey." "Yet," comments Miss Miller, "after the first surprise and wonder were over, she swung loyally back to her first love, the wood thrush, of whose sublime voice she says: 'The first solemn opening note transports you instantly into a holy cathedral.' For myself, I have never been able to choose permanently between these two glorious singers."

Mr. Abbott seems to incline wood-thrushward: "The hermit is thought by very many our finest song-bird, and no praise bestowed by enthusiastic admirers upon it has by others been considered excessive. Its song is not unlike that of the wood-thrush, but richer, more flute-like and dreamy. . . . But I am confident that no hermit in the wilds of Maine ever excelled a wood thrush that for four consecutive summers nested in an apple-tree in my lane." . .. "It is down in the books that as a musician the hermit thrush outranks all others of its kind. It is claimed to have a more spiritual song—to reach in this direction a little beyond all others. . . . I have heard it at its best, but is its song superior to that of all wood-thrushes? I honestly doubt it. . . . May it not be that the primeval forest the hermit loves so well, with all its grandeur of giant trees, mossy rocks, still ponds, wild waterfalls and the companionship of nature's fiercest forms of life, inspires this thrush to efforts that we seldom hear in the tamer haunts of its cousin? but is not the less pretentious wood-thrush sometimes impelled to an unusual effort, and, so moved, does it not accomplish all that makes the hermit one of the musical marvels of the country?"

The wood-thrush wins Mr. Keyser's vote, too, though he shows himself an unprejudiced listener: "To my ear the veery's song was sweet, almost hauntingly so. Some notes were quite like certain strains of the wood-thrush's rich song, but others seemed more ringing and bell-like, and the whole tune was more skilfully and smoothly rendered—that is, with less labored effort. Still, I am loath to say that the general effect of this bird's song is more pleasing than that of the wood-thrush, for there is something faraway and dreamy about the minstrelsy of the latter that one does not hear in the song of any other species."

Mr. Torrey calls them all patricians, "with their modest but rich dress and their dignified, quiet demeanor, they stand for the true aristocratic spirit. . . . Their songs are in keeping with this character; leisurely, unambitious and brief, but in beauty of voice and in high musical quality excelling all other music of the woods. However, I have not found even these thrushes perfect. The hermit, who is my favorite of the four, has a habit of slowly raising and depressing his tail when his mind is disturbed—a trick which is

not a mark of good breeding; the Wilson, while every note of his song breathes of spirituality, has nevertheless a most vulgar alarm call, a petulant, nasal, one-syllabled 'yeark.' . . . When I have fooled the wood thrush with decoy whistles, I have found him more inquisitive than seemed altogether becoming to a bird of his quality."

He owns that one cannot help wishing that he might hear them singing by turns in the same wood, but that one must hear them at various times and places, and "trust his memory to make the necessary comparison." He states that "the song of the wood thrush is perhaps the most easily set apart from the rest, because of its greater compass of voice and bravery of execution." Once, when he hears hermits everywhere at all hours he settles a question "already settled several times—whether the wood thrush or the hermit is the better singer. This time my decision was in favor of the former. How the case would have turned had the conditions been reversed, had there been a hundred of the wood thrushes for one of the hermits. of course I cannot tell. So true is a certain old Latin proverb, that in matters of this sort it is impossible for a man to agree even with himself for any long time together." Still later he says of the first thrush note of the year, uttered by a hermit, "Never was voice more beautiful." Yet in the next paragraph he states: "All in all, I must esteem the wood thrush our greatest singer; although the hermit might dispute the palm, perhaps, but that he is merely a semi-annual visitor in most parts of Massachusetts. If perfection be held to consist in the absence of flaw, the hermit's is unquestionably the more nearly perfect song of the two. Whatever he attempts is done beyond criticism; but his range and variety are far less than his rival's, and, for my part, I can forgive the latter if now and then he reaches after a note lying a little beyond his best voice, and withal is too commonly wanting in that absolute simplicity and ease which lend such an ineffable charm to the performance of the hermit and the veery. Shakespeare is not a faultless poet, but in the existing state of public opinion it will hardly do to set Gray above him."

Of course, if wood-thrush be the Shakespeare of the three, Milton and Gray must yield him the laurel crown.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

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THE SYMPHONY OF THE HOURS.

CONTINUATION OF PART II.—"THE PASSION IN THE LITTLE HOURS."

TO THE END OF FERIA VI.

FERIA SEXTA—(continued).

Sext. Ps. lxxxiii.: "Quam dilecta (2): and Ps. lxxxvi.: "Fundamenta ejus."

None. Ps. lxxxviii.: "Misericordias Domini." (3).

RO TORCULARIBUS;" these somewhat mysterious words are found in the title of the exquisite psalm we are now to consider, the "Quam dilecta;" the full title being "Unto the end, for the wine-presses, a psalm for the sons of Core." What the wine-presses originally indicated, will perhaps never be known with certainty; but the mystical significance of the expression, as given by the Fathers, is not only beautiful in itself, but floods the whole psalm with the crimson light that told of the setting of the Sun of Justice on Calvary's height. The prophetic description of Isaias will readily come to mind: "Why then is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press? I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the Gentiles there is not a man with me . . . and their blood is sprinkled upon my garments, and I have stained all my apparel." (lxiii., 2, 3). At the Hour of Sext, therefore—the third watch of the day—we may well begin this psalm by a kind of composition of place, in which we represent to ourselves the Redeemer of the world treading the wine-press alone. To this can be added the further mystical development of St. Athanasius, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, "qui per torcularia mystice intelligunt ecclesias Christianorum, in quibus reperitur expressum vinum sanguinis Christi, gratiarum et virtutum" (Cfr. Paraphr. Molshem.); fitque sanguis Christi merum.

Quam dilecta Tabernacula! Theology and devotion are here admirably linked together. We need not delay to consider the circumstances of suffering and depression under which the psalm was written; when perhaps the singer was in exile and at a distance from the Sanctuary he loved so well; there is more here than the expression of a tender yearning for any earthly tabernacle; as Schouppe remarks: "Alii vero, ut Augustinus, Cassiodorus, Bellarminus, Lindanus, Bertherius, verba hujas psalmi ampliora et altiora esse censent, quam ad Tabernaculum terrenum et ad bona temporalia restringi possint." And Bellarmine's words may be given: "Nos cum Patribus, existimamus tam ardens desiderium,

quale in hoc psalmo legimus, etiam ad litteram, ad aeterna Tabernacula pertinere."

At the outset of the psalm, therefore, we discover two leading thoughts the first based on the typical interpretation of the "winepress;" the second on the anagogic significance of the "tabernacula" of verse I, with the subsequent "domus" et "atria Domini." Paul gives the theology which binds them together: "But Christ being come, an High-Priest of the good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hand . . . by His own blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption." Heb. ix., 11; and verse 15, "Therefore He is the mediator of the New Testament: that by means of his death they that are called may receive the promise of eternal inheritance." The two sections into which the psalm is divided are two clearly distinguishable strophes; the one of meditation, the other of prayer. The soul, ravished by the contemplation of the iovs of heaven. betakes itself to the thought of the merits of the Redeemer and pours out its pleading prayer that it may one day arrive at the heavenly mansions for which it now so ardently longs. "Concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini." First the voice of the Psalmist is uplifted in a transport of joy: "Vox est contemplantis, mirantis et amantis;" (Schouppe). It is as though he had been youchsafed a glimpse of the glittering abode where dwelleth the Lord of Hoststhe eternal inheritance promised to the elect. Soul and heart and flesh are ravished with the bright vision, as on another Thabor. True he expresses his ecstacy in terms of the earthly tabernacle and of the joy with which he yearned for the "courts of the Lord;" but he rises easily and freely on the wings of contemplation till his whole being is permeated through and through with a sense of the Majesty and lovableness of God. In the forty-first psalm (which, as the commentators point out, has many points of resemblance to this,) he had expressed his "thirst for the strong living God" by the beautiful comparison "As the hart panteth after the fountains of waters; so my soul panteth after thee O God," so here again in the words "For the sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself," is a ready illustration of the final term of his longing. The tender care of God is here most touchingly alluded to; care for the very least of His creatures, for the worthless restless sparrow, and for the timid solitary dove. Like these, oftentimes had the psalmist been far from home, wandering now from place to place, at other times hiding away in some lonely cleft of the rocks. He had benefitted spiritually by the untoward vicissitudes

that had befallen. Earthly unrest had taught him the sweetness of heaven's repose. He longed for a place of security, a shelter from storm, a covert to hide himself in; a place for the spirit to nestle in, away from the turmoil of life. His prayer of contemplation enables him to visualize such a soul-satisfying repose: "Altaria tua, Domine virtutum;" his haven of rest must needs be in closest proximity to God's altars. One cannot fail to notice especially in the first few verses, the almost hurried sequence of ideas with which the inspired writer pours out his joy. He cannot stay to elaborate them; sometimes he is content to leave the sentence unfinished, being satisfied merely with an exclamation of rapture: "How lovely are thy tabernacles!" "Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts!" And the supreme source of all his joy appeals to him in so many ways: "Lord of Hosts;" "the living God;" "my King and my God;" "the Law-giver;" "the God of Gods;" "Lord God of Hosts;" "God of Jacob:" "God our Protector." It is as though the psalmist has had a moment of tense spiritual experience which no human language is adequate to unfold in all its fulness; that like St. Paul "he had been caught up into Paradise; and heard secret words, which it is not granted to man to utter; nevertheless the few pregnant sentences with which he has outlined the yearning of the soul for the eternal joys of heaven, have given to the world for all time, a most entrancing rhapsody, which saint and sinner alike, have ever loved to make their own. It is said that St. Thomas Aguinas owed his monastic vocation to the eleventh verse of this psalm, "I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners." Of St. Francis de Sales it is written that after receiving the Last Sacraments on his death-bed, he awaited the coming of the Bridegroom with resignation, repeating the words which form the first and second verses of the "Ouam dilecta"; and similarly with the account of the last moments of the holy widow St. Paula, the standers by heard her murmuring almost without intermission the same sweet refrain. And so it is, all through the precious story. The Psalmist has given a simple formula which gathers up the scattered forces of prayer and bids them converge in life-long yearning towards the Tabernacle of the New Jerusalem.

The prayerful contemplation of the majesty of God embraces also the happy vision of the elect who stand by the great white throne. Already the phrase "Lord of Hosts" has indicated for us the joyous presence of numberless legions of angels; now the Psalmist records the beatitude of those who had sojourned in the "vale of tears," who also "are come to Mount Sion, and to the City of the Living God,

and to the company of many thousands of angels . . . and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus, the Meditator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of Blood, which speaketh better than that of Abel." Heb. xii. This passage from St. Paul to the convert Jews in Palestine is very interesting in our study here, because of the striking resemblance it bears to the subject matter of the psalm. First there is the sequence of thought from type to reality; from Mount Sion and the earthly tabernacle to the celestial abode of the "Living God."

Then the glorious inhabitants of the heavenly courts. The "spirits of the just made perfect," are those who "have disposed to ascend by steps," who have so ordered their lives as to rise step by step up the ladder of perfection; who have inherited the "blessing of the Law-giver," and in consequence, "go from virtue to virtue" till they attain even to the beatific vision "videbitur Deus deorum in Sion."

In both passages transition is now made to the meritorious cause of this happy consummation: "Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament;" though the Psalmist clothes the allusion in the language of prayer "respice in faciem Christi tui" . . . respice verum principem populi tui, Messiam, Christum Jesum; et propter ejus merita protege nos (Schouppe), "nos in quibus reperitur expressum vinum sanguinis Christi, gratiarum et virtutum." (Aug.) We too breathe the same prayer. Our yearning, as that of the Psalmist, is for the "dilecta tabernacula" beyond the veil; and the source of our consolation on earth, "in the place which he hath set," is the self-same; still does the prayer rise heavenwards to "God our protector," "Look on the face of thy Christ," who by the greater and more perfect tabernacle of His suffering humanity, "by His own blood entered once into the Holy of Holies" thereby obtaining for us eternal redemption.

God who "loveth mercy and truth" ever faithful to His promises, "will give grace and glory" grace now, while we linger "in the vale of tears;" glory hereafter, when we shall realize to the full that "better is one day in thy courts above thousands:" which verse St. Augustine amplifies thus: "Men long for thousands of days and wish to live here long; let them despise these thousands of days, let them long for one day, which has neither rising nor setting: one day, an everlasting day, to which no yesterday yields, which no tomorrow presses. Let this one day be longed for by us. What have we to do with a thousand days? We go from the thousand days to one day; let us hasten to that one day, as we go from virtue to virtue."

It will not be out of place to recall here the Church's choice of this psalm as the first of the five that are said as a preparation for Holy Mass. We need not delay over the devotional beauties that lie on the surface of the psalm. Morning after morning the priest turns to the tabernacle as David did. His whole life has been a turning to the tabernacle, since the first grace of his vocation; since first he "aspired" to the priesthood. During the long years of his apprenticeship he prayed and longed for the courts of the Lord; "in his heart he disposed to ascend by steps," marking each rung of the ecclesiastical ladder as he progressed through the sevenfold Orders. with a higher perfection of grace and a yearning ever fresh and youthful and vigorous; till the morning of his ordination dawned at last, and his "heart and flesh rejoiced in the living God." Then day by day the music of the "Quam dilecta" falls sweetly on his ear; the tabernacle and all that it stands for, is still the goal of his labors and his longings: "altaria tua Domine virtutum, Rex meus et Deus meus." And as he stands at the altar, in the solemn moments after the Consecration, all the joy of this "psalm for the sons of Core" (sons of Christ, as St. Augustine interprets) returns with renewed intensity; for the second strophe of the psalm especially, in a truly remarkable way is woven into the texture of the post-elevation prayers of the Sacred Liturgy. Thus the "respice in faciem Christi tui," of the Lamb that was slain from the beginning, the "hostiam puram, hostiam sanctam, hostiam immaculatam," is taken up by the Church in the "supra quae propitio ac sereno vultu respicere digneris, et accepta habere;" the psalmist's vision of the heavenly altars with the thronging hosts "altaria tua Domine virtutum" is the vision of the Church also: "supplices te rogamus . . . jube haec perferri per manus sancti Angeli tui in sublime altare tuum, in conspectu divinae majestatis tuae;" and so again with the comforting assurance of the words "The Lord will give grace and glory;" both are coupled together at the end of the same prayer "ut quotquot ex hac altaris participatione. . . . Sanguinem sumpserimus, omni benedictione coelesti, et gratia repleamur."

These considerations should serve to stimulate thought and devotion when we meet the psalm at Sext on Feria sexta. As we look in spirit on the "face of Christ" crucified we see more than the pallor of death. "Tu devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum." He was disfigured that we might be transfigured. He died to extract the sting of death; He was the great High-Priest of Sacrifice, of the good things to come; we are incorporated in that same eternal priesthood.

And so the psalm becomes a kind of crystal into which we gaze

and behold "things hidden from the foundation of the world." Itneed not surprise us that the shadow of the Great Sacrifice should:
fall aslant the psalmist's ecstacy over the joys of heaven; in the
economy of Redemption the two thoughts are inseparable; even
amidst the glories of the Transfiguration, the same shadow is in
evidence, for "whilst he prayed and the shape of his countenance
was altered, and his raiment became white and glittering, Moses and
Elias appearing in majesty spoke of his decease that he should accomplish in Jerusalem" (Luke ix.); whilst at the very centre of
the Apocalyptic description of the "Heavenly Jerusalem," in the
midst of the throne . . . and in the midst of the ancients, is the
"Lamb, standing as it were slain."

Sext on Feria VI. concludes with the "Fundamenta eius" (86). another of the psalms "for the sons of Core," whose office it was to "prophecy with harps, and with psalteries, and with cymbals." Par I., xxv., and here they extol in mystic imagery the glory of the Church of Christ, the city set on a rock "cujus civitatis sanctae, fundamenta posuit Altissimus in montibus sanctis, in Sion et in Calvario." (Schouppe). The contents of the psalm make it clear that our vision must extend far beyond the confines of the earthly Jerusalem. Certainly the first verse wafts us thither in thought: "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob . . . the foundations thereof are in the holy mountains;" i. e. Mount Sion and Mount Moria; the former of which was graced at its summit by the stately towers of the royal palace; whilst on Mount Moria was the temple itself; but it is soon evident that the inspired writer scans a more distant horizon. In the middle distance is Calvary's height; beyond it even to the confines of the earth, a wonderful sight. "Memor ero Rahab (Aegypti) et Babylonis scientium me . . . alienigenae et Tyrus et populus Aethiopum, hi fuerunt illic (tanquam cives genuini)." This is in reality a remarkable prophecy of the triumph of Calvary in establishing a worldwide spiritual kingdom. Egyptians, Babylonians, Tyrians, Ethiopians and outsiders generally, are to be brought into the number of God's own people. "Homo et homo natus est in ea;" men of every clime, of every nationality, in great multitudes shall do homage to revealed truth; (scientium); and more than this; the "natus est" introduces an idea which makes this passage perhaps unique in Old Testament prophecy, in as much as it makes this future union of nations a new birth into the glorious city of God. The whole passage is a singular forecast of St. Paul's message to the Gentile Church at Ephesus: "But now in Christ Jesus, you who some time were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ . . . you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God." Eph., ii. It is not merely that the Apostles had to go and "make disciples" of all nations, but men individually (homo et homo) had to be enrolled as citizens of this new Jerusalem; and furthermore they were to be "born again" through the appointed waters of regeneration which should impart to them a newness of life deriving all its vigor from the Cross. Finally, as if anticipating a possible objection, the psalmist urges that the new City of God was not to be the handiwork of man, for "the Highest himself hath founded her . . . (et ipse fundavit eam Altissimus)."

Verse six is somewhat obscure. "Dominus narrabit in scripturis populorum et principum: horum qui fuerunt in ea." But the force of the words would appear to be in the rhetorical question and answer: "Numquid Sion dicet?" "Dominus (ipse) narrabit." ordinary herald could "tell such good tidings to Sion;" that a new spiritual progeny should be born of her; that One especially, should be born within her domain who should become the upbuilder and protector of the new spiritual kingdom: "Homo natus est in ea ipse Altissimus fundavit eam:" God alone knows such future wonders, and God Himself shall tell them: "Dominus narrabit," and not only "tell" them, for there shall be a duly-inscribed Book of the Elect (narrabit in scripturis principum et populorum); God's own census of the citizens of the New Jerusalem of which it is written that "there shall not enter into it anything defiled but they that are written in the Book of Life of the Lamb." Apoc... xxi., 27.* The Psalm ends almost abruptly by recounting in one

^{*}The figurative application here is based on an interesting fact in Jewish history after the captivity; and brings out the full significance of the use of the word "scripturis." Those loyal souls whose sturdy religious patriotism remained untarnished throughout the long period of the nation's exile, returned at long last, only to find that many of their own kinsmen had sadly fallen from the high ideals of their former history; many indeed had even lapsed into paganism and degraded the service of the true God by heathen rites. Such surely could not be allowed to co-operate in the great work of rebuilding the holy city and re-inaugurating the solemnities of the Temple. In due course therefore an enrolment was made of the faithful few, and a large book was kept in which the families were duly registered. The qualifications for entry on the register were exceedingly strict, for the names that figured thereon were of those who should constitute the new Israel, the new people of God; for "the Lord had said: I will bring you again to the place, for I think towards you thoughts of peace and not of affliction." The psalmist's idea, therefore, is clear. "Vincenti dabo manna absconditum"; those only who have come victoriously through the conflict can qualify for membership in the City of God; just as those only who survived successfully the ordeal of captivity and maintained the traditions of their fathers pure and unadulterated, could be trusted to take up the great work of restoration, and be honored by having their names inscribed on the nation's Roll of Honor.

short but telling verse of the joys that needs must flow from the privilege of enrolment in the Eternal Sion: "The dwelling in thee is as it were of all rejoicing." It is the joy of the Church triumphant; of all those "who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb . . . and thou hast made us to our God a kingdom . . . and hast redeemed us to God, in thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation." Et ipse Altissimus fundavit eam: on earth He founded the Church militant, and the foundations were laid in His Precious Blood; and in heaven, "that city that hath foundations: whose builder and maker is God" (Heb., xi., 10) the joys of the Blessed is seen to rest on the same sure foundation: "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb . . . they shall not hunger nor thirst any more . . . for the Lamb shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Apoc., vii., 17.

The "Misericordias Domini" of None is a long psalm of fifty-three verses and is divided into three sections which accurately coincide with a three-fold treatment of the subject-matter. The first is a majestic and melodious song of praise, telling of the mercies of God, His power and fidelity; and the happiness of a people who have such a God for their protection; practically a development of verse three. The second is a similar development of verse four . . . "juravi David servo meo . . . "the terms of the covenant being rehearsed at some length. The third embodies a spirit of apprehension, for all seems so dark; and advances a pleading petition that the covenanted mercies fail not.

It would be difficult to select a psalm more appropriate than this, for recalling at once the tragedy of Calvary and the triumph of the Redemption: told as they are in terms of a nation's history. The key-note for our meditation, is founded in verses 45-46. "Sedem ejus in terram collisiti. Minorasti dies temporis ejus." "Thou hast cast his throne down to the ground. Thou hast shortened the days of his time." The psalmist is mournfully contemplating the closing days of the dynasty of David and of Juda's place among the nations; the days of Jechonias and Sedecias with whom perished the last hopes of David's house. "Thus saith the Lord, write this man barren . . . for there shall not be a man of his seed that shall sit upon the throne of David, and have power any more in Juda." Jer., xxii., 30. Dark days hung like a pall over the nation; chaos at the moment, hopelessness ahead. The covenant of God, so oft re-

peated, which had been their anchor in many a storm, seems now at any rate to have failed them, for even the throne of David is tottering to its fall, and there is none to save.

The Psalmist's statement of the facts is exceedingly vivid, and is cast in the form of an expostulation; of reproach even; "Ubi sunt misericordiae tuae antiquae Domine, sicut jurasti David in veritate tua?" ". . . distulisti Christum tuum . . . laetificasti omnes inimicos eius . . ."

Lord where are thy ancient mercies, according to what thou didst swear to David in thy truth . . . thou hast overthrown the covenant of thy servant . . . thou hast made all his enemies to rejoice . . ."; and all this with importunate haste, following immediately on an outburst of joyous confidence in the mercy and truth of God: "My mercy I will not take away from him, nor will I suffer my truth to fail. Neither will I profane my covenant. . . . I will not lie unto David: his seed shall endure for ever, vv., 34, 35,36."

It was exactly the same problem that presented itself to the faithful followers of Christ, when in the dark hour of His Passion, no human eye could descry a single shaft of light revealing either the mercy or truth of God. "We hoped that it was he who should have redeemed Israel; and now besides all this i. e.—(how our chief priests and rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and be crucified) -to-day is the third day since these things were done." Luke xxiv., 20, 21. The Psalmist experiences the same grief and anguish of soul in presence of the nation's disaster; but his presentment of the idea is more fully developed; he analyses more deeply; and though he speaks in terms of a nation's distress, his poignant utterances are frequently like a word-painting of scenes of the Passion: "Exaltasti dexteram deprimentium eum . . . thou hast set up the right hand of them that oppress him . . . thou hast made his strength fear . . . thou hast been angry with thy anointed . . . all that pass by the way have robbed him . . . he is become a reproach to his neighbors. . . . He shall cry out to me: Thou art my Father, my God . . . thou hast shortened the days of his time: thou hast covered him with confusion . . . thou hast cast his throne down to the ground."

Daring as the Psalmist is in his description here, there is no need to adopt the suggestion of some timid writers, that he is really expressing the scoff of enemies; obviously we have one of those recognized rhetorical devices in which contrasts are heightened by juxtaposition; and the psalm never finally loses its hold on the main

theme so melodiously enuntiated in the first verse: "Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo;" . . . a theme so rich and fertile that from its divine depths there springs up another, co-eternal with it: "In generationem et generationem annuntiabo veritatem tuam."

Mercy and truth, throughout the whole of this majestic psalm, are blended together in the most sublime harmonies, which lead up to and find their mystic climax in the Divine economy of Redemption. The psalmist takes his inspiration now from one source now from another. His aim is to rise, and to raise the sad hearts of his compatriots, high above the discouragement of the moment; and so he opens out the pages of the past; telling of the promise even of God Himself: "Tunc locutus es in visione . . . et dixisti . . . inveni David servum meum . . . brachium meum confortabit eum." The enemy shall have no advantage over him: nor the son of iniquity have power to hurt him." vv. 19-21. Then the inspired writer ascends to higher ground that he may get a better view of the attributes of God which it is his purpose to emphasize especially now: power, mercy, truth. But suddenly he seems to recoil from the magnitude of his task; and as Bellarmine comments: "seeing himself incompetent to return adequate thanks for all the favors conferred on him, he calls upon the angels to do it for him; the heavens shall confess thy wonders O Lord . . . confitebuntur coeli mirabilia. I am not equal to the task . . . but the heavens, the angels dwelling therein, will do it for me, will recount the extent of your wonderful mercy, 'and thy truth in the church of the saints.' The same Angels who surround your throne in such numbers, will praise and glorify your mercy and your truth. They know the extent of that mercy better than we do who lie grovelling on the earth."

And because mercy and truth, or fidelity in the keeping of one's promises, are dependent on the power to keep them, the psalmist makes a slight digression showing that in this respect also there is nothing to fear: for "who is like to thee? thou art mighty O Lord.

Thou rulest the power of the sea." This is not merely a general reference to the supreme dominion of God over the greatest forces in the created universe, but it is introduced as a reminder to the people of a particular instance of God's power: "Thou hast humbled the proud one, as one that is slain" . . . "in brachio virtutis tuae dispersisti inimicos tuos," v. 12, to be understood of Pharao and his army drowned in the Red Sea.

Verily they must confess the might of God when they consider their liberation from a most powerful and obdurate foe, "brachium tuum cum potentia;" but not yet is the psalmist content; his vision takes a wider sweep; God is omnipotent everywhere; "Thine are the fieavens and thine is the earth;" He has laid the very foundations of the globe; "orbem terrae et plenitudinem ejus tu fundasti . . . aquilonem et mare . . . Thabor et Hermon . . . signifying the four points of the compass, for the "sea" means the South; Thabor et Hermon, the East and West; those mountains lying east and west of Jerusalem; (Bellarmine) and all shall rejoice in the great goodness and mercy of the Lord.

These few verses, however, form but an interlude; and the psalmist returns somewhat abruptly, to the original theme: Misericordia et veritas praecedent faciem tuam, v. 15—which appeals to him now in another light. He sees the logical consequences to the nation of God's power, truth and mercy; guaranteed to them by covenant; and the spirit of exultation clothes his every word. "Blessed is the people that knoweth jubilation . . . in thy justice they shall be exalted . . . they shall walk in the light of thy countenance . . . thou art the glory of their strength . . . in thy name they shall rejoice all the day." What signifies it even if at the moment we are moving through the cloud? God is still with us; His promise must assuredly hold good; away with all unnecessary sadness; in God's name let us rather rejoice.

And now the lyric strains of psalmody blend with the stately measures of prophecy. "Inveni David servum meum . . . ponam in saeculum saeculi semen ejus; et thronum ejus sicut dies caeli." vv. 21-30, and vv. 34-38 . . . "my mercy I will not take away from him, nor will I suffer my truth to fail. . . . His throne as the sun before me;" returning to the original theme of the mercy and truth of God; not now, however, as embodied in the people's past history, but stretching forward to future glories, when their king shall be "high above the kings of the earth" . . . excelsum prae regibus terrae. These promises, so sure, so firm, so open, so unquestioned, were made concerning Christ; thus St. Augustine, who continues: "For although some are mysteriously veiled, yet some are so clear, that all that is obscure is easily revealed by them." The Saint then points out that many of these promises enumerated by the psalmist are unfulfilled in David, and we must look to another quarter for their fulfilment. . . . "He promised from his seed something for evermore . . . but Solomon fell, and gave room for hoping for Christ . . . the fulfilment is taken from this David, that it might not be looked for in that David." And later, on verse forty-nine "Quis est homo, qui vivet, et non videbit mortem:" St. Augustine says there is no such "except Him who died for

mortals. That thou mayest be sure it is said of Him, consider the sequel; 'what man is he that liveth and shall not see death?' Did He never die then? He did. How then shall He live and never see death? He shall deliver His own soul from the hands of hell. He is spoken of alone indeed . . . because although the rest of His faithful shall rise from the dead, and shall live themselves for evermore without seeing death, yet they shall not deliver their own souls from the hands of hell." (y, 38).

The mercy and truth of God find their most perfect expression in the redeeming Sacrifice of Calvary; and consequently our devotion in reciting this psalm at None on Friday will instinctively turn to the Cross of Christ. Nor are we left entirely to our own initiative, or our own devotional fancies. The Church has given a clear lead. Thus we find the opening words "Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo; in generationem et generationem annuntiabo veritatem tuam in ore meo . . ." especially consecrated to the Passion; in as much as they form the second part of the Introit of the Mass on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Feast of the Precious Blood, the Votive Mass of the Passion, and in the Mass that used to be said of the Five Wounds, and of the Holy Winding Sheet.

Altogether, it may well be said that we find in this psalm a full and convincing summary of the covenant of Redemption.

It is the synthesis of "Passion" themes; a majestic and comprehensive survey of the thoughts already dealt with in the course of the Friday Little Hours, and which have flowed on like so many silver streams till now we find them converge in one mighty river of surpassing grandeur. There are moments of deepest anguish when the psalmist is almost driven again his will into the language of reproach; but his prophetic vision pierces the gloom and leads him on through avenues of light to a final outburst of confidence and praise. "Blessed be the Lord for evermore. So be it." Shafts of heavenly light play around the nation's sorrow: the power of God; His justice tempered with mercy; His truth that must in the end prevail. Even so with the ignominy and defeat of Calvary. As Bishop Bellord puts it: "We find in the Passion a combination of the deepest abasement and the highest magnificence. Extremes meet. The cross is at once a malefactor's gibbet and a royal throne. Christ abased himself in the supper-room to wash the feet of His disciples, and in the garden by the exhibition of His weakness and prostration. . . . Yet at the same time what grandeur He exhibits. Angels ministered to Him in His agony, His capturers were thrown to the ground by His mere word. . . . He calmly asserts His Divinity before the Sanhedrim, and cites them before His tribunal as Supreme Judge. The stern Roman Governor is perturbed, and quails before His silence. While dying He speaks as God to the repentant thief. . . . His very executioners confess Him to be the Son of God." Behold then, the convincing and final response to the Psalmist's plaint: "Usquequo, Domine avertis in finem . . . Lord, where are thy ancient mercies . . . be mindful of the reproach of thy servants." The mercy and truth of which the Psalmist sings with such tuneful enthusiasm; the ruling power of God; His justice and judgment are all marshalled with telling force on the stage of the Passion; each plays its part; and the parts are woven together in the course of this eighty-eighth psalm in a way so compelling, so searching, as to put it high up indeed among the Messianic compositions; and to make it a glorious landmark in the Divine Office.

(To be continued)

G. E. PRICE.

Birmingham, England.

PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

HAT great literary and art movement known as the Italian Renaissance extended, in due time, beyond the Alps, into France, into Germany, into the Netherlands and into England. It was in Italy, however, that it touched art most deeply. In countries such as England and Germany the warm seed of the Italian Renaissance found lodgment only in a literary soil, leaving the vision of the painter and to a great extent the vision of the sculptor untouched.

It was quite otherwise, however, in Italy. There the stirrings of the new sap transformed the whole face and form of art. When Niccola Pisano, the Pisan sculptor, turned his new classical dream into a glorious Pisan pulpit, a new art era dawned on Italy. It was not as yet a full vision. Pisano was born about the same time as the great humanist, Petrarch, and while the genius of a Dante was making of the Tuscan dialect the language of all Italy.

Italian art of the eleventh and twelfth centuries was of little value or consequence. It was an art divided between the native and Byzantine styles; the one as utterly rude as the other was deeply sunken. It was truly the latter half of the thirteenth century which really developed the new tendency in art. Well, indeed, might Dr. James J. Walsh write a book bearing the title, "The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries," for was it not during this century that St. Thomas Aquinas gave the Christian Church his "Summa"; that the great epic poet Dante dreamed out his "Trilogy"; that the Gothic Cathedral embodied in splendor the mystic and spiritual aspirations of man, and that universities springing up on every side under the sanction and guidance of the Papacy, added new meaning and new value to the scholarship of the day?

It will be remembered that the thirteenth century began with the Papacy of Innocent III., under whose great gifts and triumphant measures the See of Rome attained a power and splendor unknown before. The glowing devotion of St. Francis of Assisi inspired all hearts. At this period, too, commences the true nationality of Italy, announced among other signs by the rise of a splendid literature in the vernacular tongue. Let us not forget here the part which sculpture played in this remarkable period of art renaissance in Italy. I have already referred to the work of Niccola Pisano, who was born in Pisa in 1300. Then followed in succession, during the next two centuries, Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca Della Robbia, Verrocchio and Michelangelo. Note, too, that art remains still the handmaid of religion in the early Renaissance. Speaking

of this, Ruskin says: "These early masters used their powers of painting to show the objects of faith, whereas the later schools used the objects of faith that they might show their powers of painting." Early in the art renaissance of Italy two principal tendencies or schools may be distinguished. The centre of the one was Florence and of the other Siena. The distinctive feature with the Florentines is their richness of thought and composition and the aim at reality of character; the distinctive feature with the Sienese is the intense and heartfelt grace of their single figures.

Italian painting practically begins with Giotto. As an art critic says: "He it was who loosened the tongue of art." What he paints has a voice and what he relates becomes an experience. Giotto is the last of the Gothic school and the first of the Renaissance. Giotto and Dante were born about the same time, a little beyond the middle of the thirteenth century. Their cradles were rocked in little gray Gothic Florence, that knew not yet the Duomo nor the Palazzo Vecchio, nor the Campanile. Giotto's art reached its highest expression in the frescoes of Santa Croce, in Florence, and the basilica of San Francesco, in Assisi. Giotto, like to the preachers and poets of the school of St. Francis of Assisi, undertook to expound the sacred story and to elucidate it by intimate details. The essence of his achievement is in pictorial presentment. best portrait we have of Dante is the work of Giotto, in the Chapel of Bargello, once the Palace off the Podesta, in Florence. Dante refers to it in the "Divine Comedy" in these words: "Cimabue thought to lord it over painting's field, and now the cry is Giotto's and his name eclipsed." There is also a fresco by Giotto in the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome, representing Pope Boniface VIII. in full pontificals announcing the opening of the jubilee of 1300. It was while engaged in painting the Chapel of the Arena at Padua in 1303 that Giotto met Dante, then an exile from Florence.

Passing over Masoccio and Ghirlandajo, who continued the great work of Giotto, we come to one of the rarest and most versatile artists in the history of painting in the person of Leonardo da Vinci. It might be well to add here that the work of Ghirlandajo can be seen in the frescoes that cover the walls of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. There you will find, too, the portraits of many of the most representative men of the time. Machiavelli is there as the exponent of the dominant political ideas of the age; Poletian represents the highest point attained by its scholarship; Guiccardini is its exact and impartial historian and Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola unfold its fashionable philosophy.

Leonardo da Vinci, who was born in 1542, was a man of marvelous and varied talent. Though he has but few paintings to his credit, he occupies a first place among the great painters of the world. Da Vinci was, properly speaking, the founder of the Italian process of oil painting. He made great use of light and shade, and possessed a refined sentiment, somewhat similar to the Umbrian school. His method as an artist, was most original. There were three art periods in the life of Da Vinci: the Florentine, from 1469 to 1482; the Milanese, from 1483 to 1499, and the Nomadic, from 1500 to 1519. It was while at Milan that Leonardo completed his first large picture, a very wonderful one-"The Virgin of the Rocks." Leonardo painted two of these, one being in the National Gallery, London, and the other in the Louvre, Paris. The Louvre painting is the better of the two. His famous painting, "Mona Lisa," which was stolen from the Louvre a few years ago, is one of the most highly finished works of art existing. Leonardo's great fresco painting, "The Last Supper," which is in a monastery near Milan, is now much faded and damaged. In his Italian campaign, it is said, Napoleon I. stabled his horses in the monastery.

Outside the Venetian school, almost all of whose members were colorists, three Renaissance painters still remain to be dealt with: Raphael, Michelangelo and Correggio. Raphael was the painter of grace; Michelangelo the painter of energy, and Correggio the painter of contrast—the great master of the chiaroscuro. Raphael has, indeed, glorified the art galleries of Europe. He, too, is one of the four great portrait painters of the world, the other three being Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez. Needless to speak here of his many Madonnas found in the museums of Europe, from the Hermitage at Petrograd to the Prado, in Madrid. At the beginning of the sixteenth century both Raphael and Michelangelo were at work in Rome; and some writer points to these years as far as painting was concerned, as the veritable culmination of the Renais-Michelangelo was engaged on the vault of the Sistine Chapel and Raphael in the Camera della Segnatura, in the Vatican. No other painter of any age could have represented the "Creation of Man" as Michelangelo has done in the vault of the Sistine Chapel. The sublimity of the theme suited his genius. Nor, indeed, could any other painter have given us the "Disputa" and the "School of Athens" and "Parnassus" as has Raphael in the Camera della Segnatura. Raphael's peculiar element was grace and beauty of form, in as far as these are the expression of high moral beauty. It may be said that Michelangelo overwhelmed Italian art like a mighty mountain torrent, at once fertilizing and destructive. His

conception of the world was that of the sculptor and of the four arts, painting, architecture, poetry and sculpture; he has always seemed to me decidedly greatest in the last. But withal Michelangelo was irresolute. Like Coleridge, the English poet, he began much that he never finished. The history of the monument to Pope Julius II., the facade of San Lorenzo and the tombs of the Medici is proof of this. There probably never was a more Christian artist than Michelangelo. At no time was there any doubt in his faith. At the time the illness and death of his father and brothers, his first concern was that they should receive the Sacrament. He had, too, boundless confidence in prayer, "which he regarded as more efficacious than all the medicines of the world." His old age was surrounded by as much glory as that of Goethe or Hugo. But he was a man of another metal. He had neither Goethe's thirst for popularity nor Hugo's middle-class respect for the world and established order.

Correggio, who was born in 1494 and died in 1534, is the great master of the chiaroscuro—light and shade—among Italian painters. The principal work of Correggio is the great fresco painting in the cupola of the Cathedral at Parma, in St. Paul's Church, in the Church of St. John, and in the Benedictine Convent in Parma. On seeing these frescoes, Titian is said to have exclaimed: "Were I not Titian, I should wish to be Correggio." Some of the best known of Correggio's paintings are: "The Nativity (Holy Night)" and "The Marriage of St. Catherine," which is in the Louvre. Correggio is the most skilful artist since the ancient Greeks in the art of foreshortening, and was the first to introduce the rules of aërial perspective. Radiant light floods his pictures and is so delicately graded that it passes subtly into shade, with that play of reflection among the shadows which give transparency in every modulation.

When the seed of the Italian Renaisance fell on soil beyond the Alps—in the Netherlands and Germany—it touched into new life, too, the art of those countries. But as already stated, it affected rather the literature of Germany than its sculpture or painting. During the first half of the sixteenth century Germany produced Albert Dürer, Hans Holbein and Lucas Cranach. Dürer was born in Nuremberg in 1472, and by some critics he is given a place side by side with Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo. In 1490 he went to Colmar, Basle and Venice, where he came under the influence of Bellini and Mantegna. Nuremberg at this time became the centre for the humanists and Dürer became their painter and friend. Dürer was more or less associated in sympathy with the Reformers in Germany, but, like Erasmus, never fully allied himself with them.

Some of his masterpieces are "The Adoration of the Magi," "Melancholy," "St. Jerome" and "Death and the Knight." Though Dürer lived in Nuremberg, little of his work is to be found in its museum. In this, Nuremberg differs from Seville, in Spain, which has conserved some of the best work of Murillo, who was a native of that city. It is interesting to note here, by way of interpolation, what different conceptions painters and poets have of women. For instance, Giargione, the Venetian painter, in painting woman felt the beauty of womanhood; Titian, its grandeur; Raphael, its noble sweetness; Michelangelo, its Sibylline and Pythian possibilities, and Paul Veronese, its health and magnificence.

Holbein, who may be termed the second great master of the German Renaissance, was born in 1408. Holbein has no affinities with Dürer. He is the only German artist who shows a strong tendency to idealism. Indeed, it is the lack of this idealism in both German and Dutch painting that places it necessarily below the work of Italy or Belgium. Reinach, the art critic, in summing up German painting of the fifteenth century, says: "Italian art dreamed of beauty and realized its dream; Flemish art was in love with truth and held the mirror up to nature; German art rarely achieved either truth or beauty. But it succeeded in rendering, with a fidelity that was often brutal, the character of the German people immediately before and after the Reformation." Early in life Holbein passed over to England, where he became court painter to Henry VIII., painting the King and his family, his ministers and several members of the English aristocracy. Scattered throughout the museums and private art collections of England and the Continent we come across some excellent portraits by Holbein: a Jane Seymour at Vienna; an Erasmus in the Louvre; an Archbishop Warham at Lambeth Palace, England, and a Sir Thomas More in Mr. E. Huth's collection.

Two Flemish painters stand out during the Renaissance period in Belgium—Rubens and Van Dyck. Rubens is certainly among the great painters of the world, and Van Dyck, while not on the throne, is very near it. Rubens is one of the most prolific painters of all times. It is claimed that there are two thousand paintings to his credit. In the Prado of Madrid alone there are sixty-six Rubens. Of course, Antwerp is the city of Rubens. There, in the Cathedral, are his two great canvases, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Raising of the Cross," the former painted in 1612, the latter in 1610. Of Rubens' paintings Antwerp has one hundred; Munich, ninety-three; Vienna, ninety; the Hermitage, Petrograd, sixty-three; the Louvre, fifty-four, and there are more than two hundred in England. Rubens has painted everything—fable,

mythology, history, allegory, portraits, animals, flowers, landscapes. He rises to the sublime heights of art with Homer, Dante, Michelangelo and Shakespeare. Both Rubens and Van Dyck were much influenced by the Italian schools of painting, especially the Venetian. While in Rome, Van Dyck painted for the great Barberini and Colonna families. He visited England several times, and in 1632 remained there, becoming court painter to Charles I., whose portrait he painted, as well as that of his Queen and children. He received knighthood at the hands of Charles I., and died in London in 1641, one year after the death of his art tutor, the great Peter Paul Rubens.

Van Dyck is credited with 854 paintings. Of these, 350 are in England; sixty-seven in Vienna; 167 in Munich; thirty-eight in Petrograd, and twenty-four in the Louvre. Van Dyck made possible the English school of portrait painters—Reynolds, Laurence and Gainsborough. Indeed, it might be said further that the gave rise to all the genre painters who followed the English tradition, Among the Dutch painters, two stand out preëminent—Franz Hals and Rembrandt. Of course Ruysdael, born in Haarlem in 1620. was a great landscape painter. Hals was one of the most practical craftsmen and expert masters in painting that ever existed. With Velasquez and Van Dyck, Hals forms the trio of the great portrait painters of the seventeenth century. Among some of the best of Franz Hals' works are: "The L'aughing Cavalier," in the Wallace collection, London; "Banquet of St. George's Company," in the Town Hall, Haarlem, and "Nurse and Child," in the Berlin Museum.

It is through Rembrandt, who was born in 1606, and studied at Amsterdam, that Dutch art reached the clear expression of its character. Rembrandt's art is purely Teutonic. He is a Dutchman through and through. Rembrandt is a realist, and almost all his personages are simple or homely and some are even ugly. Four of his best paintings are "The Lesson in Anatomy," which is at The Hague; "The Syndics," "The Disciples of Emmaüs," a marvelous piece of work in the Louvre; and "The Night Watch," at Amsterdam. As to the latter, perhaps it is the indefiniteness of the theme which has rendered this painting so famous.

It may be interesting in conclusion here to designate some of the great painters by their peotical qualities. Michelangelo is epical, Correggio and Rubens are lyrical, Perugino is elegaic, Giotto is dramatic, and the great Spanish painter, Goya, is satirical. So the painter, the sculptor, the poet and the musician are really one in truth and beauty.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph. D., Litt. D.

Toronto, Ont.

GOD'S ACRES IN PARIS.

"Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mold below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empires held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excell'd,
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven."
—Fickell on the Death of Adonis.

ASHINGTON IRVING in his "Sketch Book" has given us some very touching descriptions of old English churchyards, and the poet Gray has left after him his own "In Memoriam" in his inimitable "Elegy," in which he alludes most touchingly, too, to

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

I have myself in many a vacation outing, when in the country, wandered among the little mounds in out-of-the-way burying grounds, read the inscriptions suggested by simple and loving hearts on the modest tombstones of men and women famous in their neighborhoods, unknown to the outside world, but whose simple and kindly works of charity were not overlooked by the recording angel.

The world war just closed has dotted the soil of France with many well-filled cemeteries, in which the bodies of friends and enemies lie side by side, and the patriotic Catholic women of France have cared for the graves of the unknown dead with characteristic devotion. Monsignor John Ayscough, in his highly interesting book, "French Windows," in the chapter entitled "Thoughts and Crosses" gives a very touching account of his visit to one of these cemeteries. He tells about "a very gentle French lady who spent all her spare time decking the graves of the hundred English soldiers buried there. It was a work of pure tenderness and charity. She knew well that their friends could never know, could never see what she did and thank her. 'That,' she said simply, 'is why I do it. They cannot come, those wives and mothers and sisters. I have to be mother and sister to these sleepers." "And he?" said the Monsignor, pointing. There was one wooden cross with a German officer's name upon it. He had died among the English and had been buried among them. His cross was like all the others, but the French custom is to paint a tear upon the cross, and there was one upon each English cross; on the German there was none, and on the German grave only the red sand, no plant or flowers. 'He, monsieur, he was an enemy,' said the gentle little lady.' "In the grave there are no enemies,' said the Monsignor. Next time the Monsignor came there the stranger's grave was no longer bare. Patriot, flaming patriot, as every French woman is, she had set sweet herbs to grow upon it and pansies. 'Pansies for thoughts,' thought the Monsignor."

But if the country churchyard has the power to reach the heart and the mind and the more tender feelings of human nature, the famous cemeteries of the world appeal to the admiration of the student of history; they tell him in language he can neither distort nor ignore that the glory of the world is but transitory and that in many cases the very names of the world's greatest heroes, statesmen, scientists and the like, cease to exist save upon the "storied urn," the "animated bust" or the marble tablet upon which they are inscribed.

This brings to my mind the request of a noted French philanthropist, nay, a man of unbounded Christian charity—who escaped from the massacre of the negro revolutions in Santo Domingo, settled in Philadelphia and was well known to the Church authorities, if not by the world at large, for the interest he took in Catholic progress. He gave most of his wealth, if not all of it, to the Church and Seminary. At his death, nearly half a century ago, he requested that no name be inscribed on his coffin-plate nor upon his tombstone. In referring to this matter, he said to me one day when I visited him at St. Joseph's Hospital: "I have outlived my generation; my name means nothing to the people of to-day; Christian souls will pray for the departed regardless of who they were; fame means nothing to me, prayer means everything." In deference to his wishes, the only words on the plain silver plate at the foot of his coffin and on the flat slab that covered his grave were: "Marie concu sans pêchě, priez pour moi."

Many will gaze upon this stone—if, indeed, they condescend to glance at it—and turn away from it with a sad smile upon their faces. "What a queer inscription." If devout souls, they will say: "Lord, have mercy upon him!" And this is all he wanted.

To thinking minds that stone will tell another story. The unusual form of the inscription will arrest attention. "There lies the body of one who knew the hollowness of human fame; that inscription tells us that he was a Christian, a philosopher and, no doubt, a benefactor of his race."

How many in Philadelphia remember him to-day? His name lives only in the grateful hearts of the students of the Seminary at Overbrook, who on the anniversary of his death remember him at the altars, beyond this . . .

I have wandered through many of the great cemeteries of our own and foreign lands; I have stood in awe and reverence beside the shrine at Mount Vernon, looked down upon the massive red granite mausoleum that holds the remains of the "Man of Destiny" in the famous Hotel des Invalides, in Paris; I have gazed upon the tombs of the mighty dead in Pantheons of Paris and Rome; I have placed my hand on the oaken coffin of the "Great Agitator" in Glasnevin Cemetery, and looked with admiration at the gorgeous tombs in Westminster Abbey, and always the words of the "Elegy" came to my mind:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The simple mound with its wreath of immortelles, with the single word "Ricorda," "Souvenir," "Mother," "Father" made the deepest impression upon me. They are the heartfelt prayer of the living for their dead. The marble shaft, the stately tomb tell of men and women who were great in the eyes of men—deservedly or undeservedly so—the simple mound with its unpretentious headstone and the inscription "spelled by the unlettered Muse," tells of those who were loved of God and man. They are the graves of buried hopes and human affections; they are holy places where devout souls come to pray because their prayers have been prompted by affection and their belief in the doctrine of "the communion of saints." The mausoleum inspires awe and admiration; the simple mound raises the soul to God.

In this paper I propose to visit a necropolis whose inhabitants belong to all classes; where the humble mound nestles close to the "storied urn"; where rich and poor sleep their last sleep in that bed which levels all distinctions.

Before the world war just closed, we were accustomed to regard the Parisians as a gay and frivolous people. The war has taught us that there are some serious people with hearts and deep feelings in that once gay and ever beautiful capital. Yet in times gone by Paris' own sons have spoken of it as sadly irreverent and totally skeptical. How true this may be it is not for us to discuss here. We do know, however, that with all its frivolity, it is not devoid of heart, and as regards respect for the dead, it is unequaled by any city in the world. No sooner does a hearse appear along its streets or boulevards than all noise seems to cease and the stranger would imagine that animation had suddenly become suspended. Rich or poor, young or old, that lifeless form that two days ago might have

passed along the same street unheeded by the busy throng, is now an object of the deepest respect and veneration. The flying vehicles that during this life would have run over him in their hurry now stop suddenly to give him passage. Soldiers on guard "present arms," women make the sign of the cross and men bare their heads.

Nor is the conduct of the Parisians less respectful in the cemeteries. In no city in the world are they visited more frequently nor more reverentially. The crowds that repair to them converse but little and that little is in subdued tones. Those even who are so fortunate as to have neither friend nor relative buried in them rarely fail to visit the cities of the dead at least once or twice a year. But it is on the first and second of November, the feasts of All Saints and of All Souls, that the cemeteries are most frequented. On the approach of those days withered floral pieces are replaced by fresh ones, faded wreaths give place to new ones, growing flowers or plants are carefully trimmed and watered, graves are cleared of fallen leaves and everything that friendship and affection can devise is done to show that the departed are held in loving remembrance. The man who scoffs at religion three hundred and sixty-five days in the year on this day remembers that there is a God, and he prays to Him and is not ashamed to do so. He would be ashamed not to do so. How account for this? We might say there is no such a thing as human nature and there is such a thing as French nature. Beyond this it might not be safe to speculate. One thing, however, is certain: if we analyze the works of Rousseau, Renan, and many other unbelievers, we shall be sure to find some latent spark of religion still smouldering in their hearts, and le jour des morts is the wind that fans them into life, if only for a moment.

When these days come around to remind us of those who have gone before us, the mortuary stores that line the streets leading to the cemeteries do a thriving business. Garlands of immortelles and of beads and appropriate plants of all kinds find ready sales. The natural effect of sorrow for the dead is under Christian influence to elevate the mind, hence it symbolizes its belief in the immortality of the soul and its faith in "the communion of saints" by the selection of sweet-scented evergreens and flowers that betoken the love of the living and the immortality of the departed.

Let us visit Père Lachaise, the best known and most beautifully located of Parisian cemeteries. It is situated on a height, often called Mont St. Louis, from its being the point from which Louis XIV. when a child witnessed the engagement of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The ground passed into the possession of the Jesuits in 1705, and it was from their superior, Père Lachaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., that the cemetery takes its name. In 1765 the

Jesuits were expelled from France and their property was sold. It is a noticeable fact that whenever the treasury of Masonic governments begins to run low, a convenient way of replenishing it is by confiscating the property of religious orders and selling it.

In 1804 this property was laid out as a burial ground and the name of Père Lachaise was given it. Additions have been made to the property from time to time, until it covers an area of from 110 to 120 acres, laid out with regularity and taste. The trees are majestic and the shrubbery is appropriately selected and well cared Broad walks and drives extend through the grounds, lined with perhaps the handsomest, most costly and most historically interesting monuments to be found in any cemetery in the world. But it is not so much the monuments, the shrubbery nor the beautiful trees that give the place its greatest attraction. It is rather due to the fact that it is the resing place of so many disinguished men and women, the artistic, literary, scientific, military and political celebrities of France. Here are musicians, actors, painters, sculptors, poets, authors, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, agnostics, infidels, good and bad, the "cockles and the tares," all widely separated in life, but all united here in death.

From the heights of the cemetery a fine view of the city may be obtained when the smoke of the Faubourg St. Antoine does not float in heavily through the atmosphere. The busy, noisy streets below present a strange contrast to the silent avenues within the great necropolis we are visiting, and to which many of those who tread their way through the gay thoroughfare are now hastening. Only a few years, and they will lie here, perhaps in the Fosses Communes, and their places in the bright, gay city will be filled by others as careless as they are now.

Everything around the heights is so peaceful now that it is hard to realize that they were ever disturbed by the roar of the cannon and the flash of the sabre. Yet it was here when the Allies attacked Paris on March 30, 1814, that three determined assaults were made by the Russians before they were successful. Here, too, in 1871 the Commune made their last stand. Nine hundred of them fell in defense of the cemetery or were shot after its capture, and 200 of them were buried in quicklime in one large pit and 700 more in another.

The entrance to the cemetery of Père Lechaise is in the centre of a semicircular recess, over the gate of which is inscribed: "Scio enim, quod Redemptor meus vivit, et in novissimo die de terra surrecturus sum" (St. John xix., 25). On the right: "Qui credit in

me etiam si mortuus fuerit vivet" (St. John xi., 25). On the left: "Spes illorum immortalitate plena est" (Wisdom iii., 4).

We enter the Avenue Principale and find on our right the office of the conducteurs, or guides, who are waiting to make a fee of three francs. Further up the avenue, at the top of a gentle slope, we come to the "Aumonerie," or chaplain's quarters, whose services are solicited, we were going to say, for the bad as well as the good. Soon we cross the Avenue des Puits, on the left, and the Avenue Circulaire on the right of the Avenue Principale, the slight ascent of which we are following. On the left we come to the Visconti monument. Visconti, père, the noted philologist, who died in 1818. is seen resting upon his marble bed and the inscription upon this monument tells us that his son, the architect, was laid beside his father in 1854. Adjoining this is the beautiful tomb of Beulé, the archæologist, who died in 1874. Nearby is the elaborately wrought family vault of Dantan, the sculptor, and next to it another family vault, but less pretentious, of Achille Foulet, Minister of Finance, who died in 1869. Just beyond this is the tomb of Gioachino Antonio Rossini, well known in America for his celebrated "Stabat Mater." It was said at one time that no Italian composer could write anything to compare with German compositions in the way of gravity and harmony. This brought out the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," and later on Verdi's "Aida." Rossini was born in 1792 and died in 1868. A bust of the great composer is seen upon his monument, but his remains are no longer at Père Lachaise; they were exhumed in May, 1887; the coffin was opened in the presence of Charles Gounod and other distinguished composers and the remains were transferred to Florence on the occasion of the grand celebration of the completion of the magnificent Cathedral and described by one in the pages of the REVIEW

Music and poetry are inseparable, and it would seem that even in death they must needs go together, for next to the tomb of Rossini we read upon another monument some beautiful lines suggestive of eternal youth and written by Alfred de Musset himself. He died in 1857. A few steps further up the avenue brings us to the monument of Generals Clement, Thomas and Lecomte, the first victims of the Commune, who died in 1871. This monument is a masterpiece of its kind. It represents an altar-table, on which rest a profusion of mortuary wreaths. In the centre stands the figure of Victory, with outstretched arms symbolizing the triumph of the cause for which these valiant soldiers gave up their lives. The whole is backed by a massive tapering shaft in three sections, ornamented with crossed palm branches. This monument is the work of the sculptor Cugnot.

The engineer Lebas (died 1873), who in 1836 erected in the Place de la Concorde the famous obelisk of Luxor, on the very spot where so many thousands perished by the guillotine, sleeps his last sleep only a few steps before we reach the "Monument du Souvenirs," erected to the memory of the dead whom poverty or the ingratitude of their kin have left without a fitting memorial. It is a sort of all souls' monument. Who lies buried beneath it? Few, if any, can tell, but the fact that they are the friendless and "unknown dead" appeals to the Catholic heart and on All Souls' Day (and on other days, too) garlands and flower pieces are placed on and around this monument, and a "De Profundis" is recited for the repose of the souls of the unknown but not forgotten dead.

Crossing the Avenue Principale and returning the way we came up, we find the monument of Thomas Couture, the painter (died in 1879), with a bust under a canopy supported by bronze genii. Beside this tomb we come to another in which a bronze bust of Ledru-Rollin (died 1875) looks down upon us from an imposing The iron railing that surrounds this tomb is covered with wreaths bearing the word "Souvenir." We now come to the sarcophagus of Victor Cousin, author and a philosopher, who died in 1867. This tomb is on the same Greek style, and reminds us very much of the tomb of Curran, in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin. Beyond this and nearly opposite the now empty tomb of Rossini, we come to a tall shaft bearing in relief a bust of Auber, the composer of "Fra Diavolo." It is the work of the sculptor Dantan. Standing beside this tomb we seem to hear the distant echo of those melodies that have delighted Parisians and the music lovers of the New World for more than half a century. Further on we come to the tomb of Dominique François Jean Arago (died 1853), one of the most popular physicists belonging to the nineteenth century. It is embellished with a bust by David.

We are now once more near the main entrance, but before turning into the Avenue des Puits, let us look into the Jewish section of Père Lachaise. It is separated from the cemetery proper by a wall and is closed on Saturdays. Here we shall find the tomb of Rachel, the celebrated tragedienne, who toured the United States in the early '50s, and who died in 1858. It is a little stone chapel, with a grated door, built over the grave. Over the door is the single word, "Rachel." Admiring friends still keep the flowers fresh and hang bright immortelles upon the walls. A basket is placed in the chapel to receive the cards of visitors to the tomb.

Behind this tomb is the rich Epstein chapel, and further on, to the left of the path, is the chapel of the Rothschild family. This family has furnished money to the different governments of Europe from

time to time and have wielded the power and influence that wealth commands. They were not above doing deeds of charity in their own way, and in this way they were unlike a certain multi-millionaire who died recently in America. He left thousands to people who have already an abundance of this world's goods; not one cent to the poor, who helped him make his millions. We almost think we hear a voice calling on Lazarus to bring him a drop of water.

At the northwest end of the path is the Mohammedan section, for the burial of persons of that faith, and is separated from the rest of the grounds by a high wall. The Queen of Oude and her son, who died in Paris, so far from their Oriental home, are buried here.

Just north of the Jewish section is an imposing tomb that never fails to attract attention. It is built from the ruins of the Abbey of the Paraclete and is the common resting place of Abelard and Eloise. The former died in 1142 and the latter in 1164. It is a sarcophagus with recumbent figures of the illustrious dead, clad in the "habit" of their order. Over them is a Gothic canopy. This tomb is often decorated with fresh flowers and garlands, the offerings of disappointed lovers, to whom this enclosure is holy ground.

Many of Napoleon's marshals have found a resting place in Père Lachaise — Lefebvre, Masséna, Davourt, Macdonald, Junot, Grouchy, Mortier and Suchet—and in the middle of a pretty flower bed, with no stone or inscription to mark the spot, Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," sleeps his last sleep, not unhonored, if uninscribed.

Beranger, the people's poet, full of sentiment, wit and too often obscenity, without vulgarity, however, slumbers hard by, as he requested, in the same grave with Manuel, the orator. He died in 1857. Not far from him are Fay, the soldier-author; Barras, the chief of the Directory; Benjamin Constant and Caulincourt, the grand chamberlain of Napoleon. A few steps farther brings us to the semi-Oriental mausoleum of the Countess and of Prince Demidoff, members of a wealthy Russian family. Turning to the right, we come to the tombs of La Fontaine, the fatalist, and Moliere, the dramatist, and a little further on of Laplace, the mathematician.

If we follow the Avenue des Acacias, to the left we shall find the magnificent monument of the Thiers family. Adolphe Thiers was the first president of the Third Republic. It was his misfortune to have to smart under the arrogance of Bismarck when compelled to sign the Treaty of Peace, which terminated the Franco-Prussian War, and which Foch arranged at the signing of the peace terms at the close of the recent war with Germany. Thiers was no friend of the Second Empire, and a very poor Catholic—if a Catholic at all

—but it is to his credit that he denounced the action against Pope Pius IX. at the time of the invasion of Rome in 1870.

Near the Thiers monument is Maret's temple, with its Doric columns, but no inscription. Next is De Biré's chapel with its beautiful bas-relief of "Christ as the Vanquisher of Death," by Duseigneur, and close to it the monument of General La Valette. It is divided into three parts. The upper part shows a bust of the famous Directeur des Portes, who was sentenced to death in 1815; the centre section represents his rescue from prison by his wife, who exchanged clothes with him and courageously remained in his place, while the lower portion is the vault containing the remains of the faithful and devoted pair.

On our way further up the hill and nearly at the top we find Gericault, palette in hand, resting upon a splendid tomb executed by Etex, and ornamented by a striking bas-relief fepresenting the "Wreck of the Medusa."

The monument to the "soldiers who fell in 1870-71" is a pyramid of granite with four bronze statues of soldiers by Schroeder and Lefèvre. It was erected by the government. On the iron railing that surrounds this pyramid may be seen hanging a profusion of garlands, and many more strewn on the ground around the enclosure. French mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, as many of our boys who have been "over there" can testify, never forget their beloved and heroic defenders—"les enfants de la patrie." Their bones may be buried in a heap, with no inscription or token to mark their identity, but "ils sont morts pour la patrie," and that is enough. The wreaths and the "souvenirs" are for all, and so are their prayers.

It would be impossible to name even a fair portion of the celebrities buried in this famous cemetery. In the course of a ramble through its numerous paths the eye will rest upon some of the brightest names in France. Here, too, as we have said, are the good and the bad, the great and the humble. Here lie Mlle. Lenormand, the famous Sybil: Mlle. Maro, the actress: Hérold the composer of the opera of "Zampa"; Eugene Scribe, the author; Sydney Smith, who held Acre bravely against Napoleon; Dupuytran and Nélaton, the famous physicians. Let us pause a moment at the grave of Dupuytran. I recall that he had once attended a poor country curé, who came to him to be treated for a terrible carbuncle on the back of his neck. The poor curé had no means with which to pay the great practitioner, but as he was about to leave the office, he quietly laid a five-franc piece on the table and bowed himself out. He was obliged to make a number of visits. Sometimes he would bring a chicken, or half a dozen fresh eggs, or a

few vegetables, the offerings of his poor parishioners. Dupuytran was a brusque man, but under that brusqueness there was a tender heart. One day it became necessary for the curé to go to the hospital, with the blunt assurance that he might not leave it alive. "God's will be done," the priest answered with great calmness and humility, that did not escape the notice of the surgeon. operation, a most painful one, was performed without the administration of an anaesthetic—they were not in such frequent use in those days as they are now. Not a groan nor a move on the part of the aged patient. When it was over the doctor left orders that every attention and care should be given to that "brave man," and that he would be responsible for any extra expense incurred. The patient required little and as soon as possible returned to his people, not forgetting to call at the doctor's office to express his thanks. Some months passed away, during which the doctor, from time to time, received presents of fresh eggs, a chicken or a hare from an anonymous patient. One day the good curé was surprised at receiving the following message: "The doctor now has need of the priest." The priest was soon at the bedside of the dying doctor. His debt was paid.

As we proceed along our way we come to the tomb of David, the famous painter; Bizet, the composer of the favorite opera of "Carmen"; Pradier, the sculptor, whose masterpiece, the "Bath of Atalanta," may be seen in the Louvre; Mme. Blanchard, the aëronaut, who perished while making an ascent; the tomb of the national guard killed at Buzenval January 19, 1871 and that of the Fédérés, whose memory is kept alive by the countless wreaths that decorate the walls and which the revolutionists still hang there.

In all Parisian cemeteries there are three classes of graves. The first, those over which splendid monuments and chapels and even more modest stones are raised, belong absolutely to the family or friends of the deceased, and can never be disturbed unless the cemetery is removed. These are called "Concessions à Pérpétuité." The next class is the "Concessions Temporaires," which provides that a grave shall not be disturbed for ten years. The last of all are the "Fosses Communes," or common trenches, which contain from forty to fifty coffins. In some cases the graves are dug to a great depth and the coffins are deposited on ledges, one above the other, on either side of the excavations. Here are buried the poor and uncared for. In the trenches the coffins are placed in rows and close together; they are often rough pine boxes, and it not infrequently happens that they contain rare and beautiful forms. The name of each occupant and the date of interment is marked on each box. When the fosse has received its allotted number, the earth

is thrown in, well mixed with lime to assist the process of decomposition and destroy the poisonous vapors which might arise from so much decaying humanity. Every five years the fosses are cleaned out. It seems hard, but in a great city like Paris it is deemed unavoidable. To persons unaccustomed to scenes like these the fosses have a revolting appearance, but the birds sing gayly over them and the sunshine falls tenderly upon them, and in many cases the dead are better off even in their crowded resting places than the still more crowded and wretched ones who mourn them in the stern city below.

Look down into that trench and read the lines written with red chalk upon the poor boxes within it. Here is an old ouvrier, as rugged, perhaps, in life as the box that now contains his remains. Here a tiny case encloses a baby form. Alas! poor mother, place your pretty flowers here while you may, when the fosse is filled up, it will be only a few short years when the spot where your darling now lies will be the cold bed of another! Here is a better casket, one of oak or covered with cloth, holding one too dear to be put to rest in a common box. The next one, plain and rough, bears a tender legend in the coarse, red chalk marks: "Marie, bien aimé." Yes, so well beloved and yet she, too, must come to such a place! The little crosses over these temporary graves are hung with wreaths of flowers as well as those over the tombs of the lordly or great, for love and tenderness are not limited to the rich.

All burials within the Department of the Seine (which includes Paris) are conducted by the Compagnie des Pompes Funèbres, whose charges were regulated by a tariff varying from twelve francs and seventy-five centimes to ten thousand francs. Two chaplains are attached to each cemetery for the gratuitous performance of funeral services for the poor.

But Père Lachaise is not the only cemetery in Paris worth seeing. At the foot of the Butte Monmartre, between Barrière Blanche and that of Clichy, is the Cemetery of Montmartre, the oldest burying ground in modern Paris and long known as the Champ de Repos, or the Field of Rest. It was the first formed outside the city, and was originally a gypsum quarry, but has been so much enlarged and improved that it now almost rivals the famous Père Lachaise in beauty. A portion of it is laid out as a burying ground for the Jews, and among the various handsome monuments it contains is that of Halévy, the composer of the opera "La Juive." While Montmartre does not contain as many historical celebrities as Père Lachaise and is regarded as a little more bourgeois, yet its monuments bear the names of great men, too. Here are buried Daru, the historian of Venice; Marat, the Republican writer and

president of the National Assembly of 1848; the Duchess d'Arbnantés, wife of Marshal Junot, whose monument is decorated with a medallion by David d'Augers; Heinrich Heine and his wife Mathilde, who repose under a simple tombstone with a marble tablet, while a large block of marble marks the last resting place of Paul Delaroche, the painter. Here, too, we find the heart of Marshal Lannes, whose body has found a glorious resting place in the Pantheon. In the first avenue to the right of the Avenue Principale are four tombs of Polish refugees, the first of which bears the inscription: "Exorciare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor," ("May an avenger some day spring from our ashes").

Along the Carrefour de la Croix we come to a cross, at the foot of which are buried the "Victims of the Coup d'Etat of 1851," and further on the vault of the Cavagnac family, to which belonged the author Godefroy, who died in 1845, and the general, Eugéne, who died in 1857 and who was President of the French Republic in 1848. The recumbent figure of the general, in bronze, is by Rude. A gigantic angel sent from Florence by Carniero marks the tomb of Miecislaus Kamienski, a Polish volunteer who fell at Magenta in 1859.

In the Avenue Condier we shall find a sarcophagus with a statue of Calliope by Godenski. It is erected to the memory of Théophile Gautier, the poet, who died in 1873. The inscription is worth reproducing:

"L'oiseau s'en va, la feuille tombe, L'amour s'éteint, car c'est l'hives. Petit oiseau, viens sur ma tombe Chanter quand l'arbre sera vert."*

At the end of the Avenue des Anglais reposes Jacques Offenbach, the opera-bouffe composer. Why he was not buried in the Jewish section I do not know. His father was a cantor in a Jewish synagogue in Cologne. He was born June 21, 1819, and went to Paris at an early age. Among musicians he was regarded as being rather witty than learned. His operas were mostly light, the best-known in this country being "La Grande Duchesse," "La Belle Helene," "Madame Favart," and his last and most pretentious work, "Tales of Hoffman." He died in Paris in 1880, and sleeps under a

[&]quot;The birds fly away, the leaves begin to fall; love is benumbed, for winter is at hand. Little bird come again and sing on my grave when the trees are green once more." A poor translation, but the idea of the poet is expressed. He evidently believed in a future state, when the trees are green once more.



rich monument of porphyry, with a lyre and palm branch of bronze. Victor Massé (1822-1884), another musical composer ("Paul et Virginie"), is honored with a marble column ornamented with a lyre and surmounted by an urn. A tall stala, ornamented with a medallion and surmounted by a group of rays, displays the name of Berlioz (1803-1869), another composer, against the gray sky. He is best known as the author of the "Damnation de Faust." These composers seem to be remembered by many who no doubt have been delighted by their compositions, as evinced by the wreaths and fresh flowers that constantly adorn their graves.

Of all the cemeteries of Paris, Montparnasse is the least attractive. The ground is flat, the walks painfully straight; there is little shade and the graves are ranged in severe rows. In place of the galaxy of elegant light and amiable literary characters who rest in Montmartre. Montparnasse contents itself with such academic writers as Desiré Nisard and St. Rose Taillandier; linguists like Littré and Egger; eccentric philosophers, like Proudhon; historians, like Henri Martin; jurisconsults, like Ortolan; lexicographers, like Larousse; more or less austere professors like Albert Dumont and Valette; the theologian Besnard and Th. Olivier, the founder of the École Centrale. The only poet who has sought rest in this enclosure is the unfortunate Koreau. Among the savants may be mentioned Leverrier, the astronomer; Malte-Brun, the geographer; Niepce de St. Victor, the inventor of photography, and Admiral Dumont d'Urrille, who after twice circumnavigating the world perished by a railroad accident on the Versailles road.

But we must not imagine that art has been banished from this cemetery. Near the entrance, on the right, is the tomb of Henri Martin, the historian, who died in 1883, It is a small pyramid, the corners of which are enriched with palms. Behind it, a space enclosed by a railing is the burial place of the Sisters of Charity, and among them lie the remains of Sœur Rosalie Render, who received the decoration of the Legion of Honor in recognition of her Christian charity and heroic conduct on the battlefields of the Crimea. In the recent world war many a heroic Sister has been decorated by the French Government, and many others are awaiting their well-merited decorations in a better world. In a more recently acquired part of the cemetery rises a large monument to the soldiers who fell in the defense of their country. Opposite is another to the prompiers, or firemen, who lost their lives in saving the lives and property of their fellow-men.

In the Avenue de l'Ovest we shall find the tomb of the distin-

guished Admiral Dumont d'Urrille, alluded to above. It is a grotesque monument with scenes from his voyages.

Montparnasse is one of the more recently opened of Parisian cemeteries. Until 1824 it had been used only as a burial place for the unclaimed dead from the hospitals and for the victims of the neighboring place of public executions.

In the Rue de Picpus is the small cemetery of Picpus—not public. It contains the tombs of some of the oldest families in France, such as the Montmorency, De Noailles, Gramond, Crillon, Montalambert, etc. At one end is the "Cemetiére des Guillotines," where 1,300 victims of the Revolution, executed at the Barrière du Trûne, are buried.

In one corner is a simple, unpretentious slab much visited by American people. Beside it floats the standard of the American Union, and it is to this tomb that in July, 1917, General Pershing led the first contingent of the American troops to land in France. It was here, too, that this great commander uttered those memorable words: "Lafayette, we are here!"—words which should be consecrated to this commander's memory for all time to come. Yes, Lafayette, the sons of America, that America you loved and served so well, are here to repay the debt which your love of liberty and your invaluable services in the hour of her severest trial, imposed upon our nation.

The sight of the tomb of Lafavette was an inspiration to our men. They saw the flag of their country floating over a hero's tomb, and they then learned that the body of the soldier over whose tomb they deposited their wreaths and flowers in token of their undying gratitude was reposing on American soil, though under the sun of his beloved France. They learned that on his last visit to the United States, in 1824, the great Lafayette, on leaving our shores for the last time, had caused a large quantity of earth, gathered from the battlefields upon which he had fought for American freedom, to be placed on board the ship that was to bear him back to France. And here to-day in the Picpus Cemetery, interred in American soil, in a silent and noble cemetery, used only by a limited number of the noble families of France. Gilbert du Mortier du Lafayette, the friend of Washington and of America, awaits the reveille of the resurrection. He died in Paris, May 20, 1834.

It would take too long to describe the tombs of the men and women who have sought their eternal rest in the cemeteries of Paris. They are, nevertheless, attractive, not only on account of the memories they awaken, but for the lessons that may be learned while wandering among them. For a few years affection

decorates the tombs of departed worth, but as one generation follows another, we learn to realize the bitter truth contained in the words of the French poet:

"L'oubli c'est une fleur qui pousse sur la tombe."

But it is not alone in the cemeteries of Paris that we are to find the finest speciments of mortuary marbles. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, St. Nicholas du Chandonnet, St. Gervais, Ste. Eustache, St. Roch, Notre Dame des Victoires, and, indeed, nearly all the old churches of Paris are adorned with monuments erected to the memory of the illustrious dead, which command our interest and attention, even from the artistic standpoint.

In the Church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, in a chapel dedicated to St. Charies, is the monument of the painter Lebrun and that of his mother. The memorial to Lebrun stands under a beautiful stained-glass window; it consists of a pyramid, at the base of which is a bust of the great artist by Santuil. The whole rests on a marble altar-like tomb in the face of which is a medallion flanked by two allegorical figures representing the art of the illustrious deceased. The monument of the artist's mother was executed by Colignon. It represents the lady in the act of rising from the tomb on hearing the trumpet of Resurrection, sounded by the angel that soars above the tomb.

At St. Gervais is what was once the magnificent tomb of the Chancellor Le Tellier. It was originally surmounted by a superb arch of black marble ornamented by festoons and foliage in gilded bronze with weeping genii, and on the archivolt rested the figures of Justice and Prudence. This monument, like many in other churches, has suffered not a little from the ravages of Time and still more from the violent and iconoclastic hands of the revolutionists.

Another example of this is to be found in the Church of St. Roch. The monument to the Duke of Créqui, sculptured by Mazeline and Hurtrelle, lost its base when transported from the convent of the Capuchins, in which edifice it was originally located. Of the beautiful monument of Le Nôtre, a landscape painter (who died in 1700), executed by Cotton, there remains only the bust by Coyesvox. The monument of Pierre Mignard, by Lemoyne, has shared the same fate. It originally consisted of three large figures, two genii and a kneeling statue of the Countess de Feuquieres, daughter of Mignard, there now remains nothing but the bust by Despardins. The tomb of Cardinal Dubois still shows the kneeling figure of the Cardinal, a beautiful work by Couston, but is in no better condition than the others just mentioned. Old

Father Time finds victims among marble statues as well as among human forms.

In the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires-which is constantly filled with devout worshipers at all hours of the day and on every day in the week, are to be found some old tombs that have escaped mutilation. Those of Lulli and his father-in-law, Lambert, the two most celebrated musicians of their time, occupy the second chapel to the right on entering the church. They are by Michel Cotton and possess no little merit. More eloquent than the memorials of the dead are the countless tablets which cover the entire interior walls and columns of the church, and which tell of the miraculous cures that have been effected through the intercession of Notre Dame des Victoires. I have almost walked over the kneeling worshipers in going through the church, and they seemed unconscious of any presence near them save of that One upon which their eyes were riveted. I served Mass at 5 o'clock one morning at the "Privileged Altar," and the number of devout communicants seemed endless. Notre Dame des Victoires is really the home of deep devotion.

In the Church of St. Eustache may be seen the monument of Colbert, the able Minister of Finance of Louis XIV. It consists of a sarcophagus of black marble, with a kneeling figure of Colbert in white marble by Coysevox. On one side of the sarcophagus is a figure of Abundance, by Coysevox, and at the other one of Religion, by Tuby.

The great Cathedral of Notre Dame contains many monuments which command the attention and admiration of the visitor, not only as works of art, but for the historic characters they bring to our minds. The one that is of most interest to the American is that of the unfortunate Archbishop Darbois, shot down by the Commune in the prison yard of La Roquette despite the strenuous efforts to save him made by Mr. Washbourne, at that time American Minister to France. The figure of the Archbishop, clad in plain cassock, is represented in the act of falling under the fire of his assassins, the fingers of the right hand raised in benediction over the shouting squad, shattered by their bullets. I have stood in the prison yard of La Roquette and had the spot pointed out to me where the great Archbishop fell, and I could not help recalling the words of Madame Roland: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" In this case the crimes were not committed in the name of Liberty, but in the name of license The blood-stained cassock is still reverently preserved in the sacristy of Notre Dame, where I have seen it more than once and of which I possess a photograph.

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But the tomb that attracts the most attention in Paris is the beautiful work of Viconti, and situated under the magnificent dome of the Invalides. In an open circular crypt, twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter, is the sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of Napoleon Bonaparte. It rests upon a mosaic pavement which represents a wreath of laurel and is thirteen feet long, six feet six inches wide and fourteen feet six inches high. The sarcophagus consists of a single block of reddish brown granite weighing sixty-seven tons: it was brought from Finland at a cost of 140,000 francs. The walls of the crypt are of polished slabs of granite adorned with ten marble reliefs representing some of the great reforms introduced or fostered by the mighty dead. The twelve colossal Victories between these reliefs were among the last works of Pradier. The six trophies consist of sixty flags brought from the Luxenburg. pavement around the sarcophagus are recorded the names of battles. One hundred and sixty feet above the crypt arises the lofty dome, through the stained glass windows of which a faint bluish light falls upon the tomb below and enhances the solemn grandeur of the scene.

The remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena in 1841 and were received in Paris with great pomp and magnificence. The streets leading to the Invalides were appropriately decorated in honor of the one-time Emperor, and little children were held up in the arms of their parents that they might be able to say in future years that they had seen the funeral of the great Napoleon. I happened to be one of the children held up as the imposing cortege passed by, so I can say, "I saw the funeral of Napoleon."

By special permission I have been allowed to go down into the crypt to visit the adjoining rooms or sections which contain the remains of some of the great marshals who fought under Napoleon and shared his glory and his downfall. As I contemplated my surroundings, I experienced a feeling of awe. The archives of the glories of France lay before me in mortuary splendor, but as I looked upon the greatest tomb of all, I could not help saying: "Sic transit gloria mundi."

The beautiful Church of St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris, was originally dedicated to the service of the one and only God. It was begun by Clovis at Mont-lè-Paris in 511. St. Genevieve died in 512, and when it was finished the remains of the saint were buried within its walls and this fact caused the church to be placed under her invocation. During the Norman invasion of 847 the Church was pillaged and partly destroyed. It was rebuilt, but not

finished until 1177. Then it was neglected and fell into ruin. Louis XV. restored it in 1764. In 1791 the revolutionists took possession of it, changed the name to the Pantheon and made it the mausoleum of distinguished Frenchmen. Again from 1821 to 1852 it was restored to Christian uses, only to be finally secularized in 1885. The body of St. Genevieve was permitted to rest here for centuries, but in 1793 the revolutionists destroyed most of her relics, and what they left was scattered to the winds by the Communist mob in 1871. A large relic, however, is still preserved at Vermeuil. Thus a church dedicated to the one and only God has been transformed into a temple for the many great of France, good and bad. Thus in 1791 the body of Mirabeau found a resting place here. It was followed in the same year by that of Voltaire, and in 1885 its vaults were opened for the reception of the remains of Victor Hugo.

Whether we wander among the stately tombs in Père Lachaise, Montmartre, Montparnasse, Picpus, or gaze with admiration upon the mortuary marble under the brilliant dome of the Invalides, or those that adorn the walls of the grand Cathedral and churches of Paris, the fact impresses itself upon us that

"There lay the warrior and the son of song,
And there in silence till the Judgment day,
The orator whose all-persuading tongue
Hath moved the nation with relentless sway."

They lie there in their last abode, as if they had never been. They came into the world naked and weak and they went out of it owning nothing but the space that pride or charity has allotted to them. They have had their day. Some have enjoyed the transitory pleasures of life: others have toiled through it; all have trodden upon more thorns than roses, and all alike may be concreted in the one word, "Fuimus." Neither the gilded crown nor the wealth that came to them through the mere right of inheritance, nor the pick and the shovel of the laborer could stay the march of the Angel of Death, nor close the portals of the grave against them. Their lives began by inflicting suffering on the mother that bore them, and with their own infant wailings, and they ended in death throes and perhaps the tears of others as they heard the clods fall upon their now unheeding forms. If they have known God, and loved Him and served Him in this life, there is hope that they have found a true abiding place in "that house not made with hands." They have passed through this world amid transitory triumphs, and countless trials and tribulations, and have at last, let us hope, like weary pilgrims, reached their heavenly home.

"When self-esteem or others' adulation
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexioned flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are."

MARC F. VALLETTE.

A GREAT CHURCHMAN, MONSIGNOR TACHE, FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF SAINT BONIFACE.

MONG the missioner-Bishops who, aided by zealous priests, both secular and regular, have laid broad and deep the foundations of the great and growing Church of Canada. the first Archbishop of Saint Boniface occupies a foremost place. "Monsignor Taché's life," says his able biographer,1 "sums up fifty years of immense progress for the Catholic religion and French influence in a region eight or nine times as large as France." Auxiliary and successor of the saintly and heroic pioneer-prelate, Monsignor Provencher, the founder of the Red River mission in the mid-West, he had a larger and more important sphere of action, ecclesiastical, social and political, than his predecessor. His influence in Church and State was such that his career is so identified with the history of Western Canada, to which it has added an important chapter, that he might without a trace of egotism have said in the words of the Latin poet: "Quorum pars magna fui." He has written his name large across every page of it. As the historian of Boucherville wrote in 1800: "Monsignor Taché's life is written; it is written and related daily in our national conventions, in our cities and even in the cottages of the Canadian colonist and the shifting tents of the natives of the prairies and Rocky Mountains."2

Of distinguished ancestry, a descendant of Louis Hébert, the first who harvested the golden grain of New France; of Joliette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, of the heroic Gauthier de Varennes de la Vérandrye, who discovered the vast regions of the West from Lake Superior to the Rockies, the Red River, Saskatchewan and the Upper Missouri, and of the Venerable Madame d'Youville, the foundress of the Grey Nuns, he was a typical French-Canadian, Catholic and French to the core. Tachés came originally from Garganvillars, in Guienne, in the Diocese of Montauban, the first of the name who settled in Canada in 1739 having been Jean Taché, the Archbishop's great grandfather. His mother's family, the De la Brouqueries, had settled there a century earlier. One of them, Pierre Boucher de Boucherville, a distinguished soldier, in 1651, saved the Three Rivers and the whole French Canadian colony from a formidable invasion of

^{1 &}quot;Vie de Monsignor Taché, Archeveque de Saint. Boniface Pae Dom Benoit, Superieur des Chanoines réguliers de l'Immaculée Conception au Canada." 2 vols. Montreal, 1904.

2 R. P. L. Lelande, S. J., "Une vieille seigneurie," Boucherville, p. 327.

the Iroquois. Sent to Versailles to represent to Louis XIV. the abandoned state of New France, as Canada was then called, he arranged that regular course of colonization, one of the achievements of the French Minister, Colbert. The King ennobled him before his return to Canada, where for several years he was Governor of the Three Rivers settlement, of which he was one of the principal founders. He was the builder of an historic old manor house, the château de Sabrevois, which still subsists, and where he died in 1717 at the patriarchal age of 97, the father of a family of sixteen children and the grandfather of a hundred, of whom seven were priests and thirteen nuns.

Alexander-Antonin Taché, son of Charles Taché and Louise Henriette de la Broquerie, was born on July 23, 1823, at Wolf River, now Fraserville, and baptized on the same day in the Church of St. Patrick. After six years of married life his father died, when his still young widowed mother went to live in the village of Boucherville, near the river St. Lawrence, consecrating the rest of her life to the care of her children, to whom her brother, Joseph Antonin de la Broquerie, was equally devoted, his affection and solicitude being concentrated in his nephews. Inheritors of the Catholic spirit of old France, the France of Bossuet and Fenelon, which is traditional among the French-Canadians, their lives were regulated by solid piety and a high sense of duty, which they infused into the minds of their young charges. After the death of his maternal grandfather and grandmother, they removed to the château Sabrevois, which had been for several generations the ancestral home. Near it the founder had built on his lands the first chapel, in which the illustrious Jesuit, Father Marquette, administered the first baptism registered there. In this very place the venerable Marguerite Bourgeois taught the little children and in some sort founded the great institute which now covers America with its swarms of religious and educates thousands. It was a model Catholic household, and the Archbishop always cherished the memory of the happy and holy days he spent there in his youth. Recalling them in after years he said: "Prayer, that of saints above all, extends its powerful influence beyond time and space. Who knows if that of Marquette does not count for something in the call which has invited me to tread in his footsteps in going to Christianize the natives of the extreme West? What is certain is that it was in the house of the Boucherville, whence he set out for distant lands, that I offered to God the most painful sacrifice that my missionary vocation inspired, and it was in hearing talk of his courage in this very place that I

felt my own fortified. As a child I played in this place embalmed by the sweet odors of devotedness and heroism, and in the midst of those plays, those amusements, a grave thought drew me, an eloquent voice, like that of a monument, pointed out to me the road I was to follow and I went."²

Sent in 1833 to the College of Saint Hyacinth, a semi-lay, semiecclesiastical institution, founded in 1811 by the Abbé Antoine Goiouard, where he had among his fellow-students Monsignor Mc-Intyre, Bishop of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Monsignor Prince, first Bishop of Saint Hyacinth and Monsignor Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal, his vocation to the priesthood was early fixed, and when, at the close of 1841, the first four Oblate Fathers arrived in Montreal—the first religious seen in Canada since the conquest of the country by Great Britain—their presence and bearing so captivated young Taché, the youngest of the seminarists, that he made up his mind to join the congregation. As he truly observed in the speech quoted from, "There are glances which have a marked influence over a whole existence: that which I then fixed upon Fathers Honorat and Telmon not a little contributed to the direction of my whole life." During his novitiate he wrote to his mother: "Called by God to the religious life, I felt arise within me a great desire to devote myself to the Indian missions, to the preaching of the Gospel among the wild tribes of the West, which Father Marquette, setting out from Boucherville, had begun to discover, which the La Vérandryes, starting from the same place, had continued to make known, of whom such a large number had never yet seen a Catholic missioner."

He was an Obalte through and through and from the very start. His special vocation had its origin in an act of oblation. When his mother was seriously ill and in danger of death he repaired to the oratory, and prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, made an offering of himself for the Indian missions of the West for her restoration to health. His prayer was heard; her life was prolonged for twenty-six years, and Western Canada obtained its greatest apostle.

The scene of his future labors was then designated by the names of Pays d'en haut, Red River territories, Great Northwest or simply West, and comprised Manitoba, part of the province of Ontario, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabaska-Mackenzie; with a frontier on one side of over 1,500 miles and on the other of more than 1,300 miles, with a superficies of 1,790,000 square miles. In

² Discourse of Monsignor Taché on the erection of the monument to Antoine Golouard, August 24, 1879.

1844 the Pay d'en haut was peopled by Whites, Metis and Indians. In 1869 Monsignor Taché estimated the whole civilized population at 4.000; when he entered the district as a young missioner it was much less. The Metis, or half-breeds, numbered 15,000, while the Indians. of whom there were 22 tribes, were grouped in five families, the Algonquins, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, Montagnais or Chippewayans and Esquimaux. Father Laflèche depicts the wild Indians of the prairies as the worst from a moral viewpoint, and says it is no exaggeration to say that they represent man descended to the lowest degree in the human scale. A deplorable picture is drawn by Monsignor Taché of the degraded position that woman occupies among uncivilized races. "From whom descend the savages?" he asks. "They are men, then they descend from Adam. I should add: Noah was their grandsire, Sem their father, for the red or American is linked with the Mongol race, from which it differs less than races sprung from the sons of Noah differ from each other. The question of America having been peopled by emigrations from Asia, or even from the north of Europe, is no longer a problem. Everybody knows how easy the thing is, even supposing that at the epoch of those peregrinations travelers had not other facilities than those they possess now. This latter supposition is not probable; for my part, I am convinced that the natives have been more civilized than they are now, that they have been debased through forgetfulness of the traditions which bound them to God, just as they will recover their position by accepting the teaching which brings them close to their Author and their end."4

Monsignor Provencher and his missioners had converted all the French Metis. In the absence of any Catholic priest for a long space of time, most of them had relapsed into complete unbelief and were not baptized, but they had heard their fathers say that one day "the men of prayer" would come into the country, and that they would be recognized by two signs: they would wear "a black robe" and would have no wives. When the Catholic priests arrived, the Metis recognized the envoys their sires had announced. It came about in this way. Despite many solicitations and journeys, Monsignor Provencher in twenty-six years had only been able to procure the services of twelve secular priests to aid him in the immense district he had to evangelize. Most of them, after sojourns ranging from one to ten years, returned to Quebec, worn out or disgusted. "I resemble," he said sadly, "an oak which alone stands erect in the midst

^{4 &}quot;Esquisse sur les Missions du Nord-Ouest." pp. 252-253.

of a plain where a storm has swept away all the other trees." After appealing to Rome and praying to Our Lady Immaculate and the saints, he addressed himself to the founder of the Oblates, realizing from experience the need of the cooperation of a religious order. Monsignor de Mazenod, who had the great human heart and human sympathies of the saints, like all true followers of Him who had "compassion on the multitude," and who was doubtless moved thereto by Our Lady, at once consented to supply the mission on the Red River, a country then almost completely unknown in France, where his order was still in its infancy. As soon as Brother Taché, then only twenty-one and who wanted some months to be ordained deacon and make his religious profession, heard of it, he earnestly solicited permission to consecrate his whole life to the work. "The manifestation of the ardent desire that animated me." he wrote to his mother, "was regarded as the effect of the will of God: my offer was accepted. Father Guigues, provincial of the Oblates of Canada, designated me as companion to Father Aubert, charged with founding the mission."

Traveling in Canada then was not so easy and rapid as nowadays. The 1,400 miles between Montreal and Saint Boniface had to be traversed partly by land and partly by water by what was known as portage and demi-portage, that is ascending the numerous rivers and lakes in a canoe, lightening the cargo when they had to shoot the rapids, or completely unloading and carrying both the canoe and their luggage until they pitched their camp for the night, to resume their journey at daybreak. There were seventy-two portage and almost as many demi-portage stages to be done. The Hudson's Bay Company had established a regular bi-annual canoe service between the commercial capital of Canada and the immense territories to the west of Lake Superior. It was the way Monsignor Provencher had first gone to his distant apostolate: it was the route followed by the first Oblates when they went to the relief of the grand old pioneerprelate of the Red River. What then took two months is now done from forty-five to fifty hours by rail.

The two first Oblates arrived at Red River on August 25, 1845, the feast of St. Louis IX., King of France. When Father Aubert presented his companion, Brother Taché, sub-deacon, "Sub-deacon!" exclaimed Monsignor Provencher. "But it is priests we want!" "I know, Monseigneur," replied Father Aubert, "but he was not of the

⁵ Constructed of birch tree bark and cedar, they unite lightness with solidity and capacity, can carry a large load, float over the smallest streams and the largest lakes, and, impelled by six rowers, cover from sixty to ninety miles a day.



canonical age to be ordained deacon when he left Montreal; as the journey was long, he is now of that age; your Lordship can ordain him deacon and priest when you like." Casting a furtive glance at Taché, the prelate murmured: "They send me children. men we need." He soon altered his opinion and wrote to the Bishop of Ouebec: "You may send me Tachés and Laflèches without hesitation." It was not long before he confided to this youthful subdeacon what was dearer to him than life, his Church of Saint Boniface and the mission of evangelizing the whole West.. Availing of the special privileges accorded by the Holy See to missioner-Bishops, he ordained him priest on the twelfth of October, when he was only a little over twenty-two. The next day he made his vows as an Oblate; they were the first religious vows pronounced in the Pays d'en haut, and made by one of the grand nephews of the discoverers of the Red River and the adjacent country; for the greater portion of the immense basin of Lake Winnipeg was discovered by Varennes de la Vérandrye, related through his mother and one of his nieces to the Broquerie family, maternal ancestors of Father Taché.

The first five years of Father Tache's apostolate were devoted to founding a permanent mission at Ile-à-la-Crosse, 900 miles from Saint Boniface, on the highway between the west and the north, within reach of the three great lakes, in coöperation with Father Laflèche, a saintly secular priest much beloved of the Indians and of the Oblates; four visits to Lake Caribou and Lake Athabaska and to the forts or commercial depôts of the fur-traders; employing whatever leisure time he had to mastering the Indian dîalects under the tutorship of Father Belcourt.

One of Monsignor Provencher's oldest missioners, the venerable Father Thibault, had said: "When the last bison is killed, one may then try and do something on the prairies"; that is to say, that it was useless to think of converting the Sauteux and wild tribes of the plains as long as they had abundance of game. In 1842 he asked the Bishop's permission to direct his steps towards the natives of the wooded regions, and repaired to Devil's Lake, where he had the consolation of finding hearts better disposed, and where, along with Father Bourassa, he established a very flourishing mission under the invocation of St. Anne, the patroness of the Canadians. In 1845 he found his way to the Fort of Ile-à-la-Crosse, about 450 miles distant, where he was cordially received by Roderick McKenzie, who, although a Protestant, had the greatest regard for the Catholic missioners. He led the way; Fathers Taché and Laflèche followed. Their departure left Monsignor Provencher, old and infirm, the only

ecclesiastic in the Red River colony for three weeks, Father Aubert having gone to Wabassimong. Though dysentery was then epidemic and he had to bury ninety-six victims, he preferred to face all the fatigue and danger rather than put an obstacle in the way of the conversion of the Indians by his absence. Father Laslèche was stricken with the same malady at Norway house, where Father Taché nursed him day and night, and often afterwards spoke of "the mortal anguish he experienced when he saw his traveling companion in danger of death, and he, a young missioner, hundreds of miles from any of his brethren, sent to convert an immense country." It was not the only anguish he had to endure. There were oftentimes when, wanting food, he had to tighten his cincture with a big knot to allay the pangs of hunger. To this was added the suffering occasioned by intense cold and the innumerable dangers and difficulties of traveling. He thought, for instance, to make the return journey from Lake Caribou to Ile-à-la-Crosse in May in ten days, but it took twenty-one; for though the rivers were free, the lakes were frozen. On the eve of his return from Athabaska he wrote to his mother: "I confess (pardon me this weakness) that I did not regard without uneasiness the moment when I was to undertake a journey of about 130 leagues (300 miles) without any other support than my limbs, without any other shelter than the firmament, in a country where the thermometer sometimes goes below fifty degrees Fahrenheit. What disturbed me most was that the previous winter I suffered much from a malady of the feet in going to Lake Caribou." Then think of the loneliness and isolation of living so far from civilization. For two years he had not seen another Oblate, until Father Henri Faraud arrived at Ile-à-la-Crosse to take the place of Father Laflèche, a martyr to rheumatism, who had to be recalled.

Hard as the life was, it had its compensating consolations in the avidity with which the majority of the Indians sought and received instruction in the Christian faith, a poor old Metis woman having walked for ten days, sleeping at night in the open air and enduring cold and other discomforts to get baptism. Multiplied instances like this filled them with courage and hope, and the work of gathering souls into the true fold became more and more endeared to them. When, therefore, a letter from Father Aubert brought news of the revolution in France and the dethronement of Louis Philippe and a fear was expressed that it would dry up the resources of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that perhaps they would be obliged to abandon the work begun in the West, and they were told not to push farther afield, but to confine themselves to Ile-à-la-

Crosse, it filled them with consternation. Fathers Taché and Faraud took counsel together, putting to themselves the questions: "What shall we do? Because resources are wanting, shall we abandon the poor Indians? Let us only have wine enough to say Mass; let us live, if need be, in an Indian hut, but let us not give up the work; the glory of God and the salvation of souls demands it." Of common accord, they replied to Father Aubert almost in these words: "Reverend father, the news your letter contains afflicts but does not discourage us: we know that you have our missions at heart, and we cannot bear the idea of abandoning our dear neophytes and numerous catechumens; we hope it will be always possible for you to supply us with altar breads and wine for the Holy Sacrifice. Apart from this source of consolation and strength, we only ask of you one thing, permission to continue our missions. The fishes in the lake will suffice for our subsistence and the skins of wild beasts for our clothing. Pray do not recall us." They dispensed with the two mission-servants and themselves undertook the cooking, fishing, digging, house-building, etc. Their magnanimity saved the Indian missions. Father Taché wished to erect a little chapel at Ile-à-la-Crosse, but their resources would not permit it, and they had to devote to that purpose the house McKenzie had made for them, mudwalled, with parchment for window panes, contenting themselves with a dwelling, twenty feet by twenty, which they had constructed the previous year with their own hands. "Vive le Nord!" wrote Father Taché. "I think it is the country in the world where one learns most effectively and practically how few things are needed to render man happy and how senseless are those who seek their satisfaction in what is truly the torment of life, in the thousand cares and disquietudes to which it requires they should give themselves up."

For nearly an entire year at Ile-à-la-Crosse he did not see any priests, being occupied along with Brother Dubé—an angelic lay-brother, the Fra Leone of this modern Poverello—catechizing the Indians or engaged in carpentry or agriculture. The natives were the object of unbounded devotedness. "Every day, and even many times during the day," he says, "I have received visits—visits from savages or savage visits, whichever you wish." He taught them with unwearied zeal. His biographer quotes from Monsignor Grandin an anecdote which shows how great it was. One evening he was catechizing some Indians, while Brother Dubé was at his ordinary housework, when Father Taché said: "Brother, sleep is overcoming me; I am going to begin a canticle, and while the sav-

ages are chanting the refrain, I shall sleep (for he slept with extraordinary facility and could take a nap during an "Ave Maria"). At the end of the refrain stamp on my foot to awaken me." He did so.

The mission of Athabaska, founded by Father Taché two years previously, became in 1849 the place assigned to Father Faraud, who accepted it with all the generosity that an ardent zeal and spirit of abnegation inspired. "How impenetrable are the designs of God," observes Father Taché. "Who could have suspected that one day those two young fathers would direct as first pastors the missions which at that moment fell to their lot?" As will be seen, Father Taché became Bishop of Saint Boniface and Father Faraud Vicar Apostolic of Athabaska.

Father Taché spent four years at Ile-à-la-Crosse, evangelizing the Indians scattered over a district of several hundred miles. were Crees, but the greater portion were Montagnais or Chippewayans, large numbers of whom were converted to the great joy of the grand old man of the Red River. It was the beginning of a new era in the Indian missions. He was greatly attached to the Montagnais; they were his dearest adopted children. He spoke of them in all the Canadian churches and in the cathedrals of France: they were the most honest of all the natives of the Northwest and even of all North America. Without any other light than that of reason, they had a knowledge of God, pure of that gross mixture of absurdities which one meets in the most enlightened nations of antiquity. They were the most peaceable of the tribes and had a horror of bloodshed, but among them, as among the others. polygamy prevailed and woman occupied a most degraded position until Christianity purified their morals and regularized the relations between the sexes.

The Holy See had erected the Vicariate Apostolic of the Red River into a diocese under the rather vague title of the Northwest on June 4, 1847. Monsignor Provencher, grown old and infirm, postulated for a coadjutor with the right of succession, and recalled Father Laflèche, with the view of having him as his successor; but the latter's weak health interposing an insuperable obstacle, Father Taché was chosen, and on June 24, 1850, nominated Bishop of Arath in partibus infidelium, the only objection, his youth, being only 27, having been removed by the counterbalancing fact of his great talents, his knowledge of the country, of the missions and the Indian languages. It was, besides, upon the Oblates Monsignor Provencher relied for the Christianization of the Northwest, and by Monsignor

Taché's nomination the congregation was more closely identified with the great work begun and pursued under such difficulties. With an Oblate Bishop directing it, its continuance was assured. Father Taché at the time was not aware of this, being away at Ile-à-la-Crosse, and when, in January, 1851, a letter from his Bishop informed him of his own elevation to the episcopate, he was naturally astonished, but frankly admits that he was flattered by the choice and pleased that he had given satisfaction to his superiors and gladdened them by his labors and his immolation.

It saved the Indian missions. Monsignor de Mazenod, it having been represented to him that the Red River settlement was beset with difficulties and that there was no chance of success, had actually written to Monsignor Provencher that he had decided to recall all his subjects; but when he learned, through the public press, that one of them had been summoned to share the aged missioner-Bishop's charge, he at once recognized that it was the will of God that the Oblates should persevere in the arduous labors of the misions of the Northwest. He wrote to Father Taché to accept the nomination and to repair to Marseilles, but with the simple title of "Père Taché," that he might have the consolation of giving him episcopal consecration. He embarked at New York on October 18 and arrived at Marseilles on November o. A few moments and he was at the feet and in the arms of the saintly founder, who said to him, "You will be Bishop." "But, monseigneur, my age, my defects---;" putting forward such or such a reason. "The Sovereign Pontiff has nominated you, and when the Pope speaks, it is God who speaks." "Monseigneur, I wish to remain an Oblate." "Certainly, it is thus, I understand it." "But the episcopal dignity seems incompatible with the religious life." "What! the plenitude of the priesthood exclude the perfection at which a religious should aim!" Then, drawing himself up with that noble elevation of mind and religious impressiveness which characterized him, he added: "No one is more a Bishop than I am, and, certainly no one is more an Oblate. Do I not know the spirit with which I have wished to inspire my congregation? You will be Bishop; it is my wish, don't oblige me to write to the Pope about it, and you will be only the more an Oblate on that account, since, from this day, I nominate you regular superior of all our brethren who are in the Red River missions." After uttering these encouraging words and embracing him affectionately, he said: "Console yourself, my son. Your election, it is true, took place without my knowledge; but it appears quite providential and saves the missions in which you have labored

so much. Letters had represented to me those missions in such an unfavorable light that I determined to abandon them and to recall you all; the decision was come to in council, when I heard of your nomination to the episcopate. I wish you to obey the Pope, and I, too, wish to obey him: since the Vicar of Iesus Christ has chosen one of ours to better direct this nascent Church, we shall not abandon it." It was a crisis in the history of the Church in Western Canada fraught with failure or success, with the salvation or loss of innumerable souls. The young Oblate saved the situation. "I have never known nor wished to know the author or authors of the deplorable letters written against our missions." he said. "I do not even know if they were members or enemies of the family. To write in a way to compromise all the missions of that immense territory, what an injustice! What cruelty! What responsibility! Let us pray to God to forgive those writers; for, certainly, 'they know not what they were doing.' I am even convinced that they did not wish what they have almost accomplished."6 His consecration by Monsignor de Mazenod, assisted by Monsignor Guibert (then Bishop of Viviers, later Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, another illustrious Oblate) and Monsignor Prince took place on November 23, 1851.

After a sojourn in Rome, where he twice had audience of Pius IX. and was much struck by "the noble simplicity with which one is received by this sovereign crowned with a triple diadem," and got Propaganda to change the Diocese of the Northwest into that of Saint Boniface, a second visit to Marseilles where he was joined by Father Henri Grollier, the future apostle of the Arctic Circle, and visits to Lyons and Paris in the interests of his missions, he embarked at Liverpool for Canada at the close of February. Berthier he met a young priest who had spent a year at the Pembina mission and was then a curate. Wishful of devoting his whole life to the missions, he offered his services to the coadjutor of Saint Boniface, asking as a favor to be admitted into the ranks of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The missioner-Bishop gladly acceded to the request of the young priest, destined to become, under the name of Père Lacombe, one of the greatest heroes of the Cross in the Northwest.

Monsignor Taché and his two companions reached Saint Boniface on June 27, to find that the Red River colony had been devastated by a destructive flood—a veritable deluge like that of 1826, which swept away a large number of houses and rose to the level of the sanctuary of the church, although built on one of the highest sites,

[&]quot;Vingt années de Missions," p. 53.

making Monsignor Provencher "more than a prisoner" in his own "palace," where the water had almost reached the second floor. The inundation ruined the country, already so poor; the people and the herds took refuge far away in the prairies; no sowing of seed could take place and famine prevailed.

The arrival of the coadjutor was like a glimpse of sunshine amid the gloom. It gladdened the hearts of Monsignor Provencher, who said to the Archbishop of Quebec: "They tell me a thousand good things to his credit: I am very glad of it. Let us pray to God that He may cause him to produce abundant fruits during a ministry which should long exceed mine, seeing his youth; I wish it. I desired a coadjutor more capable than myself. I have no doubt I have found him. He knows languages enough to make himself understood by all his people; he has the activity of youth, the prudence of more than an old man. I do not think the despatch of business troubles him. One would say that God has a hand in it. I am very thankful to Him; may He have him in His holy keeping." To Monsignor de Mazenod he wrote: "I am charmed with the good opinion your Lordship has conceived of my young coadjutor; young, robust, very active, I think him very fitted for his place. I do not doubt that with the help of the prayers of his congregation, he will produce abundant fruit among the infidels and the faithful confided to him. All who have had occasion to know him congratulate me on my choice and lavish praises on the persons elected." The good Bishop did not conceal from the founder the hardships his subjects would have to face in the West. "I haven't more than four secular priests," he said. "The Bishops of Canada haven't enough for themselves; there's no great chance of getting them to come from a distance when they don't belong to a body. Let your sons, then, work this part of the Lord's vineyard; it is hard to cultivate. All the mission countries have their miseries—cold, heat, hunger, prisons, death, according to their position on the globe. The chief thing is to make sure of heaven; the road to it starts from here as from everywhere else."

When the Bishop of Arath, on July 8, 1852, left Saint Boniface for Ile-à-la-Crosse, along with Fathers Grollier and Lacombe, and knelt to receive Monsignor Provencher's blessing, the older prelate felt it was a final leave-taking and said prophetically: "It is not customary that one Bishop should bless another; but as I am going to die soon and shall not see you again, I bless you once more here below, awaiting the time when I shall embrace you in heaven." He did not see the Red River again for two years and a half. Then

and thus began a long episcopate of forty-four years, which was to reflect such lustre upon the name of Taché, upon the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and the Church in Canada. His painstaking biographer has related in minute detail every phase of that career which has entered into history: his multiform activity in every sphere, both public and private, in which his beneficent influence was felt and exercised, until a holy and happy death closed a life full of good works and whole-heartedly devoted to the service of God, the Church and the people.

It was exactly on the sixth anniversary of the first night he spent there that he got back to Ile-à-la-Crosse. "It would be difficult to express," he wrote to Monsignor de Mazenod, "what passed through my mind when I set foot in our poor chapel. It was at the foot of that altar I asked the blessing of Our Lord when starting on a journey which was to have such a great influence on my destiny for time and eternity, and it is to the foot of this same altar I come to thank Him for having rescued me from all the dangers of a voyage of more than five thousand leagues. I left a priest and I came back a Bishop: in that there is more than enough to suggest profound reflections. Then the recollection of past and a certain vague and involuntary apprehension of future miseries; this sojourn in the midst of woods that I sought from afar, and for which I had sacrificed all the charms of a world to which as yet my heart only feels too much drawn; above all the presence of my beloved confrères, who had had to suffer and toil so much, while I tasted all the delights of civilization: all that made a profound impression on my heart. I was in the midst of those savages, to whose happiness I have devoted my life, those savages who, they told me, had shown themselves so unworthy of God's graces and the sacrifices they cost. Oh! monseigneur, there are indefinable moments in life when the heart, the seat of varying impressions which bring with them great joy mingled with profound sadness, is the victim of both. My arrival at Ile-à-la-Crosse was one of those moments." In a letter written shortly after to his mother he tells how he shed tears at the foot of that poor altar, which he had made himself and found just as he had left it. "How happy we are to be able to pray!" he says. "Prayer, that sweet offspring of heaven and of charity is always ready to pour the balm of its consolations upon the worst wounds and calm the most violent griefs. My heart chilled, broken, so to speak, by all that a position such as that in which I found myself suggests, soon recovered its calmness."

⁷ Letter to Monsignor de Mazenod, December 26, 1852. Archives of the Maison Générale of the Oblates.

The Indians were the chief objects of his solicitude. He found the dispositions of those who corresponded with the grace of conversion admirable. "How good it is then to be a missioner!" he "The work, however, is fatiguing; the daytime is not enough to satisfy their zeal, part of the night must be devoted to it. The poor creatures are never so near God's envoy: one feels that it is the same Gospel which urged the Jewish people to gather round the first Missioner." In a letter to his mother, he says: "You cannot think of the happiness I experienced at the sight of these fervent Christians, who lately were infidels steeped in every vice." ferring to Holy Week celebrations in a letter to Monsignor de Mazenod, he writes in the same jubilant strain: "How can I tell you what I felt during the ceremony when I heard all those voices (no one was silent) repeating in their native idiom the Church's glorious hymns. . . . In that religious throng, with about two or three exceptions, fifteen years ago, not one was baptized, not one knew his God, not one blessed His Holy Name. The lake, on the banks of which is the church, was called Devil's Lake, and the inhabitants on its shores seemed to ambition the misfortune of being worthy of such a patron. How consoling is the change! The same lake is named Lake Saint Anne: its inhabitants are Christians: nothing delights them more than to sing the praises of the God of whom they were so long ignorant. So the happiness I experienced was a very sweet and very ample compensation for the fatigues of my journey." One Christmas the Indians journeyed 150 miles in the coldest time of the year and in the coldest region, and all the employes of a trading post, whose immorality had hitherto been proverbial even in a dissolute country headed by the chief factor, journeyed to receive Communion at the hands of Monsignor Taché; representatives of the civilization of two worlds, members of several savage nations forming only one people watching, praying, chanting, adoring and loving God, coming to be reborn in all those hearts. The month of May, Mary's month, was as religiously observed at Ile-à-la-Crosse as it is all over the Catholic world. "I don't regret the kind of ocoupation that absorbs my days;" he tells his mother, "to work for the good God, to work to make Him known and loved by poor savages who open their hearts to grace; I assure you there is a joy in that only fully appreciated by those who taste its sweetness." In 1859 he wrote to Mr. Dawson: "I have spent ten years of my life at Ile-à-la-Crosse; I knew personally the 700 Christians I left there and all who died during my sojourn. The affection I entertain for those poor savages and which, I think, they cherish for me; the

knowledge of their language; the strict obligation of neglecting nothing that could contribute to their happiness; all these reasons made me live in the most intimate relations with them. After that I do not think I am rash in asserting that I know these Indians better than any one in the world. I have seen with grief and I have bitterly regretted their faults-they are children of Adam; but, on the other hand, I have seen their good qualities, and they are numerous. During that lapse of ten years among these savages, who even yet live without any code of laws, who have only the sentiment of duty with which we have inspired them to curb the perverse desires of our poor human nature; during those ten years, I say, there has not been committed a single murder or any notorious act of cruelty: not a robbery of any moment. In a word, the conduct of our dear neophytes is a manifest proof of the change wrought in their hearts." "These words," comments his biographer, "contain a fine tribute to the Christians of Ile-à-la-Crosse, but also, at least we think so, to their missioners. This native church will bear the ineffaceable impress of the great Bishop: in the twentieth century, as in the mid-nineteenth, it is the gem of the northern missions."

The labors that effected this moral regeneration had to be undertaken under the most trying conditions. The cold was intense. The sudden transition at sunrise from the warmth of a bed formed of buffalo skins to a temperature of from forty to fifty degrees below zero he confesses was extremely painful. Writing in his tent, his "canvas palace," as he calls it, on his way to Athabaska, the coldest of all the posts, he says: "I am seated on the ground; I have only a small trunk as a table; my candle only gives me a flickering light. I am overcome with sleep; the night is cold; I am benumbed with the cold, although in July; I can hardly hold the pen. As we are traveling all the day, I must avail of the night for writing." It was the first visit of a Bishop to Athabaska, and the Bishop himself was the first priest who had begun the conversion of the natives six years before that. The only seat Father Rémas could offer him when he visited the mission of Our Lady of Victories at Lake la Biche was the trunk of a tree, from which he preached to a crowd of Indians, assembled from all parts, mostly Catholics; heard their confessions, and gave a number of them Communion, including an old Canadian of ninety-eight, who wept for joy; the patriarch of five generations of half breeds, in perfect possession of his faculties, with a prodigious memory which made him the living history of the country. In Europe the Bishop lays the foundation stone of a church; at Lake la Biche. Monsignor Taché felled the first tree that furnished timber for the construction of one. At Ale-à-la-Crosse he built one, which was considered elegant and graceful, with a pretty belfry.

Meanwhile, by the death of Monsignor Provencher, on June 7, 1853, the Bishop of Arath had become Bishop of Saint Boniface. It was more than a year afterwards that he returned to take formal possession of his see; having, to do so, to make the most painful journey he had ever made—a thirty-seven days' journey; suffering acutely from cold, exceptionally severe in 1854, and several times nearly dying from hunger.

Like Monsignor de Mazenod, he was a model Bishop. Not content with presiding over the diocese he ruled, superintending missions and directing the priests he put in charge of them, he identified himself with the laity, with the flock he shepherded, regarding himself and acting as the spiritual father of the people. Saint Boniface had then upwards of a thousand inhabitants. He visited all the families in the Red River settlement, the poorest as well as the wellto-do. From that epoch until his death, he made himself personally acquainted with every person, Canadians, Metis or Indians; every head of a family making known to him his temporal as well as his spiritual affairs. He took an interest in every individual and knew them all by their names, nothing being indifferent to him; placing his time, his intelligence, his sympathies and very often money, food and clothing at their service. "We do not think," says Dom Benoit, "that in the nineteenth century there was to be met with in the whole world a prelate who knew more in detail all the families in his episcopal city, shared more intimately the troubles and joys of all his flock, was to a greater degree the counsellor and guide of all." That winter sickness greatly prevailed; he administered the last sacraments to a large number. Many children died in the spring; he blessed the graves in which were laid their innocent bodies and visited and consoled the afflicted families. "He was truly a Bishop in the full sense of the word," says his biographer; "the spouse of his Church, its chief, the pastor and father of all its members, the humblest as well as the highest. Such was he in the flower of his age the first winter he spent at the Red River; such will he remain in the infirmities of old age and even unto death." During the most rigorous weather he was seen scouring the country, seeking out the lost sheep to lead them back to the fold. A large number of Protestants abjured heresy and became good Catholics, attracted by his insinuating manners, touched by the unction of his penetrating eloquence. Poor orphan children, liable to be ensnared by proselytizers, were the objects of his special solicitude. He was often seen returning with three or four ragged, dirty children he had picked up on the way in his carriage. The sight of suffering moved him to compassion. If in winter he met an old woman benumbed with cold. he would make her get into his carriage, wrap her round carefully in his furs and drop her at her cabin door. He always gave hospitality in his own palace to some infirm, derelict old men in whom he took an interest; often visited them, took them his own dessert and provided them with pipes and tobacco, and when they fell ill multiplied his visits. A woman,8 whose face was then being consumed by a hideous, infectious cancer, was his favorite penitent whom he admitted into his apartments. As she lived rather far from the church, he allowed her to sleep at his house when she was to approach the sacraments. One winter day they told her there was no coverlet for her bed and to go and look for one in a neighboring house. But she knew that every one believed her disease to be contagious and would not lend her anything or give her hospitality. She then resolved to return home. As she was going away she met the Bishop who, when told the reason, took the coverlet off his own bed and gave it to her. He interested himself in the children of this unfortunate but virtuous old woman, placed her three daughters in an orphanage and sent her son to be educated in the college of Saint Hyacinth. He rendered the same service to several other young people.

In order to multiply his almsgiving, he lived in the strictest economy, and all his household strove to imitate his spirit of poverty. Monsignor Grandin notes that it was during this first sojourn of the Bishop at Red River that they ceased to use sugar at table, the missioners asking to be allowed to do so. This practice of poverty and mortification lasted about twenty-five years in the Bishop's house at Saint Boniface.

Here is an incident which assimilates this nineteenth century prelate to a thirteenth century saint, the saint of Assisi, another great lover of poverty and the poor. In one of his episcopal rounds the Bishop, who was riding, perceived far away in the prairie a small cabin from which went up a little smoke, indicating that it was inhabited. He went there and found in it a poor Indian, isolated by a purulent and infectious leprosy from every other habitation and consequently deprived of any succor. Touched with compassion, he addressed words of consolation and hope to the poor wretch, re-

⁸ This person was still (1904) living and cured at Prince Albert. Dom Benoit, "Biography," vol. I., p. 301.



turned hurriedly to his house and sent a vehicle for the invalid, for whom he had a room prepared, when he daily visited and helped him and got the Grey Nuns to nurse him until he died.

From May to August, 1856, he made a pastoral visitation of all the missions, which involved a journey of nearly 3,000 miles. Those in the north were still in the heroic pioneer phase and the complete denudation which usually accompanied first efforts to gain a foot-The missioners had suffered much and he was profoundly afflicted at the appearance of some of his brethren. "One should have seen the beginnings of a mission," he said, "should even have had to do everything with his own hands, have bedewed everything with his sweat, have wrung everything as it were by violence from the rigor of our climate, the multiplied disadvantages of these creations in the midst of the desert to believe and understand what they I invite the successors of those of our fathers who have founded establishments and conquered the first difficulties not to forget the efforts of those who have preceded them, and to remember that, if it is possible for them to give free course to the happy and intelligent dispositions with which Providence has endowed them, they owe this facility to the colossal labor undertaken by their predecessors."

To have been sent on the mission himself when still a young novice, to have been ordained at twenty-two and mitred at twentyseven, were not the only phenomenal events in his career. He was soon accorded the privilege of having a coadjutor Bishop, ordinarily only conceded to a prelate when incapacitated by the infirmities of old age or broken health from fulfilling all his functions. It was not the growth of the Catholic population, but the immense extent of the diocese and the great distance apart of the missions that necessitated it. It was a territory 1,520 miles long by 1,300 miles broad, scattered over which were infidel tribes roughly estimated as comprising 80,000 souls. For four years after Monsignor Provencher's death he had only been able to visit a portion of his diocese. was considered that in the event of his demise, owing to the difficulty of communications, two years would elapse before they could appoint a successor, and that such a vacancy in the see would mean the complete ruin of the Indian missions. For this purpose he went to Canada and Europe, with the result that Father Vital Grandin, then twenty-eight, was nominated coadjutor and titular Bishop of Satala, receiving episcopal consecration on November 30, 1859, from Monsignor de Mazenod at Marseilles. Although he had been ill in France and during his sojourn in Saint Boniface, and had to be



actually carried from his sick bed to the vehicle which conveyed him to the place of embarkation the indefatigable coadjutor set out for Ile-à-la-Crosse in company with Father Seguin, who spent his life in evangelizing the savages of the extreme north.

The years which followed were years of strenuous activity. Missions and missioners, parishes, convents and schools were multiplied, and despite the opposition of heretical preachers, bigoted traders in league with them, the paucity of Catholic compared with Protestant resources, the drink evil and consequent demoralization and other obstacles, the work progressed. The Anglican Bishop had a different story to tell. The Nor-Wester, a Protestant organ, the first paper published at the Red River, issued in 1860, contained a speech of his in which he confessed their weakness and failure.

A request from a chief of the Blackfeet to send a missioner to his nation determined the Bishop of Saint Boniface to found a new establishment, whence he could more readily reach that tribe, encouraged thereto by the increasing number of Metis. One day exploring the vicinity of St. Anne's, in company with Father Lacombe, he planted his stick near the river Eturgeon, saying, "Here will be the new mission." The altar of the Cathedral of Saint Albert today rises over the very spot he indicated. An episcopal city at the voice of the great founder has arisen in places where the soil had never yet been ploughed. Monsignor Taché called it Saint Albert, in honor of the great martyr of ecclesiastical discipline in Belgium and in memory of Albert Lacombe, the Blackrobe voyageur, the heroic missioner of Saint Anne's and Edmonton, who with his own hands worked at the building of the first church and presbytery. St. Albert has now two churches and a convent and is the cathedral town or city of a Catholic Bishop, while Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan river, the flourishing capital of Alberta, with its population of about 73,000, has a large number of churches, a convent and a seminary. Monsignor Taché spoke highly of Mr. J. W. Christie, the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, who gave the missioners many tokens of his respect and attachment in those pioneer times when Edmonton was only a trading post, erecting at his own expense in the interior of the fort a pretty little church and a residence for the fathers.

Monsignor Grandin, who made a visitation of the missions of Athabaska—Mackenzie, which occupied more than three years, was called "the saint of the northern missions." Pius IX. called the Oblates in this part of Canada "the martyrs of the cold." Twice he was near losing his life and being frozen to death; while Father

Goiffon, a secular priest, was very near being burned to death in the fire that, in 1860, destroyed the cathedral and Bishop's house at Saint Boniface. Shakespeare says: "When sorrows come, they come not single files, but in battalions." To the fire succeeded an inundation which plunged the population in the greatest misery. The Grey Nuns had to mourn the death of their superioress, Sister Valade, a heroine, who arrived at the Red River in June, 1844, and had been a mother to the poor, the sick and the little children; and to crown these sorrows, the Oblates all over the world, and nowhere more than in Western Canada, were stricken with grief by the death of their saintly founder, Monsignor Taché having to endure the double affliction of losing his spiritual father and the venerable nun who during seventeen years of self-sacrifices had done so much good in her adopted country.

Monsignor Taché had literally gone through fire and water, had suffered severe losses, but lost no time in repairing the disasters they entailed. He quested Canada in aid of the reconstruction of his cathedral and episcopal palace and met with such a generous response that he was able to reëndow the Red River with a handsome edifice; persuaded that religion would lose much, that its dearest interests would be compromised if things were allowed to remain as they were, in a state of ruin, if from the ashes hardened by the inundation something did not arise to attest the power of Catholicism, even under the most unfavorable circumstances.

The unanimous election of the Most Rev. Father Fabre as superior general and the division of the Diocese of Saint Boniface in order to give the Athabaska-Mackenzie missions a resident Bishop—Father Faraud being nominated Vicar-Apostolic and receiving consecration from Archbishop Guibert in the Cathedral of Tours on November 30, 1863—were among the events that took place during a journey to Europe, when he had two more audiences of Pius IX., who made his uncle, Sir Stephen Taché, a commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, a mark of distinction, his biographer notes, which rewarded illustrious services rendered to the Catholic cause and united still more closely, if possible, all the members of the Taché family to the centre of Catholic unity.

His heart, he says, "superabounded with joy in the midst of all his tribulations." He had seen Pius IX., he had obtained the division of his diocese; he had brought back new missioners, Oblates and secular priests, and new Grey nuns; all the missions had progressed during his absence; greater progress in the future might be hoped for, and he had thirty-three Oblates, one priest novice and three

secular priests in the Northwest. Meanwhile, during the rebuilding of his cathedral, he and his priests, after being lodged in the college garrets, lived in a hut which was hardly better than one of the savage's tents, a little timber house, in which the students took their meals along with the Bishop and the fathers, the divine office being said in a basement room. The remains of Monsignor Provencher, after being entombed for twenty years under the sanctuary, were exhumed from the ruins of the old cathedral and translated to the new edifice.

Pending Monsignor Faraud's arrival in 1865, it was Monsignor Taché's coadjutor who administered his immense vicariate and visited the missions and missioners, often at the peril of his life. Fathers Grollier, Clut, Gascon, Séguin, Eynard and Grouard made multiplied journeys in their snow shoes, in canoes, in carts drawn by dogs or on foot, Father Seguin, in 1862, going to the mission of St. John, in Yukon, the Russian territory famous for its gold mines, where he spent a whole winter, after a long and painful journey across the mountains, almost having to swim across icy torrents, risking the loss of health or life; visiting on his return his brethren at Good Hope, who had endured eleven months of complete isolation. The heroic Father Grollier, the advanced guard of the heralds of the Gospel to the natives of the North, attempted another journey in 1862. In eleven days he went or rather dragged himself, exhausted, asthmatic and almost dying, from Good Hope to Fort Norman, with the temperature falling as low as 43 degrees centigrade, but could go no farther and was constrained to return. For two years longer he lingered unwilling to quit the regions of the Arctic Circle until exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and after an apostolate of twelve years, he expired on June 4, 1864, in the poor retreat where to the last, with a zeal that surmounted every suffering, he catechized the Indians, lying on the ground on a buffalo skin, his eyes fixed on the tabernacle in the alcove where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. Such were the type of missioners who founded the Church in Western and Northwestern Canada.

In 1863 and 1864 drought and the locusts had destroyed agricultural produce in the Red River colony and a famine prevailed, the mission-houses being daily besieged by multitudes of starving natives, a spectacle which Monsignor Taché described as heartrending. Processions in honor of St. Joseph obtained partial deliverance from this scourge when the fields near the church were completely covered with these insects. For twenty-six years the locusts made terrible ravages at the Red River. The Bishop also ascribed to the

intercession of St. Joseph an extraordinary draught of fishes, which mitigated the suffering caused by the scarcity of food. In 1865 the locusts destroyed the whole harvest of the Scotch settlers and a portion of that of others. The Catholics fared better, but they had sown less. These ravages coincided with another affliction: the General Council of the Propagation of the Faith cut down by one-half the sum they had until then allocated to the missions, with a warning of its total discontinuance. "If this resolution is adhered to," observed Monsignor Taché, "I am going to take the wallet and staff. Alas! all the miseries come together: thus the country is abandoned: they are going to the United States, where things are still worse: they are going to the Prairie Fort, where one is not better off. Our population is dispersing, though it was, however, thin enough. Everybody is suffering from hunger with few exceptions." To add to this, the smallpox made its appearance among the Blackfeet and other tribes, raging with extreme violence among the former, of whom twelve hundred succumbed. But "out of evil cometh good." Those ferocious savages, who had always displayed the most obstinate resistance to the Gospel, seeing their country desolated by this scourge, sent a deputation to Saint Albert to Father Lacombe. begging him to come to their relief. The heroic missioner did not hesitate, despite the dangers and difficulties he had to face. baptized nearly four hundred of them. The locusts, later on, in 1868, made greater ravages among the crops than in the previous years. Following all these misfortunes came news of the burning of the mission house at Ile-à-la-Crosse, the first mission among the Indians founded by Monsignor Taché, which he visited often and where resided his alter ego, his coadjutor.

In 1867 he and Monsignor Grandin journeyed to Rome to take part in the celebrations which signalized the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the canonization of twenty-five servants of God. After another audience of Pius IX., who nominated him assistant at the Pontifical Throne, he made a pilgrimage to Loreto, visiting the battlefield of Castelfidardo, where a modest wooden cross marked the graves of the gallant soldiers of the Pope's Brigade, and reached Autun in time for the eleventh chapter-general of the congregation, returning to Canada after securing a reinforcement of new missioners.

At the instance of Monsignor Taché the missions of the Northwest were erected into a vicariate independent of that of the Red River and preluded the division of the Diocese of Saint Boniface as well as the creation of the Bishopric of Saint Albert, of which Monsignor Grandin ultimately became the titular. All Canada until then formed one ecclesiastical province. Since the establishment of the Confederation, after the progress the Catholic religion had already made and in view of still greater progress, it became necessary to erect several metropolitan sees. A council had been convoked at Quebec for May 7, 1868, to deliberate on the opportuneness of replacing the province of Quebec by several new provinces. Canada naturally formed two divisions—the civil province of Quebec, in which the French were dominant, and that of Ontario, in which the English prevailed. The council unanimously decided to recommend the Holy See to erect three provinces, namely, those of Ouebec. Toronto and Saint Boniface—the first for the French-Canadians, the second for the English-speaking races and the third for the Indians. They also sent a letter to the superior general of the Oblates thanking him for sending so many holy missioners, heroes of the Cross and of Christian civilization, into the New World.

"The fact which dominates the history of North America," observes Dom Benoit, "is the struggle between the two races that have colonized it, the English race and the French race. They continued there the war they had made in Europe two centuries earlier." That contest has long ceased: both races in the Red River colony and in the whole Northwest, where they have settled since the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, live side by side in perfect harmony. "Nowhere perhaps in the world," remarks Monsignor Taché in his "Sketch of the Northwest of America," "reigns there a greater harmony between people of different origin. Not only is there no point of antagonism, but, as an almost invariable rule, one may say that all feel that they are brothers and seem bent on rivaling each other in good behavior." This harmony was momentarily disturbed by two events—the constitutional resistance of the Metis in Assiniboia to the arbitrary proceedings of the Ontario Government in 1869-70 and the rebellion of the half-breeds, led by Louis Riel, in 1885. During all the troubles which ensued Monsignor Taché brought all his powerful influence to bear to restore harmony; he filled the difficult rôle of pacificator between the contending parties, effectively seconded by his Oblate brethren, particularly Father Lacombe, who restrained the Indians and prevented much bloodshed; he pleaded for annesty and, if it were possible, would have saved the life of Riel, whose execution many considered a judicial murder and that the claims of justice would have been satisfied by the retention in a lunatic asylum of the fanatical and insane insurrectionist. The loyalty to the British crown and constitution of Riel

and his Metis followers had been put to a severe test during the Fenian invasion when, had they acted otherwise than they did, in all probability Assiniboia or Manitoba, one of its most flourishing provinces, might have been lost to the Canadian Dominion.

During the Vatican Council, which Monsignor Taché attended, he crossed the ocean in the company with eleven Bishops, his was among the 369 names appended to a petition to define the infallible magisterium of the Roman Pontiff; considering that its opponents in declaring it inopportune rendered it necessary.

On September 22, 1871, the Holy See erected Saint Boniface into a metropolitan see, with the Bishopric of Saint Albert, the Vicariates-Apostolic of British Columbia and Athabaska-Mackenzie and all the dioceses or vicariates that might in the sequel be erected in that part of America as suffragans, and two months later, on November 7, the bulls establishing Monsignor Taché Archbishop of Saint Boniface and Monsignor Grandin Bishop of Saint Albert reached Ouebec. Saint Boniface in 1870 did not yet present the appearance of a city or even a village; it only possessed religious establishments, the Cathedral, the Bishop's house and the old college, since enlarged and became the Provencher Academy. On the south side were the Vicarial House of the Grey Nuns and the former boarding school, situate where in now the Hospice Taché; on the north one small house, inhabited by Metis on the site of the present offices of the newspaper Le Manitoba. What is now the Avenue Provencher formed the southern limit of a cultivated field comprising what to-day is called the Point, and on it a log hut, inhabited by an old Canadian, demolished in 1902. In all there were only five or six houses within a radius of a mile on each side of the Bishop's residence. It has now four churches, an orphanage, a boys' academy, a convent, four public schools, a college, a seminary and two hospitals and a population, according to the census of 1914, of 12,005, while new bridges to connect Saint Boniface and Winnipeg have been constructed.

A party in Ontario having designed to colonize Assiniboia and the whole Northwest with English Protestants and streams of immigrants having poured into the country threatening to submerge the French and destroy the Catholic religion in the whole territory, Monsignor Taché, as a counterpoise, promoted Catholic colonization. For twenty-five years he summoned to his aid men of good will, wrote to Bishops and other personages in the province of Quebec, and to the friends and defenders of the Church in Europe in fur-

therance of this scheme. "If we have not Catholic immigration," he wrote to the Bishop of Three Rivers, "we are lost forever; the Ontarians are flooding us on all sides." All the Bishops of the Province of Quebec subscribed in response to a circular; they remembered that the Canadian West had been discovered by French Catholics; that those countries are of great importance in the present and will be more important in the future; that it was a religious and patriotic duty for the French-Canadians of Ouebec not to let those immense regions pass into the exclusive possession of another He sent several of his priests to Ouebec and even to the United States to bring back French-Canadians. "Work for our colonization." he wrote to the indefatigable Father Lacombe, whom he sent to Lower Canada and the States, "otherwise we are lost. The enemy are making gigantic efforts." Although he met with opposition, his efforts were crowned with success. A current of immigration set in from Lower Canada and the United States: the old Catholic centres were strengthened and new ones created. "It is a kind of providential law," comments Dom Benoit, "that the French race is developing in Canada in dependence on a rival and heretical race, as formerly the Hebrews under the dominion of idolatrous Egypt. This law is particularly verified in the former Pays d'en Haut at the epoch we have reached. Far from disappearing, the French Catholic race is increasing in numbers and power, but ordinarily experiencing the domination of the rival race." The arrival of two groups of French-Canadians from Montreal in 1871 and 1872 was followed by the formation of new parishes, a procedure which yearly signalized the advent of fresh colonists. At the time of the absorption of the West by the Confederation both creeds were nearly equal in numbers; but the volume of Protestant immigrants became yearly greater than that of Catholics, disturbing the equilibrium to the advantage of the Protestant majority and the detriment of Catholic interests. The Archbishop could not see this without dismay. "We have need," he said, "of strength and energy. We are swamped on all sides by men who have strength, energy, numbers, and hatred in their hearts. There is a fund of fanaticism in the Protestant which easily shows itself and may produce disastrous effects. Number is everything under a parliamentary administration: what will become of us when we no longer count?" His constant aim was to save the Catholic population from political annihilation by opposing Catholic to Protestant immigration. He made innumerable appeals for Catholic colonists, securing the coöperation of Bishops, clergy and laity, who displayed the

greatest zeal in endeavoring to preserve for the French race and the Catholic religion a large place in the West. He tried to get one or two families from each parish in Lower Canada to settle in Manitoba, to form in that province a Catholic population capable of maintaining its rights and being an effective ally of their co-religionists in Quebec. The result was that the missions in the West developed, new churches arose and the French Catholics, far from disappearing, increased.

Monsignor Taché gave land to several of the six hundred French-Canadians who settled in Manitoba in 1876. These reinforcements rejoiced him the more, as many Metis had left the country. "All our Metis here are leaving us." he wrote to Monsignor Grandin. "Happily Canadians are arriving; otherwise we would be submerged, never more to reappear." Colonization societies organized at Saint Boniface and Montreal gave a great impetus to the movement, of which the Archbishop was the heart and soul and directing mind. In 1879 there was an immense influx, hundreds arriving daily, undeterred by the intense cold which prevailed, 850 reaching their destination in March. "Who would have imagined twenty years ago," said the newspaper Metis, "that this little corner of earth called now Manitoba, unknown then and lost in the midst of deserts, would become a new promised land, whither one would come to seek, if not honey, at least milk and bread?" The greater number of the immigrants, however, were Protestants, chiefly from Toronto, the Belfast of Canada. Monsignor Taché bewailed the fact that nine-tenths were strangers to our faith. "The English element is seizing on our country," he wrote to Father Lacombe. "The country is full of them, and we are almost nothing." The French were losing, or had lost their hold. "The French element." said the local organ, "which formed half the population six years ago, forms no more than a fourth or fifth. It can only count on five or six seats in a chamber of twenty-four members."

Before the transference of the colony of Assiniboia to the Canadian Confederation, Monsignor Taché prevailed upon Catholics to get possession of lands and settle on them, with the result that important centres of French influence, which, of course, meant Catholic influence, were formed. He gave the same advice to Catholics in the Northwest, which was followed with equally satisfactory results. After the transference Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, where the first Mass was said in 1869, rapidly developed, the incursion of Protestant immigrants being somewhat counterbalanced by

the arrival of Irish, Scotch and English Catholics. It is now a place of great commercial importance, being the largest grain market in the world, with an enormous mercantile territory under development and a population of about 250,000.

About this time began that malady which imposed upon him a burden of physical suffering which weighed upon him almost continually for the rest of his life. For three months during the beginning of his illness he could hardly go farther than from his bed to the sofa, suffering from a tremor in the right leg, which also attacked the left, and only said Mass seven times. Writing to Father Lacombe, then in France, to thank him for having remembered him at the altar at Lourdes, he adds: "I do not know if you have done well to ask for my cure. Perhaps it would be better I should disappear from the scene. In any case, I am content to ask of the good God that His holy will may be done; I don't refuse to live and I don't trouble myself much at the thought of living infirm; it is for this, that my life will be useless to others; pray that it be useful to myself." His life, far from being useless to others, was, to the very end, one of the greatest utility, one of unrelaxing activity. To him, to live was to labor. No detail of the administration of his diocese escaped his attention. From his sick couch he supervised everything in his palace, in his cathedral city, in all the missions, foreseeing and providing for everything. In the spring of 1873 his whole household was stricken with illness; nearly every one was laid low: the house became a regular hospital. To add to their calamities, a fire destroyed the bakehouse and a hundred sacks of flour in it.

"The illness of 1873," notes Dom Benoit, "marks a division in Monsignor Taché's life. Up to that time the prelate had traveled much, in canoes, on horseback, on foot, in carts; in future his mind will lose nothing of its activity, and he will still travel, but very often he will be confined, as he has been, to his room and even to his bed." For twenty-seven years, from 1845 to 1872, his journeys covered 173,000 kilomètres, or nearly 6,500 kilomètres a year, without counting short trips, which were very numerous, and marches and countermarches in Europe and Canada.

The fracture of a bone in his left foot, occasioned by a carriage accident in 1874, confined him to bed for six weeks. He recovered, but his limbs and his whole body remained weak. An infirmity of two years' standing fatigued him and made work very difficult.

An English mile is equal to 1,609 mètres.

Though habitual weakness was sapping his energies, he continued to fulfil all his sacred functions. At times, however, he was tempted to resign his office. "I candidly confess to you," he wrote to Father Fabre, "that if I could get rid of everything and confine myself in a corner or some retreat, I should be very glad." He did not do so. preferring to remain at the post Providence had entrusted to him as long as it was not certain he was called elsewhere. "I have been ill, confined to bed for several months, almost powerless for nearly two years," he wrote to the Bishop of Saint Albert, tempted, like him, to lay down a very heavy burden on account of frail health. "I have thought of begging for rest, of asking the Holy See to replace me; now I do not know if I should have done well. God knows better than us what is needful for His work, and since we are working for Him, let us do it in conformity with His holy will." He dismissed the idea and did not allow it to influence his line of conduct.

In 1875 his episcopal silver jubilee was celebrated with great éclat. In 1877 when a university was founded in Manitoba, he took an active part in its organization, favoring its establishment on the lines of the London University as an examining body, conferring degrees, in place of a teaching university; for teaching is inseparable from religion, and uniform religious teaching could not be given by an institution comprising persons of different creeds. Three constituent colleges were established in the province, that of Saint Boniface, for Catholics; St. John's College, for Anglicans, and Manitoba College, for Presbyterians. "Our university is not all that we would wish," he wrote to Monsignor Grandin, "but it is all that we could hope for under present circumstances." To Father Fabre he said: "This creation, without being perfect, ensures us advantages, particularly that of encouraging studies and making the merit of Catholic teachers known to the Protestant world." Eight of the twentysix members of the University Council were Catholics, while the College of Saint Boniface, in accepting filiation, nominated seven persons to represent it, its direction being transferred from the Oblates, who had held it for fifteen years, to secular priests.10 In the sequel the Protestants caused quasi-neutral professional chairs to be established in the university, despite the opposition of the Archbishop and the Catholics. Displeased with the attitude of the Protestant dignitaries on the council, who ignored the rights of

¹⁰ It was finally placed under the direction of the Jesuits.

Catholics, he ceased to personally attend its meetings, sending a deputy, the Rev. M. Cherrier.

This dissonance was the first rift in the lute which broke the harmony that had hitherto existed, the first discordant note struck by the secularists, bent on laicising education and excluding dogmatic teaching. The Catholics of St. Boniface, joined by many Protestants, opposed it, but a number of the latter, who had lapsed into religious indifferentism, favored it, knowing that education. theoretically neutral, would in effect represent the religion of the majority, which, in the altered conditions in Manitoba, was the Protestant. It led to the introduction of mixed education on the plan of the English Board schools and preluded that long educational contest known as the Manitoba school question, which clouded the closing years of the good Archbishop's life. originators were the Orange-Protestant wire-pullers in Ontario, whose organ, the Globe, unceasingly attacked the Catholic religion and French influence, which meant the influence of Catholicism in the mid-West. Monsignor Taché, the great champion of the rights of the Church and Catholic education, published in the Metis a series of articles on "Education and Instruction" (two things often ignorantly confounded), in which he contended that the mixed or neutral schools are contrary to the natural law, the Gospel the general Constitution of Canada and the particular Constitution of Manitoba, proving that they lead to moral degeneracy and quoting Agassiz and other writers in support of his contention. The Globe was compelled to admit that these public schools violated the rights of the Catholic minority, guaranteed by the act of Manitoba. Still the Winnipeg secularists kept up the agitation. As most of them did not know French, he published his articles in English in pamohlet form in 1877, and obtained an amendment of the school law exempting Catholics from contributing to the maintenance of Protestant schools and vice versa, which was observed for a time.

For seventy years the country possessed denominational schools, recognized and more or less helped by the public authorities, and similarly the official use of the French language, sanctioned by laws based on the civil and political equality of the two races. When the Protestant immigrants in Manitoba largely outnumbered the Catholics and caused a displacement of the former equilibrium, Monsignor Taché foresaw the storm that was about to break. Originally the province was not divided between conservatives and liberals, but gradually these two parties were formed. When in 1888, the liberals attained to power, it was on their undertaking to leave intact the separate or denominational, that is Catholic schools

and the official use of the French language in Parliament and at the bar, as solemnly guaranteed to the Red River delegates to Ottawa in 1840 and incorporated in the act or Constitution of Manitoba. But they only "kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope." They were no sooner firmly seated in office when they violated the compact. In July, 1880, the funds set apart for the Catholic schools had to be handed over to the Provincial Treasurer, to be added to the consolidated funds of the province, an illegal spoliation and a flagrant injustice, against which Monsignor Taché publicly protested. By the famous, or infamous, laws of 1890, passed by 25 to 11 after a stormy debate, the Catholic schools were suppressed, and by the same mechanical majority also the official use of the French language. The opponents of Catholicism went farther and legally abolished four Catholic festivals out of the six hitherto recognized by the statutes of Manitoba. Canada when a law has been passed by a provincial legislature, it is presented to the lieutenant governor for his sanction. Monsignor Taché and the Catholics appealed to him to withhold his sanction, as his predecessor had done, but he declined.

In a pastoral instruction the Archbishop recalled that fifty years and more before the annexation to Canada, Catholic missioners had established and opened Catholic schools, as well as the Protestants, each supporting its own school and its own church, and that for twenty years no serious complaint was heard, not a symptom hostile to the system had been manifested until the cry "Down with the French language! Down with the Catholic schools!" was raised by ignorance, bigotry and prejudice, and the Legislature, while abolishing the Catholic schools, passed laws not only maintaining the Protestant schools, but securing them, although denominational, all the share of the public money to which Catholics had a right. Such laws, he declared, were "radically unjust." The Catholics unanimously resolved not to send their children to the new schools, but to private or free schools exclusively under parental or ecclesiastical control.

To the framers of these laws, who posed as the advocates of popular education, he replied: "The love of knowledge is of the very essence of the Church, since its supreme end is to lead humanity to God; now, God is light, knowledge, intelligence; one does not attain to Him through ignorance, that darkness of the understanding and the heart, the consequence of sin, but through knowledge which has its principle in the infinite Being who knows everything. So the mission given to the Church necessarily implies teaching: 'Go, teach all nations.' Reflection of 'the Light that

enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world,' and guided by the Holy Ghost, the Church has taught all nations; it has dispelled the darkness of paganism, explained the enigmas and figures of the synagogue and caused to shine upon the old and new world the rays which have led humanity out of the chaos into which ignorance and superstition had plunged it. Not content with converting nations, the Church has lavished erudition upon them. It is this same Holv Roman Church which has covered the world with schools of all kinds, brilliant centres of light. It is from her the erudite for centuries have derived human as well as divine knowledge. She has been the guardian of sacred as well as profane literature. The world owes to her the preservation of all that it admires in ancient civilization and the reception from her of all that is best in modern civilization. Public schools and free schools are of Catholic institution. From age to age not a university has been founded without the concurrence and blessing of Popes or of their brethren in the episcopate. The munificence of Pontiffs has rivaled that of princes in endowing France, Germany, Spain, England, Ireland, Scotland, etc., with those luminous centres, to this very day the pride of the nations which have the advantage of possessing them."

He made a strenuous effort to have these laws annulled. To that end the Constitution in force in Canada provided three remedies disavowal of the law, recourse to the law courts, appeal to the Governor General in council. Recourse was had to these, with the result that it was ultimately referred to the judicial committee of the English Privy Council, which, on the 30th of July, 1892, delivered judgment in favor of the respondents, upholding the laws that practically banished religious teaching from the Manitoba public schools to the surprise of everybody and to the great grief of Monsignor Taché. Judge Prud'homme, who visited him, along with some intimate friends, describes how he received them without a smile, without uttering a word; half leaning on the arm of his armchair, holding in his right hand a rosary bead which he was passing through his fingers, his eyes bathed in tears, which fell abundantly over his discolored cheeks. "The sight of this great prelate of the West, so virile of soul, weeping and sobbing at seeing the breath of bad passions destroy the work of his whole life has remained forever in my memory," he says, "as one of the most poignant things I ever witnessed."

Defeated, but not discouraged, he returned to the charge in 1893-1894, refusing to accept the decision of the English Council as final. Appeals against the laws of 1890 were made by the executive council of the National Congress of Catholics, by the Archbishop in his own name and by the minority to the Governor General in council and protests presented by the Conservative League of Montreal, with the result that the case was referred to the Supreme Court of Canada at Ottawa; but notwithstanding that the whole Canadian episcopate signed a petition and Monsignor Taché published pamphlets exposing the great grievances in the matter of education that the Manitoban Catholics suffered, the authorities turned deaf ears to these multiplied appeals and the claims of equity and justice were disregarded.

A devouring zeal for education was one of the most absorbing passions of his life. He took the liveliest interest in Monsignor Grandin's great work, the establishment of schools for the Indians on the reserves in the Northwest, which he recommended to Cardinal Manning as of the greatest importance for their conversion. "The gold of the enemies of the Church," he wrote to him, "is laid under contribution to seduce these poor savages, and it is much to be desired that the alms of English Catholics should oppose a breakwater to this devastating torrent." He also enlisted the sympathies and cooperation of the Archbishop of Quebec and his suffragans, while he had in his own diocese eleven schools for Indian children. Leo XIII. bestowed upon the work special blessings and indul-But despite his efforts, Monsignor Grandin could not obtain the establishments of a work of the schools of the Northwest similar to that of the schools of the East. The province of Ouebec. however, in the first year raised the sum of \$2,648.39, apportioned to St. Boniface, St. Albert, Athabaska, Mackenzie and Quebec, and Monsignor Taché initiated in 1884 an annual collection in his own diocese for the same object. Besides the industrial school at Qu'-Appelle, he founded four other Indian schools in various reserves within the immediate sphere of his jurisdiction. These, together with the building of a large college and numerous other works which he created or promoted, gained for him the reputation of being a millionaire. Many-tongued rumors exaggerated and spread the report more to his disadvantage than advantage, until it reached the ears of the directors of the Propagation of the Faith, who intimated their intention of cutting off the supplies. Dom Benoit calls it the "golden legend." Like many other legends, there was more fiction than fact in it. The Manitoba "boom," which from the close of 1880 to the beginning of 1882 raised the value of land and swelled the tide of immigration—as many as 9,655 emigrants arriving in one month-enabled Monsignor Taché to find money for the completion of his college, a noble building, which cost over 250,000 francs, by selling two lots for \$80,000, or 400,000

francs. It also enabled him to establish a boarding school, called after his death the Taché Academy, now transformed into the Hospice Taché.

His vigilance and activity were increasing. A marriage law passed by the government of the Northwest in 1878, whereby priests were liable to be fined if they dispensed the contracting parties from the banns and impediments arising from cansanguinity or affinity, brought him into conflict with the authorities. He succeeded in getting the law amended, so that Catholic priests continued at liberty to perform the marriage ceremony in urgent cases without publication of the banns. The administrative persecution in the Northwestern territories of the Catholic missions and missioners, particularly on the subject of the schools, involved them in another contest with the local ruling authorities. In Alberta, Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, most of their subordinates, Protestants and English, displayed on every occasion a great spirit of intolerance towards the Catholic religion and the use of the French language. The Indian Department of the executive was determined to impede as much as possible the influence of the Catholic missioners among the aborigines. When Canada took possession of the country it only found peaceable natives, disposed to accept the new order of things. This was owing to the civilizing influence of the priest among hordes heretofore cruel and barbarous. Every means was resorted to in order to remove or destroy the influence of those who had secured these results at the cost of the greatest sacrifices, labors and risks. In 1802 there were 2,175 Catholic Indians in the Archdiocese of St. Boniface, 3,447 in the Diocese of St. Albert and 2.320 in the Vicariate of Saskatchewan, against 5,382, 1,254 and 2,402 Protestant natives out of respective totals of 14,093, 8,230 and 6,409 Indians yet there were eleven Protestants to one Catholic among the agents within the limits of Bishops Grandin's and Pascal's jurisdiction and thirteen Protestant to two Catholic agents in Monsignor Taché's diocese. As long as living among the Indians presented dangers, the Protestant ministers rarely disputed with the Oblates the privilege of venturing among them, but when the Canadian Government made itself master of the country and placed the Indians on reserves, they went thither from all parts, procuring Protestant teachers on almost all the reserves, even where the Indians were all Catholics, the Protestant employés forcing Catholic parents to send their children to the schools, on the pretext that it was not a question of religion, but instruction. those who neglected to do so being deprived of implements and live stock which the Government had placed at their disposal, often even of their rations. Administrating favors were reserved for the

Protestant Indians or those who were inclined to embrace Protestantism.

In 1892 Monsignor Taché paid his lastvisit to the Northwest. The enterprising and resourceful Oblate, Father Lacombe, had organized an excursion to Prince Albert and Saint Albert and the whole of Western Canada of Bishops and ecclesiastics at whose service the Canadian-Pacific Railway had placed a special train. The Archbishop of Saint Boniface, who presided over the excursion, journeyed West to lay the first stone of the Cathedral of Prince Albert for the new Vicar-Apostolic of Saskatchewan, Monsignor Pascal. In October of the same year he caused religious celebrations to be held in all the churches of his diocese in commemoration of the fifth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

The last scene of all that ended the eventful history of his long and laborious life was fast approaching. In the spring of 1804, bending under the weight of years and work, he postulated for a coadjutor. In his letter to Cardinal Ledochowski. Prefect of Propaganda, he wrote: "I am seventy-one years of age, a missioner for forty-nine years, a Bishop forty-four years and titular of Saint Boniface for forty-one years. I can still render some services, but I have need of a coadjutor." The coadjutor he had in mind was the distinguished prelate who succeeded him, but he had not the satisfaction of seeing him mitred before he died. When Father Langevin, on the first of July, 1893, arrived in Winnipeg as vicar of the congregation, that is superior of all the Oblates and their missions in the archdiocese, Monsignor Taché as he embraced him, said: "I have been ten years wishing for you." Great progress had been made during his episcopate. In 1892 there were ninety churches or chapels in the diocese, not to count fifteen localities where there were schools, etc., and in addition to the 105 places where religious services were held about eighty stations where the missioners said Mass more or less often during the year. On the twelfth of October, 1803, he wrote: "To-day is the forty-eighth anniversary of my sacerdotal ordination; to-morrow will be the forty-eighth anniversary of my oblation. Please tell our Very Reverend Father General that his son of forty-eight years' profession loves and venerates him as the successor of our beloved founder, and to-morrow will renew with all his heart the blessed formula of his oblation, usque ad mortem perseveraturum." On November 23 he kept the forty-second anniversary of his episcopal consecration. On May 2, 1804, finding himself weaker than usual, he went to the Pensionnat, his private hospital to receive the care of his

devoted infirmarians, the Grey Nuns. On the third of June he administered Confirmation for the last time and on the same day preached his last sermon from the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," enlarging on a subject always very near to his heart, the necessity of maintaining the Catholic schools. As his great weakness prevented him from standing, a chair had to be placed for him at the entrance of the sanctuary. Five days afterwards he made his last appearance at his cathedral, presiding at the anniversary requiem for his venerable predecessor. It was too much for his strength or what was left of it; he never entered the sacred edifice again. He left his palace, after dining, never to reenter it; returning to the Pensionnat. On Sunday, June 10, he said his last Mass: it was in his own room and it cost him such an effort that in unvesting he sank into an armchair, saving, "Don't raise an alarm; it will be nothing." A whole week of great and continuous suffering followed, spending three nights with his head resting on a table, unable to sleep for a single instant, yet never complaining. Despite these sufferings he was present at the school exercises and saw to the minutest details of the fêtes being arranged for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Grev Nuns at the Red River, which coincided with June 22, and looked forward himself to his own sacerdotal golden jubilee, which would have been reached a year afterwards. On June 18 he had to undergo an operation for stone, the painful malady from which he suffered for fifteen years, but before it knelt and recited the "Veni sancte" and "Ave Maria" with three of his priests. "May I keep my dear little devotions upon me?" he asked the doctors, alluding to the statuettes of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and St. Anne, contained in a little sachet which he always wore and piously kissed every night. Upon their replying in the affirmative, he placed them on his breast along with his scapular. The operation lasted three hours, the patient, of course, having been chloroformed. He felt relieved, became even jovial, but the next day fever, followed by delirium, supervened. Monsignor Grandin, who spoke to him of his approaching end. administered extreme unction, and the next day, after saying the Mass pro infirmo, gave him the Viaticum, which he received after twice kissing his Oblates crucifix, while Father Allard read for him and in his name the Credo and formula of oblation. In a very strong and distinct voice he said: "May the holy will of God be done. I ask pardon of God, my clergy and my diocesans for the scandals and trouble I may have given them and commend myself to the prayers of all." Monsignor Grandin wished to speak to him

about forwarding his application for a coadjutor. "I know his thought and his desire," he observed to Father Langevin; "it is you he has designated to us as his successor. Do you wish I should speak to him about it?" "No," replied the vicar of the Oblates; "pray do nothing. Leave it all to Providence." That very evening, at the express wish of the dying prelate, the celebration of the jubilee of the Grev Nuns began with a meeting at which, as Monsignor Taché had arranged, was to be represented the departure from Lachine and the landing at the Red River, but under sad circumstances, it had to be abridged. On June 21 hopes of his possible recovery were entertained, but the next day his weakness increased and signs of the near approach of death manifested themselves. Exhorted by Father Allard to make the final sacrifice, he said: "If it is the will of God, I wish indeed to die. Farewell! farewell! Au revoir au ciel." As the priest said the prayers for the agonizing, he responded to every invocation. After the prayers, and Monsignor Grandin had given him absolution, he blessed the clergy, the faithful, the Grev Nuns, the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, his family, and particularly Mlle. Adèle Taché. Several times during his last moments he kissed his Oblate crucifix. The end at last came early on Friday morning, June 22, 1894. He had entered on his seventy-second year. He died in the same month as his predecessor, and both passed away almost on the anniversary of their departure for the missions.

The passing of the great Archbishop evoked an universal expression of profound sorrow at the loss the Church and the country had sustained; equally universal were the tributes paid to his memory, to the scope and greatness of the vast work for religion and civilization which he had accomplished. The Archbishop of the Mother Church of all the churches of North America spoke of him as "an irreproachable priest, an intrepid missioner, an indefatigable apostle, an eminent Archbishop, a most distinguished citizen, the glory of the Church and of Canada." "He has left us Bishops of Canada," said Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, "a grand and noble example worthy of our imitation." Monsignor Begin, administrator of the Diocese of Quebec, called him "the intrepid defender of the rights of Christ." The Most Rev. Father Soullier, Superior General of the Congregation of Our Lady Immaculate, wrote: "I shall see no more in this world that Oblate so faithful to his vocation and who for fifty years has given the congregation such striking testimonies of his attachment; that intrepid apostle who, since his arrival in Saint Boniface, carried the light of the Gospel into the remote regions of the Northwest and who never ceased to show his predilection for the Indians and half-breeds, that is to say for the poor and the lowly; that Archbishop who, during his episcopate of more than forty years, wrought such great things for the Church, for his religious family and for his adopted country. He has put the greatest energy into the struggle for the freedom of the Catholic schools. Alas! has he not exhausted to the utmost his strength in this courageous defense of truth and justice? And could it not be said that he has succumbed to the excessive labor he imposed upon himself for the protection of the weak against the injustice and intolerance of the powerful? An end truly worthy of a Bishop and which, in the veneration and gratitude of Catholics, ensures him a prominent place alongside the Athanasiuses and Ambroses." Father Celestine Augier, another Oblate, called him "the Catholic Alexander of the Northwest of America" who "conquered that vast region for the Faith and the Church." Father Lefebvre said his name would be as deeply engraven in the history of Canada as in the history of his religious family; and the late venerable Father Lacombe, another apostle of the half-breeds, wrote: "It seemed that this man could not die. It may be said that he has died in all the glory of the indefatigable pastor, the zealous Bishop, and one of the greatest patriots of his country." Lav leaders and exponents of public opinion of all political shades of thoughts bore equally emphatic testimony to his worth. Premier Thompson did not hesitate to call him a great statesman; Senator Bernier "one of the grandest episcopal figures of the age;" Colonel Audet "a great patriot;" Judge Dubuc "one of the most remarkable men of French Canada" whose "vast intelligence, extensive knowledge, apostolic zeal, enlightened patriotism, incomparable energy, powerful eloquence, big generous heart, and admirable virtues place him amongst the greatest prelates of Holy Church." "His memory," wrote the Hon. Mr. Prendergast, "has all the respect that environs saints, all the prestige that is attached to heroes." "What he conceived, attempted and wrought for the moral and material betterment of the country at the time when the Hudson's Bay Company governed: the energy he displayed during the troubles occasioned by the annexation, to keep within the bounds of legality a resistance that senseless provocations might at any moment have caused to degenerate into open revolt, merit the eternal gratitude of the friends of justice and humanity. If the French nationality succeeds in holding its ground between Winnipeg River and the Rocky Mountains, history," wrote M. H. de Lamothe, "will record that the Archbishop of Saint Boni-

face has largely contributed to this result." The press was not slow to swell the chorus of praise which the consideration of his lifework evoked. The Courrier du Canada said he died in the breach: that his latest output of energy was to affirm for the last time the injustice of which Canadian Catholics were the victims in Manitoba and the Northwest, and that his memory will be eternally dear to all French and Catholic hearts. "A missioner like Brebœuf, a Bishop like Montmorency-Laval, a diplomatist like Plessis, Monsignor Taché," said the Courrier de Saint Hyacinthe, "united the qualities of the propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop and the Statesman. . . . His was a life apart; for in sowing the Gospel seed in the immense prairies of the West, from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and from the American frontiers to the Arctic Ocean, he laid at the same time the foundations of religion and civilization, and his works, made fruitful by divine grace, have assumed such an importance that his name will be engraven in history as having been in his time the greatest American Bishop."

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Dublin, Ireland.

Book Reviews.

"Bolshevism: Its Cure." By David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. 12 mo., pp. 414. Boston: School of Political Economy.

The World's War has brought this subject home to all men. Many are content to dismiss it as something very distant and therefore not of immediate interest; but isms, like everything else, travel very fast in modern times, and it is a mistake for any to say that he need not concern himself with the affairs of his foreign neighbor, for what is very far away to-day may be very near to-morrow, and often is at hand though hidden or disguised.

Bolshevism is an example of this. We may be tempted to think of it as a mild, impossible revolutionary system which could be born and lived only among ignorant and uncivilized people who are unable to reason, because of ancestry and environment. It is this indifference to danger that makes it more dangerous. If we did but take alarm in time and use the proper precautions, no danger would become a reality and go beyond our control. It is to prevent this from happening that the present book has been written by two authors with a rare equipment for the work. Both converts, both ex-socialists, both sincere seekers after the truth, they have passed from darkness to light with full knowledge of the futility of the one and the utility of the other. They cannot be accused of ignorance or self-interest. Their conclusions will appeal to all fair-minded men.

In this book they show very clearly that Bolshevism is only the latest phase of socialism which contemplates a complete over-throw of Christian civilization. It seeks to establish a state where God is unknown; where the human will is responsible only to human authority. Its root is atheistic materialism: its hated opponent is Christian civilization. Its unsound philosophy and psychology vitiates every mind and every organization that comes under its influence and it puts a mental and moral blight on the four grand divisions of human society, the domestic, social, political and economic.

In this conflict between construction and destruction, between faith and fatalism, between order and chaos, there is only one avenue of escape—belief in Almighty God and obedience to His commands. The authors develop this thought in a clear and logical manner, and in the terrible indictment which they bring against

the Bolsheviki force them to convict themselves by the use of their own data, and by quoting only such anthorities as are admitted to hold national and international leadership among them. The book is well worthy of a place beside its predecessor, "Socialism," and together they furnish the best defense against this twofold evil and the best remedy for it.

"The English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth: A Study of Their Politics, Civil Life and Government." By John Hungerford Pollen, S. J., 1558-1580. "From the Fall of the Old Church to the Advent of the Comber Reformation." With illustrations. 8 vo. pp. 387. Longmans. Green & Co.. New York.

"The number of Protestant writers who have described for us the history of the Reformed Church of England is considerable; they studied their subject from many points of view and enriched their histories with excellent collections of contemporary documents. On the part of the English Catholics there have been but few publications to set by their side. We have indeed many volumes about our heroes, our martyrs and confessors; about the last members of our ancient hierarchy, and about the leaders of the Catholic revival. But about our history considered as a whole it has been impossible for us to learn much, chiefly because of the death of contemporary evidence before the general opening of State archives in the last century. Then we gradually became acquainted with the rich stores of papers still preserved in Spain and at Rome, which were our chief protectors during bad times, as well as with the records of the persecutors, at our Record Office. The arrangement of all this material is still very imperfect, and the publication of its chief treasures is far from complete, but it is now possible to follow, with far greater certainty than before, the main course of events by which the fortunes of the English Catholics as a body were determined. The object of the present volume is to recount their corporate history, and it dwells rather on their public and political life than on the achievement of individuals." The author further informs us that in passing over what is personal he is following out his main purpose, which is to treat of broad questions and underlying principles which could not receive full care and attention in biographies, and thus form an historical background against which the work of others may be seen in due proportion.

If any one should ask why a beginning was not made with Henry VIII. rather than with Elizabeth, since his revolt was the origin of all the subsequent troubles, he would be told that a history of

the so-called Reformation as a whole should begin with Henry, but a history of the activities of post-Reformation Catholics is more properly dated from the accession of Elizabeth.

It is a sad but interesting history, beginning as it does with the collapse of the old Church at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, and closing with its return to life at the end.

This book was a long time in the making. The author informs us that as far back as 1897, preliminary sketches and special studies appeared in the *Month* and elsewhere. But this does not detract from its value: rather, it enhances it.

It will be a valuable addition to that group of rich biographies of the prominent men of the times, both lay and cleric, who bravely fought iniquity in high places, and frequently laid down their lives rather than do violence to their consciences while courting kingly favor. Their lives are an inspiration as well as a vindication, and to furnish this historical setting for them is a noble work.

"Penal Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law" (Liber V.). By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D., D. C. L., President of St. Patrick's Seminary, Menio Park, Cal. 12 mo., pp. 392. New York: Bensiger Brothers.

This is Dr. Ayrinhac's second book on the New Code. In the former he treated of Marriage Legislation. In this he gives a brief explanation of the fifth book of the Code which contains the whole legislation now in force on ecclesiastical offenses and penalties. The author follows the order of the Code and adheres to the text of the law as closely as possible, giving due consideration to the canons according to their value in application. The theory of delinquency, responsibility and infinitability which appears for the first time at the beginning of this book in a complete and explicit form, and which serves as a foundation for the penal enactments that follow, will be found useful by moralist and jurists, as well as by canonists.

As some old censures have been abrogated and new ones have been enacted, while others have been modified, the portion which treats this phase of the subject is particularly important. The Constitution Apostolicae Sedis is no longer a sufficient guide. At the same time it must be remembered that the extensive faculties formerly granted to our Bishops and by them subdelegated to priests for the absolution of reserved cases, have been considerably restricted. The present work has been written to meet such contingencies, and therefore it has real practical value. The author's

equipment is well known and has already proved itself in his former work on Marriage Legislation. It is no less evident here and clerics generally will be glad to have this new aid to a right understanding and application of the New Code.

Epitome Theologiae Moralis Universae per Definitiones, Divisiones et Summaria Principia pro Recollectione Doctinae Moralis et ad Immediatum Usum Confessarii et Parochi, excerpta et Summa Theol. Mor. R. P. Hier Noldin, S. J., a Carolo Telch. 16mo., pp. 600. neo Elorain: Fr. Pustet.

This is a remarkable example of theology in its briefest form, and its value is much enhanced because it follows a safe guide in Father Noldin. It has already run through three editions and this is the fourth. It is complete, though necessarily brief, and it is very convenient for ready and quick consultation.

Quite a large portion of the book is taken up—nearly half—with the five appendices, which furnish tables of sin for the examination of various classes of persons, and with the Index Rerum. There may be a difference of opinion about the detailed questioning suggested by these tables, but they do cover the ground completely.

The book will appeal especially to those who use Noldin's Moral, and to those who have been taught by Father Telch, but it will be appreciated by all who find a brief summary of Moral Theology useful.

"Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments and the Sacramentals." By Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C., author of "The Master's Word in the Epistles and Gospels," etc. 12mo., pp. 400. New York: Benziger Bros.

Here is an unusual collection of sermons and a very useful one. Those who use books of this kind will be grateful to the author for combining in one volume sermons and instructions on the Mass, the Sacraments and the Sacramentals. These are subjects which should be placed before the people periodically. They should accompany if not precede set sermons on the Epistles and Gospels. They have a practical value that is beyond question and an interest that is exceptional. If the preacher were to go to the various sources from which the information in this volume is gathered he would have to travel far and labor long. But here it is, ready to his hand, accurate, clear, concise, attractive—in a word, ready for immediate use, without any change whatever. This is praise indeed, and it cannot always be said about sermons and instruction books. Generally, pruning and excision are necessary. In the present case, there is no need of a surgeon.

Summa Theologiae Moralis Iuxta Codicem Iuris Canonici. Scholarum Usuii accomodavit H. Noldin, S. J., S. Theologiae professor in Universitate Oenipontana. Editio duodecima. Vol. III., "De Sacramentis." Neo Elorain: Fred. Pustet.

It is always pleasant to meet old friends that are tried and true. This may surely be applied to Noldin's Moral Theology. which makes its twelfth appearance with this edition. Only real merit could keep any work of this kind so long before the public and call for its reappearance so often. The present edition brings the work up to date in every particular, and especially in relation to the New Code. The frequent references to it show how faithfully the author has kept it before him. This is true also of references to other authors. Father Noldin has not overlooked any approved writer on morals, and the reader gets not only the opinion or decision of one who is himself a master, but he also finds this opinion fortified by the consent of other authors of standing, which adds very much to its value. Perhaps Father Noldin's most striking characteristic is his clearness. In the fewest possible number of words, and those well chosen, he states a question and answers it, so that even a beginner can understand him and follow him.

It is a pleasure to use this book. Its compact and convenient form, its opaque paper, its clear-cut type, varying in size according to the importance of the heading or paragraph—all combine to give it an attraction that invites rather than repels, and which some of the large manuals, with their solid pages, do not possess. Although volume three is the only one that has come from the press yet, volume one is promised in the spring and volume two in the fall.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC

QUARTERLY REVIEW

"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the Review not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

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THE MARTYR PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

HERE took place recently in Rome an event of supreme interest to Catholics the world over, but of special significance to those with Irish blood flowing through their veins and throbbing around their hearts: the beatification of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland.

The future martyr was born at Loughcrew, in the county of Meath, just two hundred years before the passing of the Act of Catholic Emancipation, a time when the mere fact of being a Catholic was looked upon as a crime, when it was considered a treasonable act for a priest to be found in the country, and when the attendance at a Catholic school was made a pretext for the confiscation of property His early education was received from a kinsman, Dr. Patrick Plunket, himself an undaunted confessor for the faith, who presided over the See of Ardagh. Under his guidance the younger Plunket remained until his sixteenth year, when he, together with several other Irish youths, accompanied the Italian Oratorian. Father Scarampa, to Rome and became a student at the Irish College After nine years of arduous study he was ordained to the priesthood, and became professor of theology in the College the Propaganda, which position he held for twelve years. When, in 1669, the Primatial See of Armagh was made vacant by the death at Louvain of the exiled Archbishop, Dr. O'Reilly, and names were recommended as possible successors, the Pope (Clement IX.) put them all aside, saying, "Why delay in discussing the merits



of others whilst we have here in Rome a native of that island, whose merits are known to all of us, and whose labors in this city have already added so many wreaths to the peerless glory of the Isle of Saints. Let Dr. Oliver Plunket be Archbishop of Armagh." It was the priest's wish to be consecrated within the Holy City, but the idea was forsaken at the suggestion of the Vatican authorities, who wished to conceal the appointment from the English Government. Dr. Plunket, therefore, journeyed to Belgium, and was consecrated on the feast of St. Andrew, 1669, "without noise and with closed doors," in the private chapel of the Bishop of Ghent.

It was in March, 1670, that he entered on his apostolate in Armagh. The Vicerov at that time was Lord Roberts, of Truro, a stern Presbyterian zealot, during whose administration the new Archbishop was obliged, in order to conceal his identity, "to go under the name of Captain Bruno (Brown), with a sword, wig and pistols." It is well-nigh impossible to conceive what fulfillment of his Primatial duties meant to the Archbishop in those days of persecution. But he was not one to quail before duty; although his position was fraught with perils and hardships, no consideration of personal risk or discomfort prevented him from a most zealous exercise of the sacred ministry. In six weeks' occupancy of his see, we are told, he confirmed ten thousand persons. "What renders this more surprising," notes his biographer, the late Cardinal Moran, "is the consideration of the many toils he had thus to undergo, for often he had to seek out their abodes in the mountains and in the woods, and often, too, were the sacraments administered under the broad canopy of heaven, both flock and pastor being alike exposed to the winds and rain."

By the appointment in June, 1670, of Lord Berkeley as Lord Lieutenant the penal statutes of the Tudors and Stuarts were held in abeyance, and the Archbishop of Armagh made the most of the opportunity: he not only penetrated to every corner of his own diocese, but undertook a laborious visitation of the whole province of Ulster, preaching and exhorting in both English and Irish; he crossed overseas to the Hebrides and visited the Highlands of Scotland; he summoned provincial synods, in which many wise decrees were passed for the regulation of discipline and the good of religion; and to provide for the education of the youth in the Catholic faith he established a school at Drogheda and called the Jesuits from Rome to take charge of it.

But with Berkeley's dismissal from office in 1672 the abated storm again broke forth with all its fury: the penal laws which had fallen into desuetude were again enforced to the letter. Schools and churches were closed, rewards were offered for the capture of Bishops and priests; while the faithful were forced to fly into hiding places in woods and morasses or else be thrown into prison. No Catholic was exempt from these nefarious penal laws, least of all Dr. Oliver Plunket, the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. The hardships endured by the prelate can be realized from his correspondence of this period. To the Holy See he writes:

The hut in which Dr. Brennan and myself have taken refuge is made of straw; when we lie down to rest, through the openings in the roof we can see the stars; and when it rains we are refreshed, even at the head of the bed, by each successive shower.

And again in a letter sent to the Internuncio at Brussels we read:

The snow fell heavily, mixed with hailstones which were hard and large. A cutting north wind blew in our faces and the snow and hail beat so dreadfully in our eyes that up to the present we have hardly been able to see with them. Often we were in danger in the valleys of being lost and suffocated in the snow, till at length we arrived at the house of a reduced gentleman who had nothing to lose. But for our misfortune, he had a stranger in his house by whom he did not wish to be recognized, hence we were placed in a garret without chimney and without fire, where we have been for the past eight days. May it redound to the glory of God, the salvation of our souls and the flock entrusted to our charge.

The "Popish plot" concocted and worked out in England by the Earl of Shaftesbury, of whom Macaulay wrote: "He was one to whose seared conscience the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge," was extended to Ireland with political as well as religious ends in view. Peter Talbot, the Archbishop of Dublin, who had rendered important services to the royal brothers during their exile, was thrown into prison. He was examined regarding the plot, but nothing was shown to criminate him. After two years in prison he died. It is from a letter reporting his death to the Holy See that we learn the perilous position of the Primate at this time. "I am morally certain," he wrote, "that I shall be taken, so many are in search of me; yet in spite of danger I will remain with my flock; nor will I abandon them till I am dragged to the ship."

Writs were repeatedly issued for the arrest of Dr. Plunket. It was his own zeal and charity, however, that accomplished what had proved futile by searchings and rewards. The news had reached him that his former tutor and kinsman, the aged Patrick Plunket, was dying at Dublin. Regardless of the consequences he visited

Dublin and administered the rites of the Church to the dying Bishop. Here, on December 6, 1679, he was seized and cast into prison. The charge was the usual one of having received orders in the Church of Rome; but a promise of reward afterwards induced false witnesses, "strong swearers," to select Plunket for the instigator of the "plot" in Ireland. The "made-to-order" evidence for this charge is shown in an undersigned manuscript document in the London Record Office:

Coll. Fitz Patrick delivered to the Pope's Internuncio at Brussels a letter subscribed by four R. C. Bishops, two of which were Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, and Tyrrel, Bishop of Clogher, recommending the said Fitz Patrick for the only person fit to be intrusted general of an army for establishing the R. C. religion in Ireland under the French Sovereignty.

A whole host of perjured informers were at hand to swear his life away. Among them was a trio of apostate priests, who, like their chief, John McMoyer, had been suspended by the Archbishop for their vices. Of McMover, Dr. Plunket states in a letter to the Internuncio that "his dissolute life was notorious, and he was always half-drunk when he appeared before the tribunals." The injustice of the whole procedure is evident from a letter of Francis Gwyn to Ormond (May 15, 1680). "Particular care," he writes, "should be taken that no Papist should be on any of the juries." The trial, however, was adjourned, because so infamous was the reputation of McMoyer and his associates that they dared not appear against the Primate in Ireland. Consequently, in the month of October, 1680, Dr. Oliver Plunket was cited to appear before the King and Parliament in London. His innocence was known to Charles, who really was a Catholic at heart, but he sacrificed him to his abominable policy. We are told by Lingard, who is perhaps the most painstaking of all English historians, that when the Earl of Essex, a former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, solicited the Primate's pardon, knowing the falseness of the charge, the King with indignation replied: "Then, my lord, be his blood on your conscience. You might have saved him if you would. I cannot pardon him, because I dare not."

On the 8th of June, 1681, Dr. Plunket, alone and friendless, was formally placed on trial before an English judge and English jury. The keynote of this mock-trial was struck by the opening speech of the Attorney General: "May it please your Lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury, the character this gentleman bears as Primate under a foreign and usurped jurisdiction will be a great inducement to you to give credit to that evidence we shall produce before you."

Perjured witnesses attested on oath that the Archbishop was planning to raise an army of seventy thousand Irish to assist the French army in their invasion; that he had collected large sums of money for their maintenance, and that he had prepared for the French military authorities charts and plans of the Irish ports and fortifications along the seacoast. "The grim truth was," as Mr. Shane Leslie comments, "that it was the King himself who was secretly in league with King Louis, who had agreed under certain circumstances to send troops to England."

When asked to defend himself the holy Archbishop declared that it was impossible for him to do so. "Your Lordship," he said, "sees how I am dealt with: first and foremost, I have not time to bring my witnesses or my records, which if I had I would not weigh one farthing to leave my cause with any jury in the world.

. . . My Lord, my life is in imminent danger, because I am brought out of my own country, where these people would not be believed against me." A fierce diatribe by the counsel for the Crown followed the Primate's words, and then the jury, having been charged bitterly against the prisoner by Chief Justice Pemberton, retired, and in fifteen minutes brought in their verdict of Guilty.

Six days later the Archbishop was again led to the bar to hear the sentence of the law. After listening to another tirade against himself and the Catholic religion, he asked leave to speak. The request was granted, and the intrepid prelate spoke. "If I were a man," he said, "that had no care of my conscience or heaven or hell, I might have saved my life; for I was offered it by divers people here if I would confess my own guilt and accuse others. But I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one minute of his life." Then the usual formula of sentence was read: "You shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead; your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face; your head shall be cut off, and your body divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as his Majesty pleases." With placit composure he heard this terrible sentence, and lifting his eyes toward heaven prayed: "God Almighty bless your Lordship." He was happy: the dream of years was about to be realized. It is narrated that when a holy old priest prophesied to him, before he set out from Rome for Ireland, that his blood would be spilt for the Catholic faith, the future martyr replied: "I am unworthy of such a favor; nevertheless, aid me with your prayers that this my desire may be fulfilled."

The request to treat of spiritual matters with a Catholic priest

was denied the Archbishop; he was told that he could have the services only of a minister of the Church of England. But Divine Providence planned otherwise: a fellow prisoner, Father Corker, a Benedictine, with the assistance of some of the prison officials, brought the prelate the consolations of his Eucharistic Lord. this priest we are indebted for an account of how Dr. Plunket bore himself during his days at Newgate. "It was then," the Benedictine writes, "that I clearly witnessed in him the Spirit of God and the amiable fruits of the Holy Ghost—charity, joy and peace—splendidly shining in his soul." He goes on to say that the Archbishop spent his time in almost continual prayer; that he fasted three or four days a week; and that his joy seemed to increase with his danger, and was fully accomplished by an assurance of death. In the letters, too, of the high-souled prelate himself, penned shortly before he suffered, is evinced the dauntless spirit with which he welcomed his terrible end. To Michael Plunket, a relative at the Irish College, he wrote: "I die most willingly, and being the first among the Irish, I will teach others, with the grace of God, by example, not to fear death. . . . I forgive all who had a hand, directly or indirectly, in my death and in my innocent blood."

On July 11, 1681, Ireland's Primate, stretched on a wooden hurdle, was dragged through the streets of London to Tyburn, the place of execution. On the scaffold he asseverated his innocence, and, like his Divine Model, forgave his enemies. As the hangman's halter was being adjusted he intoned the "Miserere" and said other prayers aloud. Then, as he spoke the words, In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, the cart was drawn away, and Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, had won the martyr's crown.

The contemporary Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Brennan, the faithful companion of the martyr, tells us that the vast throng that witnessed the martyrdom were greatly edified, "because he displayed such a serenity of countenance, such a tranquillity of mind and elevation of soul, that he seemed rather a spouse hastening to the mystical feast than a culprit led forth to the scaffold." "In his death," notes an eye-witness, "he gave more glory to religion than he could have won for it by many years of a fruitful apostolate."

The body of the martyr is preserved at St. Gregory's College, Downside, England; his head is with the Sisters of St. Dominic in their convent at Drogheda in Ireland, where pilgrims come from distant lands to pay homage to this staunch son of Erin, who lost his life only to find it.

EDWARD F. CARRIGAN, S. J.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH CON-SIDERED ACCORDING TO THE COMMON LAW PRINCIPLES.

HE purpose of this article is to consider the relationship existing between Christ and His Church according to the principles of our common law. The author believes that a consideration of these principles will throw light upon her claim that she is the living representative of Jesus Christ on earth; that with their aid one can check up her claim that she has the right to command the obedience of every one.

When the Church attempts to prove her claim of authority, her strongest proof is to cite certain passages of Holy Scripture. But how far do these authorize her? What are the limits of her authority? Was she ever authorized by Jesus Christ at all, and granted that she was authorized, did she not, because of her evil deeds, because of the lax lives of her ministers, lose that authority? Or, again, may she not have been authorized to perform certain acts, but that she is taking advantage of her position to assert an authority which she never received and to which she has no claim?

These are questions which have a most vital interest to all of us, because on the correct answer depends our eternal salvation. If we Catholics have answered these questions wrongly, then the sooner we leave the Church the better, all the more so because, from a human standpoint, she is the toughest of all Christian churches to live up to. If, on the other hand, we are right, then the sooner this is driven home in the minds of our Protestant friends the better. We believe that they will be the first to admit that we are bound to listen to Jesus Christ, and if Jesus Christ has authorized His Church to speak for Him, then when we disregard the Church we disregard Him, because we refuse to obey Him.

Our law will throw light upon this problem. The words of Jesus Christ are just as much law as are the decrees of our courts or the statutes of our legislatures. Therefere, where these principles are founded on justice and right reason, where they are not unreasonable or arbitrary, there is no reason why they should not be as applicable to the law of God as to the law of man.

It is in the law that we find that combination of the theoretical and the practical that is so seldom met with elsewhere. We find the theoretical in the principles of the law which the court is called upon to administer. There is, however, a very real, practical aspect. Every time that the court is called upon to perform some act, there are a plaintiff and a defendant present before it, there is a case

demanding that justice be done. This is something which should never be lost sight of whenever a decision is cited. In not one is the court merely annunciating some abstract principle of the law, but there is present before it an actual cause demanding that justice be honestly and fairly administered. Thus are these principles tested in the fire of actual experience, and thus are new principles added and old principles changed as the circumstances which gave rise to them are altered or changed.

It is this flexibility that gives the common law its advantage over statutory law. For not all our law is found in statutes. Our law is divided into the common or unwritten law and the written or statutory law. The common law is the gradual evolution of centuries. It was brought from England by the first colonists, and some of its principles date back to the Norman conquest. Its principles are founded upon reason and justice. Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, a judge justly celebrated for his deep learning, in his decision in the Norway Plains Co. vs. Boston, etc., R. Co., 67 Massachusetts, 263, on page 267, said as follows:

It is one of the great merits and advantages of the common law that instead of a series of detailed practical rules, established by positive provisions and adapted to the precise circumstances of the particular cases, which would become obsolete and fail when the practice and course of business to which they apply should cease or change, the common law consists of a few broad and comprehensive principles, founded on reason, natural justice and enlightened public policy, modified and adapted to the circumstances of all the particular cases which fall within it.

Judge Swayne, of our Supreme Court, in Dickerson vs. Colgrove, 100 U. S., 578, on page 584, said as follows:

The common law is reason dealing by the light of experience in human affairs. One of its merits is that it has the capacity to reach the ends of justice by the shortest paths.

We find the court speaking as follows in the case of Sullivan vs. Minneapolis and Rainy River Ry. Co., 45 L. R. A. (N. S.), 612, 121 Minnesota, 488, quoting with approval from Minneapolis vs. St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Ry. Co., 28 L. R. A. (N. S.), 298, 98 Minnesota, 380:

[The common law] is not a codification of exact or inflexible rules for human conduct, for the redress of injuries or protection against wrongs, nor yet a mere figment of judicial genius, but on the contrary is the embodiment of broad and comprehensive unwritten principles, inspired by natural reason, an innate sense of justice, adopted by common consent for the regulation and government of the affairs of men. It is

the growth of ages, and an examination of many of its principles, as annunciated and discussed in the books, discloses a constant improvement and development in keeping with advancing civilization and new conditions of society. (Holmes, "Common Law," 1-5, 36 et. seq.) Its guiding star has always been the rule of right and wrong, and in this country its principles demonstrate there is, in fact as well as in theory, a remedy for all wrongs.

The reader will find these principles set forth, together with a host of authorities in their support, by consulting 2 Corpus Juris, 178.

In order that we may properly ascertain just what principles are applicable to the relationship existing between Jesus Christ, His Church and mankind at large, we must first determine the legal nature of this relationship. For the law is divided according to its subject-matter. Thus we have the law of corporations, the law of partnership, the law of agency and many others, each with its own set of principles.

There can hardly be any question that the relation between Jesus Christ and His Church is that of principal and agent. Now, the question as to whether or not the relation between two persons is, or is not, that of principal and agent is to be determined according to whether the requirements set forth by law are met, and the ideas which the parties may hold on the subject have nothing to do with the matter.

- 2 Corpus Juris, 423—If the facts establish the relation of principal and agent as a matter of law, the intention of the parties is immaterial.
- 21 Ruling Case Law, 819—If the relations exist which will constitute an agency, it will be an agency whether the parties understood it or not. Their private intentions will not affect it.

Care must be used that this principle be not misunderstood. Agency will not be declared against the will of the principal. If, however, the court, after examining into the facts, find that all the legal requisites are present, then they will declare that the relation is that of principal and agent, whatever the principal's ideas on the subject may be.

It is also well to remember that the term "agent" is a very broad one and "includes a great many classes of persons to which distinctive appellations are given" (2 Corpus Juris, 420), as brokers, factors, attorneys, cashiers of banks, clerks, consignees, apprentices, auctioneers, bailees, executors and administrators, shipmasters, independent contractors, partners, public officers and trustees.

21 Ruling Case Law, 817. 2 Corpus Juris, 420.



Clark & Skyles on Agency, p. 6. Porter vs. Herman, 8 California, 619, 625. Norfolk and Western R. R. Co. vs. Cottrell, 83 Virginia 512, 517.

The question that we are called upon to decide is whether or not the legal requisites of an agency are presented as between Jesus Christ and His Church. Now the legal requisites are extremely simple: First, did the principal authorize the agent to perform certain acts for him? Secondly, did the agent act under his authorization?

The law on this subject is thus expressed in Sternaman vs. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 170 New York, 512, on page 517:

The distinguishing features of the agent are his representative capacity and his derivative authority.

In Wyngan vs. the State, 157 Indiana, 577, on page 579, the court said:

The term "agent" is one of wide signification. It is defined to be "one who acts for another by authority from him" (Webster's International Dictionary); "one who undertakes to transact some business or manage some affair for another, by authority and on account of the latter, and render an account of it" (I. American and Eng. Enc. of Law, second edition, 938.) The term "agent" may, therefore, be said to apply to any one who by authority performs an act for another.

Peters and St. Louis and S. F. R. R. Co., 150 Missouri

Appeals, 736, 737.

Clement vs. Caufield, 28 Vermont, 302, 304.

Norfolk and Western R. R. Co. vs. Cottrell, 83 Virginia, 512, 517.

2 Corpus Juris, 419.

Huffcut on Agency, page 5.

The legal test is, therefore whether Jesus Christ authorized the Church to do certain things, to perform certain acts, and whether the Church acted by virtue of such authorization.

With regard to the question as to whether or not Jesus Christ authorized His Church to represent Him, we might easily satisfy ourselves with a negative argument, that if Jesus Christ did not authorize the Roman Catholic Church to speak for and to represent Him, then He never founded any Church at all and His religion died with Him. And this is obvious enough, because the Roman Catholic Church is the only one that dates back to the time of the Apostles.

After all, however, this is but a negative argument and, like most negatives, it is not the most satisfactory form of argument, even

though it suffices. Now, the most natural place in which to look for any authorization, granted that it existed, would be in Holy Scripture. And here we find that:

CHRIST FOUNDED A CHURCH

St. Matthew, xvi., 18, 19—"And I say to thee: That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed in heaven."

But in the original it was far stronger than it appears in the English translation. "The word Peter in the Syro-Chaldaic tongue, which our Saviour spoke, means a rock. The sentence runs thus in that language: 'Thou art a rock, and on this rock I will build My Church.'

St. Matthew xviii., 17, 18—"And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican. Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven."

THE CHURCH IS AUTHORIZED TO PREACH THE GOSPEL

St. Mark xvi., 15—"Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

St. Matthew xxviii., 18-20—"And Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

WE MUST LISTEN TO THE CHURCH

St. Luke x., 16—"He that heareth you, heareth Me: and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me. And he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me."

St. Matthew xviii., 17—"And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican."

We have, therefore, proved that Jesus Christ did authorize His Church to perform certain acts. The second requisite is that the agent act under such authorization. That the Church did so act is a matter of history. We have, therefore, proved that the relation existing between Jesus Christ and His Church is that of principal and agent.

Possibly some may ask whether the relation is not that of master and servant rather than that of principal and agent. The law of



^{1 &}quot;The Faith of Our Fathers," p. 123.

master and servant is, however, to all practical purpose the same as that of principal and agent, and the principles which we will lay down in the course of this article are equally true in either case.

2 Corpus Juris, 423—The relations of principal and agent and master and servant are frequently confused. In general the principles governing the rights, duties and liabilities are the same, and to determine whether a given relation is one of agency or one of service is of no consequence. This results from the fact that the law of principal and agent is an outgrowth of the law of master and servant.

The legal distinction between these two relations is a very difficult matter even for a trained lawyer.

2 Corpus Juris, 423—The distinction between principal and agent and master and servant is very difficult to define.

Inasmuch as the legal consequences are in both cases the same, we do not believe that any good end would be attained by entering into a highly technical discussion on the subject.

Since the relation of Jesus Christ and His Church is that of principal and agent, the question that naturally arises is to ascertain to just what extent the principal, Jesus Christ, is bound by the acts of His agent, His Church.

First and obviously, a principal is bound by those acts which he expressly authorizes and which he intends his agent to perform. And this must obviously be so, since were the rule otherwise, he could never act through an agent. No one would be so foolish as to bind himself if the other party were not likewise bound.

Bank vs. Hay, 143 North Carolina, 326, 330—The principal is held liable upon a contract made by his agent with a third person: (1) When the agent acts within the scope of his actual authority.

Meecham on Agency, second edition, sec. 714—In determining the question of the existence of the agent's authority, the starting point must, of course, always be to ascertain the authority, if any, which was expressly, consciously and intentionally conferred by the principal upon the agent. Any act so authorized binds the principal upon the clearest doctrines of agency, and for this reason questions in this field very rarely arise.

Huffcut on Agency, page 128—It is obvious that if the principal has actually authorized the contract specifically or generally, that he will be bound by it in the same manner as if he had made it in person. The agent in such a case is merely an instrumentality which correctly manifests the will of the principal. This is the object of the agency and the object is attained. Every consideration that leads to the enforcement of contracts made in person calls equally for the enforcement of the contract made under these circumstances.

21 Ruling Case Law, 855—Very obviously the principal is liable for all such acts and statements of his agent as he may have expressly authorized.

As we have pointed out, Jesus Christ authorized His Church to preach the Gospel, and He commanded us to listen to her. Therefore, when we listen to her because Jesus Christ Himself commanded us to do so, he is bound just as much as though He were present and every word fell from His lips.

Further than this, let the reader remember that when an agent acts within the scope of his authority, when he performs the acts for which he was appointed by the principal, it is not the agent. in contemplation of law, who performs the act, but the principal. because "the agent in such a case is merely an instrumentality which correctly manifests the will of the principal.² And so much is such an act the act of the principal that the agent assumes no personal liability with regard to the proper carrying out of the contract.⁸ A humble example will make this clear enough. When you, gentle reader, go to the railroad station and purchase your ticket, it is the railroad company who sells the ticket through the instrumentality of the agent, and not the agent himself. In the same way, if you went to the store and bought furniture, it would be the store that sold the goods, acting through the salesman. If the furniture were not as represented, you would not dream of bringing action against the salesman personally, but you would feel that you should receive redress from the store itself. So when you, gentle reader, remembering that Jesus Christ has authorized His Church to preach the Gospel, receive her teachings on the word of Jesus Christ, you are receiving the teachings of Jesus Christ Himself, because it is Jesus Christ speaking through the instrumentality of His Church, the instrumentality which He Himself has made of His own free choice and in the selection of which you had absolutely no voice.

Since the Church is but the instrumentality through which Jesus Christ speaks, it necessarily follows that when the Church does so speak she is infallible. It is because this doctrine of infallibility is not understood that it is so strenuously resisted. When the Church claims to be infallible, she means no more than this: That when she speaks as the living representative of Jesus Christ she cannot commit error. Webster's International Dictionary defines "infallible" as follows:

Not fallible; not capable of erring; exempt from liability to mistake; unerring; inerrable. R. C. Ch. Incapable of error in defining doctrines of faith or morals.

8 Corpus Juris, 812.



² Huffcut on Agency, page 6.

Since it is not the Church, but Jesus Christ Himself, speaking through His chosen instrumentality, it follows that any error that the Church may commit is the error of Jesus Christ, which is an impossibility, because Jesus Christ is God. The reason that the Church cannot commit error is not based upon any peculiar wisdom of her members, but because those speaking have ceased to be mere men, acting on their own initiative and speaking from their own knowledge, but have become His living voice, authorized to speak for and by Him.

So far as the law is concerned we might well let the matter drop at this point, feeling that we had proved our proposition up to the hilt. So far as the authority of the Church is concerned, she is the living voice of Jesus Christ Himself. So far as its duration is concerned, it will last as long as this world will last (St. Matthew xxviii., 20).

Nevertheless, because of its extreme importance and because of the virulence with which it has been attacked, we have thought that further consideration is not at all out of place.

It is a well-settled principle of the law of agency that the powers which an agent receives should be construed according to the character bestowed upon the agent by the principal. Having given him the character of one authorized to speak for him in a given capacity, the principal cannot deny the authority.

Meecham on Agency, second edition, sec. 709—By the creation of the agency, the principal bestows upon the agent a certain character. For some purpose, during some time and to some extent, the agent is the alter ego, the other self of the principal. The purpose, time and extent are determined by the principal to suit the needs or objects he has in view, and which the agent is to accomplish. They, however, are matters with which third persons have no part; they are considered and determined by the principal alone. What third persons are interested in is not the secret processes of the principal's mind, but the visible result of these processes—the character in which the agent is held out by the principal to those who have occasion or opportunity to deal with him. This character is a tangible, discernible thing, and so far as third persons are concerned, must be held to be authorized, as it is the only expression and evidence from which the principal intends that they shall determine his purposes and objects. They must conclude, and have a right to conclude, that the principal intends the agent to have and exercise those powers, and those only, which naturally and properly belong to the character in which he holds him out.

The authority of an agent in any given case, therefore, is an attribute bestowed upon him in that case by the principal. Thus, if the principal has by his express act or by the logical and legal result of his words or conduct impressed upon the agent the

character of one authorized to act or speak for him in a given capacity, authority so to speak and act follows as a necessary attribute of the character, and the principal having conferred the character relied thereon in good faith, cannot assert that he did not intend to impose so much authority. . . . The latter question is one to be settled between the agent and himself. It rested with the principal to determine in the first instance what character he would impart, but having made the determination and imparted the character, he must be held to have intended also the usual and legal attributes of the character.

Harrison vs. Kansas City, C. and K. R. R. Co.; 50 Missouri Appeals, 332, 337—The general rule in such cases is that those dealing with an agent have a right to conclude that the principal intends the agent to have and exercise those powers and those only which necessarily, properly and legitimately belong to the character in which he holds him out.

Also, Austrian & Co. vs. Springer, 94 Michigan, 343, 349; Hibbard vs. Peck, 75 Wisconsin, 519—The authority of an agent in any given case is incidental to the character bestowed upon him by the principal. If the principal has by express act or the logical result of his words or conduct impressed upon the agent the character of one authorized to act and speak for him in a given capacity, authority so to speak and act follows as a necessary incident of the character, and the principal, having conferred the character, will not be heard to assert, as against third parties who relied thereon in good faith, that he did not intend to impose such authority.

Here Jesus Christ has given His Church the character of one authorized to speak for Him, and having conferred the character, He likewise conferred the authority.

Not only is the principal bound by such powers as he may have expressly given, but likewise such as are necessarily implied, such as are a necessary and proper means of carrying into effect the powers that he has expressly given.

The court in the case of the Title Guaranty and Surety Co. vs. Hay, 175 Kentucky, 671, 194 S. W., 922, on page 924, quotes 2 Corpus Juris, 576, as follows:

Express authority, as involved in the law of agency, is that authority which the principal directly grants to the agent, and this includes by implication, whether the agency is general or special, unless restricted to the contrary, all such powers as are proper and necessary as a means of effectuating the purposes for which the agency was created.

The court also quoted Meecham on Agency, sec. 282:

The authority of an agent, so far as it concerns the right of third persons, may thus be a composite matter made up of a number of elements. It consists, first and primarily, of the powers directly and intentionally conferred by the voluntary act of the principal; second, of those incidental powers which are reasonably necessary and proper to carry into effect the main powers conferred and which are not likewise known to be prohibited.

Referring to these and other authorities, the court said:

From these authorities it follows that the authority of a general agent, as to third persons, is to be determined by the nature of the business and is prima facie coextensive with its requirements. Citations.

Dispatch Printing Co. vs. National Bank of Commerce, 109 Minnesota, 440, 448. Express authority, as involved in the law of principal and agent, is that which the principal expressly grants to the agent, and this includes by implication, whether the agency be general or special, unless restricted to the contrary, all such powers as are proper and necessary as a means of effectuating the purposes for which the agency was created.

In Cullinen vs. Bowker, 180 New York, 93, on page 97, the court said that the powers which the agent received include "all the usual means for the effective performance of his duties."

United States Bedding Co. vs. Andre, 41 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1019, 1021; 105 Arkansas, 111; National Bank of the Republic vs. Old Town Bank, 112 Federal, 726, 728; Channell Bros. vs. West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co., 87 S. E. (W. Va.), 876; Douglas & Varnum vs. Village of Morrisville, 95 Atl. (Vermont), 810, 831; Moler vs. Louisville & Nashville R. R. Co., 195 S. W. (Mo.), 524; Harrison vs. Kansas City, C. & S. R. R. Co., 50 Missouri Appeals, 332, 21 Ruling Case Law, 843.

The question is, therefore, to decide what powers are implied when Jesus Christ expressly commanded His Church to preach the Gospel and to teach all nations. Obviously, if there is a duty resting on the Church to teach us, there is a duty resting on us to be taught by the Church. Otherwise Christ would be commanding His Church to do a vain task, because the command can be carried out only when we are taught. A teacher necessarily implies pupils, and as Jesus Christ commanded His Church to teach all, so we are all commanded to listen to her. One necessarily follows the other.

The power which the Church claims to compel obedience and to insist that we receive her teachings, the power to pledge that her doctrines are the doctrines of Jesus Christ and that her words are His words, is the necessary and proper means of carrying into effect her power to teach all nations and to preach the Gospel. Whatever power she has to enforce her teachings she receives by virtue of the authority conferred upon her by Jesus Christ. Aside from this she is absolutely without any authority of any nature whatsoever. There is no power inherent in her ministers as individuals. Wisdom gives them no authority any more than mere knowledge of the law au-

thorizes our judiciary. Therefore, unless she can give assurance that what she teaches is the living voice of Jesus Christ, we are under no obligation whatsoever to listen to her, and she would be without the power to preach the Gospel or to teach all nations. Without it you, gentle reader, would have just as much authority to teach as does the Church. It is by virtue of the jurisdiction which the court receives that gives authority to its decisions and renders its decrees the law of the land. It is just as essential to the orderly administration of the law of Jesus Christ that His Church be authorized to take cognizance and to decide the various questions as they arise. We have only to look at the religious anarchy that exists in the Protestant world to-day to see where a contrary principle would lead.

Further than this, if we had the power of reviewing the teachings of the Church and of deciding just how far she could go, as to just when she was preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ and just when she was not, then we would be in authority over the Church and we would be teaching the Gospel to the Church and not the Church teaching the Gospel to us.

15 Corpus Juris, 721. A superior court is a court with controlling authority over some other court or courts. . . Inferior courts are those which are subordinate to other courts or which are of a very limited jurisdiction; those which are of a very restricted jurisdiction and whose judgments and decrees can be reviewed by the higher tribunals.

Does the body of the Church constitute a superior court to which the Church should look to for guidance?

15 Corpus Juris, 1025. The principal function of such courts [appellate courts] is the exercise of supervision over the subordinate courts, and the correction of errors which the latter courts have committed.

We wonder if any one really believes that the duties of the body of the Church is to supervise the teaching body of the Church and to correct its errors, and that if it is not possible that when Jesus Christ commanded His Church to teach that He meant exactly what He said, and that in case of conflict when we, in our wisdom, decide one way and the Church another, that He intended that the Church should constitute the superior tribunal, that she should constitute our court of appeals rather than that the Church should look to us for enlightenment? We leave it to our readers to decide which is the more reasonable.

Lest any doubt remain in the mind of the reader and lest there be any fear that, after all, the Church, being composed of human beings endowed with free will, that in the course of time she may have "gone wrong," and that she may have fallen away, and that she no longer represents the teachings of Jesus Christ, and that. therefore, she is no longer acting as His living representative on earth, we will next take up the principles of what is known to lawyers as "equitable estoppel." In its essentials it is simple enough. If I by my words or conduct (or even silence when in good faith and good conscience I should speak) induce a third person to perform some act or to alter his position for the worse, and a man of ordinary prudence under the same circumstances would have soacted, then I will not be permitted to assert the truth, because it would be a fraud on my part, nor will I be permitted to assert that the facts are other than I represented them to be. An example will clear this up. I loan Frank Jones \$5,000 on his house. I, by my conduct, induce him to believe that Browne is my agent, and that he (Jones) may safely repay the money to him. I will be estopped to deny, as Jones has acted on my representations to his detriment. Again, Smith owns an automobile. Jones, in his presence, offers it for sale, receives the money and walks off with the proceeds. Smith is estopped to deny Jones' authority either to sell the machine or to receive payment. He should have spoken. Here, by keeping silence, he is helping consummate a fraud. He will not be permitted to speak. He is estopped.

A pretty example of this principle is contained in the case of Merchants' Bank vs. State Bank, 10 Wallace (U. S.), 604. Here the cashier (Smith) had certified certain checks. The firm issuing these checks failed. They were sued on and the defense was that the cashier had no authority to certify checks. The court decided, in effect, that having placed this official in a position where he appeared to have this authority (the power to certify checks being one of the incidental powers of a cashier), and the other party, in reliance thereon, having acted to its detriment, the State bank was estopped to deny the authority of its cashier.

Speaking on the question of estoppel, the court on page 645 said as follows:

The rule proceeds upon the consideration that the author of the misfortune shall not himself escape the consequences and cast the burden upon another. Smith was the cashier of the State Bank. As such he approached the Merchants' Bank. The bank did not approach him. Upon the faith of his acts and declarations it parted with its property. The misfortune occurred through him, and as the case appears in the record, upon the plainest principles of justice the loss should fall upon the defendant. The ethics and law of the case alike require this result.

Those who created the trust appointed the trustee and clothed him

⁴ Clark on Corporations, page 483.

with the powers that enabled him to mislead, if there was any mis-

leading, ought to suffer rather than the other party.

In the Bank of the United States vs. Davis, Nelson, Chief Justice, said: "The plaintiffs appointed the director and held him out to their customers and the public as entitled to confidence. They placed him in a position where he has been enabled to commit this fraud."

The director had fraudulently appropriated the proceeds of a bill discounted for the drawer. It was held that the drawer was not liable.

The reasoning of Justice Selden in the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Kent county vs. the Butchers and Drovers' Bank is also strikingly apposite to the case before us. He said: "The bank selects the teller and places him in a position of great responsibility. Persons having no voice in his selection are obliged to deal with the bank through him. If, therefore, while acting in the business of the bank and within the scope of his employment, so far as is known or can be seen by the party dealing with him, he is guilty of misrepresentation, ought not the bank to be responsible?"

It was expressly laid down by Lord Holt in Hern vs. Nichols. He said there: "For seeing somebody must be a loser by this deceit, it is more reason that he that employs and puts trust and confidence in the deceiver should be a loser than a stranger."

And upon this the plaintiff had a verdict.

Dickerson vs. Colgrove, 100 U. S., 578, 580—The estoppel here relied upon is known as an equitable estoppel, or estoppel in pais. The law upon the subject is well settled. The vital principle is that he who by his language or conduct leads another to do that which he would not otherwise have done shall not subject such person to loss or injury by disappointing the expectations upon which he acted. Such a change of position is sternly forbidden. It involves both fraud and falsehood, and the law abhors both.

People's Bank vs. National Bank, 101 U. S., 181, 183—Where one of two innocent parties must suffer by the wrongful act of a third, he who gave the power to do the wrong must bear the burden of the consequences.

In Johnson vs. Hurley, 115 Missouri, 513, the facts are as follows: Hurley bought some land from Johnson through his agent. This agent forged the deed and absconded with the proceeds. The court, in passing upon these facts, on page 520 made the following citation, taken from Meecham on Agency:

It may therefore be stated as a general rule that, whenever a person has held another out as his agent, authorized to act for him in a given capacity, or has knowingly and without dissent permitted such other to act as his agent in such capacity, or where his habits and course of dealing have been such as to

reasonably warrant the presumption that such other was his agent authorized to act in that capacity, whether it was a single transaction or a series of transactions, his authority to such other to act for him in that capacity will be conclusively presumed so far as it may be necessary to protect the rights of third persons who have relied thereon in good faith and in the exercise of reasonable prudence, and he will not be permitted to deny such other was his agent, authorized to do the act which he assumed to do, provided that such act was within the real or apparent scope of the presumed authority.

See likewise:

Bush Grocery Co. vs. Conely, 61 Florida, 131, 135.

Haubelt Bros. vs. Pea & Page Mill Co., 77 Missouri Appeals, 672.

Johnston vs. Milwaukee & Wyoming Investment Co., 46 Ne-

braska, 480, 490.

Holt vs. Schneider, 57 Nebraska, 523. Faulkner vs. Simms, 68 Nebraska, 205.

Nollinger vs. Fleer, 157 North Carolina, 81.

2 Corpus Juris, 570.

Huffcut on Agency, sec. 102.

It may be insisted that it is absurd to apply the law of estoppel to Jesus Christ. The reader must remember, however, that the whole law of estoppel is founded on justice. As the court said in Small vs. Houseman, 208 New York, 115, on page 123: "The question of estoppel is one of ethics and is to be enforced when in good conscience and honest dealing it ought to be." The principal is "estopped" to assert certain rights because it would be unjust for him to do so, because it would be a fraud upon innocent persons. There is no question that God is infinitely just. He will never cheat or defraud you. Therefore when we speak of estoppel as applied to Jesus Christ, we mean no more than to assert that it is in contravention with one of His divine attributes, that He is infinitely just.

Here Jesus Christ appears to have given His Church certain powers. He has placed her in a position, so far as third persons are concerned, where she has the right to speak for Him, to represent Him. If we act in reliance on His word, as the court of law would express it, He will be estopped to deny that He gave these powers or that His Church is acting in a different manner from that which He intended.

Further, let the reader remember that it was Jesus Christ Himself who chose the Church as His representative. We had nothing to do with it. We do not obey the Church because we elect to do so, but because we are commanded to do so by Jesus Christ. Further than this, He was not obliged to carry on His work through

a Church at all. He could have taught us by means of an angel, had He so elected, or He could have continued to speak in person. He could have written His message in the heavens or He could have written it on tablets and given them to us, just as He gave His commandments to Moses. He chose none of these methods. Instead, He chose His Church to be His living voice, and having so chosen and having given His Church the character of one elected to speak for Him, He will be estopped to deny the authority and the method of its fulfillment in the case of all who relied on His word to their detriment.

Perhaps it may occur to some of our readers to inquire about the Protestant Churches. Are they not likewise the agents of Jesus Christ? Do they not likewise bind Him just as the Catholic Church binds Him? Did not the Protestant Church succeed the Catholic Church when the Catholic Church "went wrong" in the Middle Ages?

So far as the Catholic Church "going wrong" is concerned, we must remember that she is in the service of her principal and not of third persons. For any dereliction of duty the agent is answerable solely to his principal. It is not for third persons to pass judgment upon the manner in which the agent is fulfilling his duties. Try to imagine, if you can, the following: John Brown is an agent of the Standard Oil Company. Frank Smith owns an automobile. He says to himself: "I do not like the way Brown is running his agency. I will go downtown, run him out and take over the duties myself." That is exactly what the so-called reformers did in the Middle Ages. "The Catholic Church is not teaching the Gospel to my liking. I will do it for her." And they have just as much authority to represent Jesus Christ as Frank Smith has to consider himself a representative of the Standard Oil Company.

The reader should remember that there is no such thing as a self-appointed agent.

2 Corpus Juris, 560—It is fundamental in the law of agency that the power of every agent to bind his principal rests upon the authority conferred upon him by the principal.

It is a matter of history when the different Protestant Churches came into existence, and that this happened many centuries after the death of Jesus Christ. They are, therefore obviously without any authority from Him. If Smith claims the right to do certain things because he was authorized by Brown, and that he received this authority in 1919, and we know that Brown died in 1910, it does not take any extended argument to demonstrate just what his claim is worth. The Catholic Church is the only Christian Church

that dates back to Jesus Christ, and she is, therefore, the only Church that is authorized to speak for Him.

As this article deals particularly with the law, we cannot do better than conclude with the following extracts taken from two of the latest and best known legal authorities:

2 Corpus Juris, 562—As a general rule every person who undertakes to deal with an alleged agent is by the mere fact of agency put upon inquiry, and must discover at his peril that it is in its nature and extent sufficient to permit the agent to do the proposed act, and that its source can be traced to the will of the alleged principal.

2 Corpus Juris, 564—If such person makes no inquiry, but chooses to rely on the agent's statements, he is chargeable with knowledge of the agent's authority, and his ignorance of its extent will be no excuse to him, and the fault cannot be thrown upon the principal, who never authorized the act or contract.

Meecham on Agency, second edition, sec. 743—An assumption of authority to act as an agent for another of itself challenges inquiry. Like a railroad crossing, it should be in itself a sign of danger and suggest the duty to "stop, look and listen." It is therefore declared to be a fundamental rule, never to be lost sight of and not easily to be overestimated, that persons dealing with an assumed agent, whether the assumed agent be a general or a special one, are bound at their peril, if they would hold the principal, to ascertain not only the fact of the agency, but the nature and extent of the authority, and in case either is controverted, the burden of proof is on them to establish it.

BLAINE COPPINGER.

Washington, D. C.

THE PASSION IN THE LITTLE HOURS. (Concluded.)

SATURDAY.

Prime. Psalm 93. Two sections. "Deus ultionum Dominus." Psalm 107. "Paratum cor meum."

Terce. Psalm 101. "Domine exaudi," in three sections.

Sext. Psalm 103. "Benedic anima mea Domino," in three sections.

None. Psalm 108. "Deus laudem meam," in three sections.

HE psalmody of the Little Hours on Saturday may be regarded almost as a summary or recapitulation of the thoughts already met with in the course of this part of the Office on the other days of the week. "On the seventh day God ended His work which He had made: and He rested on the seventh day from all the works which He had done" (Gen. ii., 2); and as with the great work of Creation, so with the still greater work of Redemption. The "consummatum est" was followed by the Sabbath rest. "Throughout that day," writes Fouard, "what feelings swept over the hearts of the disciples? . . . We might justly confess to a great longing to know something of the conversation of these men after having been so bitterly undeceived, to hear their complaints and sympathize with their passionate regrets. But the Gospel is silent concerning the exceeding wretchedness they must have felt that day, and we are told simply of their fidelity to the Law: 'And on the Sabbath day they rested according to the commandment.' (Luke xxiii., 56.)"

Still we may well imagine them going over in thought again and again the various stages of the Passion; comparing their experiences; pondering in sorrow the downfall of their hopes, and mourning in accents of self-reproach the cowardly desertion of Him to whom they owed the utmost loyalty; by whom they should have stood to the very last: "Quis consurget mihi adversus malignantes? aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem." . . . "Who shall rise up for Me against the evil-doers, or who shall stand with Me against the workers of iniquity?" (v. 16). We shall find how easy it is, under the shadow of Saturday's psalmody, to unite in spirit with these troubled souls, so full of regrets and compunction.

And the faithful ones also! They, too, had their thoughts, their prayers, their hopes, on that long drawn-out Sabbath. The psalmody for the Little Hours to-day will bring them also into our picture; possibly words from these very psalms would be on their lips. Cer-

tainly as they gazed round the Temple—the veil of which to the consternation of all had been rent in twain—well might they exclaim: "Deus ultionum Dominus." "The Lord is the God, to whom revenge belongeth; the God of revenge hath acted freely." The Passion and death of their Master became a new and enlightening commentary on so much that had been but literally true to them hitherto.

And Mary, too; strange lights flash out at intervals which reveal the hidden thoughts of her heart; dark though the hour was for her, she had her moments of consolation: "Consolationes tuae laetificaverunt animam meam": "according to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart, thy comforts have given joy to my soul" (v. 19) . . . "exurge, gloria mea . . . exurgam diluculo"; she, at least, knew that her Son was not to be straitened forever in the cold embrace of the sepulchre; He would "rise early" and she, too, would rise early to meet Him. And Holy Mother Church has her own thoughts on this Sabbath-day. Under her sure guidance, we, too, have our retrospect of the blackness of the hour that is past; but already in these psalms she is anticipating; busy with the thought of the grand Restoration that shall take place on the morrow.

Thus, our "Attente ac devote" is easily secured for this portion of the Office. An atmosphere quite its own hangs over the psalmody. The purple and white of Holy Saturday are easily distinguishable. The night is still there, but dawn is breaking.

The dominant thought in the first psalm of Prime is that God will judge and punish the oppressors of the people—wicked rulers who crush the helpless; and this calls forth, as is the Psalmist's wont, an act of supreme confidence in the nearness of God and the certainty of forthcoming help. It is easy to see how this train of thought fits in with the sorrow-laden reflections of the faithful followers of Christ all through the long day that succeeded the Crucifixion. And so with ourselves. We can stand in spirit at the foot of the Cross; the Divine Victim no longer hangs upon it, for His mangled body lies in the tomb; but all the traces of the dire tragedy are fresh and more startling perhaps than when the tragedy was actually being enacted: three dread crosses standing in bold outline against the sky; the ground saturated with the Blood of the world's Redeemer; indications at every turn of a violent and infuriated rabble: "They will hunt after the soul of the just, and will condemn innocent blood": "captabunt in animam justi: et sanguinem innocentem condemnabunt" (v, 21). The words will recall the crime of the traitor: "I have sinned in betraying innocent blood"; as also does the title, "a psalm . . . on the fourth day of the week"; the day, as some of the commentators remind us, on which Judas betrayed his Master; and they add that in this psalm his punishment is foretold. Certainly this may be one of the thoughts suggested by the psalm; but its scope is wider. The scene on Calvary, with the wreckage of brightest hopes strewn relentlessly on every side, told a story of greater import, and far more embracing than the personal sin and retribution of Judas: "Numquid adhaeret tibi sedes iniquitatis: qui fingis laborem in praecepto." "Doth the seat of iniquity stick to thee, who framest labor in commandment?" i. e., Wilt Thou O God, who art always just, admit of the seat of iniquity, that is, of injustice, or or unjust judges, to 'stick to Thee,' to have any partnership with Thee? Oui fingis, Thou who framest or makest labor in commandment, i. e., Thou who dost oblige or command us to labor, to bear the burden of sorrow and suffering, to endure much that is repugnant to human nature: Thou surely wilt not be so hard and unjust as to refuse the "oil of sweet consolation" which softens and soothes; which alone can make endurable the chafing burdens that the unjust at all times put upon the just. "Uness the Lord had been my helper my soul had almost dwelt in hell." The Psalmist is simply forestalling the sentiment of the words, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and so to enter into His glory?" He is stating a universal principle of God's economy, and we catch the full sense of his words as we gaze upon the Cross. "Now indeed is your hour and the power of darkness." But it is only an hour. "How long shall sinners, O Lord, how long shall sinners glory?" It is a universal fact that iniquity does abound, that apparently it prospers; and the Passion of Christ, His condemnation and death. stand out for all time as the most penetrating presentment of the problem. But "The Lord is the God to whom revenge belongeth. . . He will render them their iniquity; and in their malice He will destroy them. . . . He will rise up against the evildoers . . . qui viduam et advenam interfecerunt et pupillos occiderunt . . . qui hereditatem vexaverunt . . . who have slain the widow and the strangers and the fatherless and have afflicted thine inheritance." St. Augustine's commentary enables us to focus these truths very simply: "Because Christ came humble, and in mortal flesh, and to die, not to do as sinners, but to suffer as sinners . . . what did they do? They seized Him, they scourged, mocked, buffeted, besmeared Him with spittle, crowned Him with thorns, lifted Him on the Cross, at last slew Him. And what followed. . . . 'Exaltare qui judicas terram. Be exalted, Thou Judge of the world.' Because they imprisoned Him when humble, thinkest thou they will imprison Him when exalted? Because they judged Him when mortal, will they not be

judged by Him when immortal? . . . They who ought to have seized on Thee with faith, seized Thee with persecution; Thou, then, because Thou hast suffered, Be exalted; that is, arise again; depart into heaven." (In loco.)

Here then we have a psalm which fits in very well with the pious thought of reciting our Little Hours on Saturday, in prayerful commune with the sorrowing friends of our crucified Lord on that "Great Sabbath Day." Its general characteristic is one of quiet sympathy with the oppressed coupled with a confident expectation of some ultimate joyous revelation of God. One detects in the picture the soft tone of resignation, of quiet tenderness which in spite of much sorrow never darkens to despair. Light there is, but it is subdued; the soul is heavy with grief and cannot yet sing its Jubilate, but help is not far distant, "Deus meus in adjutorium spei meae."

Much the same healthy outlook over the dark seas characterizes the next psalm: "Paratum cor meum Deus: paratum cor meum." Already we have made acquaintance with this psalm in the course of our studies, though under another form. The first five verses are identical with the last five of Psalm Ivi. (Wednesday Sext.); the last eight verses being almost word for word with the last eight of Psalm lix. (Wednesday None.) The devotional application will therefore be more or less the same, with perhaps this slight difference subjectively (i. e., to such as are reciting this part of the Office as suggested, in pious union with the faithful few on that "Great Sabbath Day"), that there is now a more insistent call to look ahead. Victory will come on the very wings of the morn. The force of the enemy is spent, broken to atoms on the rock of Calvary. The torrent of iniquity is fast subsiding; it has reached the highwater level. The agony of retrospect is beginning to dissolve even now into the joy of anticipation. Throughout this psalm the soul of the inspired writer, strong in its conviction of the triumph that must be, seems to wrestle with "tribulation" as with a weaker adversary. "Nonne tu Deus exibis in virtutibus nostris? Da nobis auxilium in tribulatione quia vana salus hominis" (v. 13.) His is the warrior's morning song: "exurgam diluculo"; I will arise in the morning early. "In Deo faciemus virtutem," Through God we shall do mightily (vv. 2-13). Similarly with the warfare and subsequent triumph of the second David. There is no resisting Him. His conquests will extend beyond the confines of Ephraim and Manasses; beyond the land of Juda even to the "strong cities of Moab and Edom of the Gentiles." From Edom the all-conquering Messias will come, stained with the blood of battle, "tinctis vestibus de Bosra"; he will return laden with spoil: "dilecti laberantur.... alienigenae amici facti"; His own beloved ones freed from bendage, aliens become His friends (v. 10). He will divide the spoil between them; "convallem tabernaculorum dimetiar" (v. 9). He shall give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance. The "mercy and truth" of God must ultimately prevail (v. 4), and therefore, although the soul is keeping watch by the sepulchre, although the sense of abandonment is if possible keener now than it was; still somehow there is a knocking at the door of the heart, which gets stronger, more persistent and more audible as the darkness of Good Friday recedes and Easter approaches with the message of Victory. "Ipse ad nihilum reducet inimicos . . . confitebor tibi in populis. . . . I will sing unto Thee among the nations."

TERCE

Psalm ci., the "Domine exaudi" which comes in Terce, is the fifth of the penitential psalms. It bears the following title in the Vulgate: "Oratio pauperis, cum anxius fuerit, et in conspectu Domini effuderit precem suam," which the Douai translation renders "The prayer of the poor man, when he was anxious, and poured out his supplication to the Lord." There are two broad divisions; the first from v. 1 to 12; the second from v. 13 to the end. The former is an earnest, pathetic lament; anguish and sorrow rule; then a sudden transition beginning with the words "Tu autem Domine in aeternum permanes"; the Psalmist has a vision of better things; and his earlier pleading plaint passes into a sustained though subdued song of calm confidence for the future, and sweet restfulness in the thought of God's eternal unchangeableness.

Of these two main sections, there are subdivisions: vv. 1-6—the reiterated cry, as of one startled by the sudden imminence of danger: "clamor . . . oratio . . . velociter exaudi inclina"; vv. 7-11—the sense of complete abandonment, "like to a pelican of the wilderness," and the "night-raven" (nycticorax) in the house; i. e., conveying the idea of solitude and darkness; or a kindred thought, "passer solitarius in tecto," for the sparrow having lost its mate, mourns in or near its nest; v. 12 gathers up the anguish and heart-break of the preceding verses in two irresistible similes, two master strokes of the pen, viz.; "umbra declinans" and "foenum arescens." The shadow is but the antithesis of all that is firm and lasting; while the bent or "declining" shadow is even now on its way to destruction, and tells of the near approach of night. The withered grass, cut down by the scythe, or dried up by the sun's scorching rays, tells of a spirit prostrated in grief even to the very earth.

One need only say in passing that the sublime imagery in this part of our psalm is vividly and prophetically applicable to the "Man

of Sorrows." It speaks to the soul like the unveiling of the Crucifix on Good Friday. It tells not merely of physical pain; of enemies "reproaching all the day long"; of the hopelessness of a crowd which could pass with such callous ease from the joyous cries of Hosanna to the strident shout of "Crucifigatur": "they that praised me, did swear against me," "qui laudabant me adversus me jurabant," all this and more. There is agony of heart which is wrong not by personal woe. The anguish here is surely vicarious. The "vox gemitus mei," "the voice of my groaning" (v. 6) recalls the scene at the grave of Lazarus. "Jesus therefore . . . groaned in the spirit and troubled Himself . . . Jesus therefore, again groaning in Himself cometh to the sepulchre" (John v., 36, 38), "groaning," as some think, partly with sorrow, partly with indignation, at the thought of sin and death brought into God's fair world by Satan, the enemy of high-born creatures, made only a little less than the angels; made to the image and likeness of God Himself; "fremens," that is with a shudder or convulsion of horror, for He sees all things so clearly, and hears the never-ending wail of those who have been duped by Satan; and "He Himself bore our sins in His Body on the tree"; He stood even as a solitary reef on a rockbound coast, protecting but unprotected, save by His own innate Divine strength.

The second part of the psalm is cast in a lighter and more hopeful mould. Consolation follows quickly in the wake of desolation. After battling with the raging storm through a jet-black night, with the ever-present peril of shipwreck, the disconsolate mariner sees the dawn break at long last, the horizon becomes clearly visible, and land is in sight. Even so with the Psalmist, as he realizes the near deliverance of his people. "Tu exurgens misereberis Sion. . . . Thou shalt arise and have mercy on Sion; for it is time to have mercy on it, for the time is come" (v. 14).

The sub-divisions to this section are clearly marked. They form a complete and very practical commentary on the "misereberis" of verse 14. First the national deliverance with the subsequent rebuilding of the Temple and the city: "aedificavit Dominus Sion"; then the fear of God's name extending even to Gentiles (vv. 14-18). Generations yet unborn will hear of all these mercies; and "being assembled together," in the Sion of the New Law, with "kings" in their midst, will "serve the Lord" (vv. 15-23). The pledge of all this is that the efficient Cause is none other than the Son of God, of whom the Psalmist writes—as we know from St. Paul (Heb. i.): "In the beginning, O Lord, Thou foundedest the earth; and the heavens are the works of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou remainest: and all of them shall grow old like a garment: and as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed. But

thou art always the self-same, and Thy years shall not fail" (vv. 26, 27.)

In this psalm, then, we have again the purple and white of Holy Saturday: and even the brief survey we have taken will suffice to show how exceedingly appropriate it is for recitation "in Sabbato": and this, all the more so, if we accept the view that probably the psalm was written towards the close of the captivity, when doubt no longer remained as to the return of the people and their reinstatement in the land of their fathers. Or even if this be taken as a Davidic psalm, the same devotional experience attaches to it. whether he be describing his own personal experience of joyous release after a dark night of suffering and pain, or whether, with prophetic vision he sees and describes the dawn of God's mercy on a recalcitrant people. The subject-matter is much the same in each hypothesis. There has been a period of almost overwhelming sadness in which the spirit has been sorely tried; and as the title suggests, the sorrow and heart-searching have been personal rather than national; the "poor man," anxious and suppliant, is at the foot of the Cross; but his Good Friday is coming to an end. And as he looks away from the Cross, from the long drawn out captivity, a new and brighter prospect opens out before him. The mournful strains with which he began pass through gentle modulations into a brighter key of hope and confidence: "He hath looked forth from His high sanctuary; from heaven the Lord hath looked upon the earth." God has not forsaken; deliverance is at hand. A new nation will declare the name of the Lord in Sion:-the Church to come, which issued from the side of the Redeemer on the Cross:-"a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, to declare His virtues, who hath called you out of darkness into His admirable light." (I. Peter ii., 9.)

SEXT.

Psalm ciii.—Benedic anima mea Domino. One may well imagine that this poetic setting of the first chapter of Genesis, beautifully rounded off as it is, with the thought of God's joy in creation:— "laetabitur Dominus in operibus suis":—found a place among the psalms that were sung in the Temple on the Sabbath day. For our own devotion, we may recite it in company with the Apostles and friends of Him who had been done to death but yesterday; and now lies cold and motionless in the tomb. We may take up the thought already thrown out in *Terce*; where the Psalmist, almost paraphrasing the words, "Per quem omnia facta sunt," shows us how unexpectedly a psalm is found to have a Messianic character "ab Initio tu, Domine, terram fundasti: et opera manuum tuarum sunt coeli"... So here. The keynote of our meditation rings out towards

the end, at verse 30: Emittes spiritum tuum: "Thou shalt send forth thy spirit . . . and thou shalt renew the face of the earth." The Redemption is a new creation; or a renewal and exaltation of the old. Darkness once again gives way before the light, and death, which had usurped the throne of life, is cast down by Him in whom is all life. In the first creation, winter soon followed on the heels of spring: It was a long winter; but in the new order established by the outpouring of the Precious Blood, fresh forces of life were set in motion; winter passed; there came a second spring:—life emerged out of death. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix., 22); "that which thou sowest is not quickened unless it die first" (I. Cor. xv., 36). In a word, then, our "Saturday" thought when reciting this psalm will have a double facet: death as a vivifying and re-creative action; death as the very cure of death. This is the mystery of the Cross of Christ, "qui mortem nostram moriendo destruxit, et vitam resurgendo reparavit"; and the Psalmist is looking towards this happy consummation. Sin is at the root of the mischief. Out of chaos, God had evolved order and design in the physical world: "The mountains ascend and the plains descend in the place which thou hast set for them. . . . He hath made the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. . . . How great are thy works, O Lord; thou hast made all things in wisdom." All was harmony till sin introduced disorder. Man was the only being "capabilis exorbitationis" (Tertullian); and out of his orbit, he strayed. Hence the prophetic prayer of verse 35: "Deficiant peccatores a terra"; let sinners be consumed out of the earth . . . so that they be no more: O my soul, bless thou the Lord. Let chaos once again be reduced to law and order; let the earth be renewed and purified; let harmony be restored; and as in the first creation "God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good"; so now, after the "renewal" and restoration, "the Lord shall rejoice in his works." A new Sabbath of creation will dawn; it will be a day of rest and of "delight in the Lord" (v. 34); a new temple will rear its head on the ruins of the old; and the song of praise will never depart from it: "Cantabo Domino in vita mea: psallam Deo meo quamdiu sum"; I will sing to the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. "Quam magnificata sunt opera tua, Domine . . . benedic anima mea Domino."

This renewal or restoration is amply drawn out in the theology of the New Testament; and especially we may turn to the convincing description of the work of Christ as given in the Epistle to the Ephesians. "God hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings . . . in Christ . . . that He might make known unto us the mystery

of His will . . . in the dispensation of the fullness of times, to re-establish all things in Christ, that are in heaven and on earth, in Him." Here is the re-juvenation foretold by the Psalmist. The whole of creation, bound up together and perfected in Christ as its head, is led back in the most perfect manner to God, its first principle, from which sin had partly led it away. "Not by the works of justice which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the laver of regeneration, and renovation of the Holy Ghost" (iii., 5). Christ is the crown, the centre and the foundation of a new and higher order of things (vide Wilhelm and Scannel. II., 195).

Thoughts such as these fit in very appositely with the meditations one makes in spirit alongside the sepulchre of our Divine Master. As we look away from the dereliction of Calvary, we soon recognize that brighter hopes have come to the birth. All things are to be restored in Him. The fair face of creation will be renewed and shine with a glory greater even than that which covered it when first it emanated from the omnipotent hand of the Creator.

NONE.

Psalm. cviii.—"Deus laudem ne tacueris."

We have now come to the last psalm of the Little Hours; and as we shall see, it very helpfully touches on many of the points raised in the course of the previous psalmody; summarizing them; bringing them into one small focus, beginning with the iniquity of Judas, and traveling quickly on to the final assurance of God's protecting hand. The summary, as given in our Douai version, is: "David, in the person of Christ, prayeth against his persecutors; more especially the traitor Judas; foretelling and approving his just punishment for his obstinacy in sin and final impenitence." St. Peter is our authority for finding in the psalm an allusion to the traitor-apostle. In Acts i., 15-18 we read: "In those days Peter rising up in the midst of the brethren, said: . . . Men, brethren, the Scripture must be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost foretold by the mouth of David, concerning Judas, who was the leader of them that apprehended Jesus . . . he indeed hath possessed a field of the reward of iniquity, and being hanged, burst asunder in the midst: and all his bowels gushed out . . . for it is written in the Book of Psalms 'let another take his Bishopric'"; "episcopatum ejus accipiat alter" (v. 8.) And not Judas only, but the Jews also who followed his iniquitous lead are probably to be included in the prophet's scathing denunciations. (So St. Augustine and others of the Fathers. Migne, in loco.)

This is one of what are known as the "psalms of imprecation" and one has to go by circuitous paths in order to extract devotion

from them. It is quite clear that holy David is not to be credited with the appalling vindictive spirit which at first seems to characterize them. "Memento Domine David et omnis mansuetudinis ejus!" His whole history, in fact, gives the lie to that supposition. One suggestion is that the psalm is to be regarded as a prophecy in the form of a curse; and this has in its favor that though the verbs are in the optative mood in our versions, in the Hebrew they are in the future tense.

Secondly, it has been suggested that these so-called imprecations or curses are to be understood as searching judgments pronounced by the Supreme Judge at the final reckoning. We have a parallel case in the chastisements with which Moses threatens the Israelites if they should ever abandon the law given by God. The imprecatory style is adopted, as if the transgressions had already taken place. The maledictions that occur in our psalm had no real historical fulfillment as far as the enemies of holy David were concerned; hence they can only be regarded as anticipatory judgments or sentences on the traitor in particular, and the Jewish people in general.

It is well to bear in mind also, the genius of the language and the vivid imagery with which ideas are clothed, especially in the psalms. Ideas are dealt with in concrete form: some times in terms of created things, sometimes of everyday experience. Thus, the praises of God are distributed all over the gamut of creation. Sun, moon, stars, things above and below, inanimate and animate, serve as channels through which the Psalmist pours out the rich torrents of his thought; and so here, when announcing the sentence of the Almighty on the workers of iniquity. The imagery will of course be different, though his method will be the same. He views sin through the spectrum of inspiration. He can see it with a thoroughness of which the unaided soul is incapable; and his analysis, in consequence, is searching and penetrating. However exaggerated his language may seem, it falls far below the reality of the evils he has in mind. And so, when he hurls out the terrible words "Diabolus stet a dextris ejus" . . . "oratio ejus fiat in peccatum," it is the expression, as far as vivid language can render the thought, of the unconscionable treason that led to Deicide, as Bellarmine comments: "The devil will be his guide in all his acts, will constantly stand alongside him, or rather will drag him with the chain of avarice, as he would a dog, and excite him to bite his own master" . . . "to which may be added that Judas' prayer was turned to sin because, instead of asking assistance from God, he asked it of the devil, who suggested to him the hanging of himself."

From Judas, the Psalmist passes on to some of the stages of the Passion; of which, as we have said, there is almost a summary.

"Libera me quia egenus et pauper ego sum; cor meum conturbatum est intra me." "Do thou deliver me, for I am poor and needy, and my heart is troubled within me." The words of our Lord just before His Passion will come to mind; "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour" (John xii., 27); or again, the anguish of soul in the garden: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." In the next verse, 23, "Sicut umbra declinat, ablatus sum" commentators see an allusion to the capture of Our Lord after the prayer in the garden. He is torn away from His disciples, led captive, brought before the various tribunals: all in profound silence, even as "the shadow when it declineth" on the western slopes of Olivet; fading away quickly till caught up at length and snatched away by the oncoming gloom. Then the Psalmist follows the Man of Sorrows through the darkness; he sees Him bandied about from one place to another; hurried from this tribunal to that:—"excussus sicut locustae." The figure here is very telling. The locust has no command over the direction of its flight; it must needs travel at the mercy of the wind. If a sudden gust arises it is tossed about in the most hopeless manner; sometimes whirled round and round by circular air-currents without any chance of extrication. graphic description of what the Son of God allowed Himself to experience all through His Sacred Passion. He becomes the sport of slander, cruelty and inhuman tyranny; receiving no more consideration than the vilest insect.

Having alluded to the agony of soul—cor conturbatum—the Psalmist tells of the physical strain: "Genua infirmata caro immutata propter oleum": a curious phrase at first sight; "my flesh is changed for oil," which Bellarmine expounds: "My whole person is changed in color and bulk, by reason of the loss of the natural fat or oil, necessary to support it; for "though the life of Christ was one continual fast, He must have felt His weakness especially at that time."

Another rapid stroke of the pen outlines Calvary:—"factus sum opprobrium; viderunt me . . . moverunt capita sua" (v. 25). There is the ignominy of crucifixion; the studied insult of associating Him with two felons; He becomes the butt of ribald jests ("they shaked their heads"); as though words were not sufficient expression of their scorn.

And now the Psalmist looks ahead. "Adjuva me . . . salvum me fac." The prayer of Christ is heard. In His departure from this life, He prays to His Father for a speedy resurrection. The chalice of suffering has been filled to the brim; it has overflowed; the Redeemer of the world has drunk it even to the dregs: "Consummatum

est." But let the world know that His was a purely voluntary sacrifice. "Sciant quia manus tua haec; tu Domine fecisti eam." . . . Neither Jews nor Gentiles could prevail over Christ, could persecute or put Him to death had not God so wished it. "Oblatus est quia ipse voluit." "They who sow in tears will reap in joy"; "Servus tuus laetabitur." He will pass safely through the terrors of the night and witness the dawn of another day, even the day of the resurrection. Conversely, the enemies of the Cross have had their hour, their day, and now will pass into the confusion of darkest night: clothed with shame, covered with their confusion as with a double cloak; "Induantur pudore . . . operiantur sicut diploide confusione sua" (v. 29). Hitherto they have walked abroad unblushingly, making no secret of their wickedness; but where sin is the underclothing shame will soon be the outer vesture. He who is judged and sentenced, will become Judge, and with the searchlight of justice will force men to see and acknowledge, however tardily, the foul conceits of their malicious hearts. Then will the hymn of praise ascend from the lips of the Redeemer as he begins His new and glorified life, speaking both for Himself and for the children of the new-found kingdom: "Confitebor Domino nimis in ore meo"-"I will give great thanks to the Lord with my mouth; and in the midst of many I will praise him"; and lest one should be tempted to forget even for a moment that God is our stay and our solace in the dark hour of tribulation, he closes with the assurance "astitit a dextris pauperis, ut salvam faceret animam meam" (v. 31). In verse 7 the devil was represented as standing at the right hand of Judas to urge and help him in the furtherance of his traitorous design. Now by way of intense contrast God is pictured by the side of the weak at the right hand of the defenseless to protect him.

Thus, the last of the Little Hours on Saturday leaves us as it should, full of confidence and prayerful expectancy. With Christ we have traveled along the way of the Cross. We have tried to learn something of His Sacred Passion as told in melodious strains by Prophet and Psalimst. We have traveled along many avenues of prophecy, all leading to the open sunlight. "Declaratio sermonum tuorum illuminat." Our knowledge of the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer does not depend solely on the narratives of the four Evangelists. In fact, as Bellarmine writes (on Psalm lxviii., v. 1). "The history of the Passion . . . in the Gospel, takes very little notice of the intensity of His sufferings, because the Evangelists wished to show that it was quite voluntary, and borne with the greatest fortitude. But, as it was right that the world should know that the sufferings of Christ were intense beyond measure, and learn

thence the extent of their debt to the Redeemer, the Holy Ghost was pleased to reveal the intensity of His sufferings, long before, to the Prophets. . . . Isaias, therefore, wrote much about them, so did Jeremias, but none more than David."

G. E. PRICE.

Birmingham, England.

EMOTIONAL BIOLOGY.

URELY on a scientific subject such as Biology the emotional aspect should not loom up large in any discussion, yet any one taking the trouble to read the hundred or more reviews appearing in various journals of such a volume as Dr. Nicolai's "The Biology of War," will find that scientific and literary writers on both sides of the ocean seem to be solely and only interested in trying to bolster up their respective points of view, without any regard whatever for what the author of the book reviewed was attempting to present. This is as true where ten and eleven pages are given to the subject as where the book is merely mentioned. Not in one single instance coming under the writer's notice was it found that the reviewer even touched upon the vital part of the book. All admissions made by Nicolai that Germany was responsible for the war are sought out with avidity and heralded with acclaim, but neither in Europe nor America did any reviewer, in so far as these reviews have come under the eye of the writer, eyen mention the main point of the book—the point towards which all the evidence leads and for which the evidence contained in the book was presented.

It is worthy of note that the reaction against neo-Darwinism "springs from the heart" rather than from any scientific reasoning, and that it is biologists who are bringing the heart back into their scheme of humanity. Quoting from Professor Cole:²

Our first revolt against it [neo-Darwinism] is from the heart rather than the head. It violates all our ideas of right and justice and humanity, but the German philosophy has no room for dictates of the heart where the State is concerned. All principles of right and justice and of fairness are subordinated to the simple power of might when it is a question of the German Government against any other people. This is simply the working out between nations of the primary law of natural selection.

Probably in no case does the old conflict between love and duty, between emotion and science, come forth to so considerable an extent as in instances of this kind. Many not only German thinkers, but thinkers from all parts of the world, have passed from this mortal sphere without ever being able to reconcile these two opposing factors in life. And it seems to the writer that a lesson of great importance for America, and American universities especially, can be drawn from this statement of Professor Cole, coupled with the knowledge that neo-Darwinism was constantly taught in the Ger-

^{1 &}quot;The Biology of War," by G. F. Nicolai, New York.
2 "Biological Philosophy and the War," Professor Leon J. Cole, University of Wisconsin: "Scientific Monthly," March, 1919.



man universities. Our university system is built upon German ideals. German ideas and German philosophies were taught in our schools. Some of our ablest men received their training in German universities under German men, but it must never be forgotten that our saving grace consists in the fact that we are seldom consistent in this great land of ours. But if we are inconsistent we are not scientific! So where do we stand? It is no mere coincidence that the rocking chair, chewing gum and the jazz band were born in America. Our philosophy of life is Action spelled with a large "A." We are not interested in destination. We are like gypsies traveling along, interested only in the fact that we are moving. But there is a natural corollary here that works out bad in the end for ourselves, in that while it trains men and women in our high schools, our colleges and universities to go out and teach a definite thing known as science, it does not intermingle this science sufficiently with the individual to make it an actual life-philosophy. Our people, having had little philosophical training to begin with, over-emphasize observation. The average student has a vast accumulation of unrelated facts, and is consequently unable to connect them and make a homogeneous whole that he can apply to himself. The result? The same teacher, during five days of the week, may tell his pupils that the earth has been in existence some hundreds of thousands of years, and then, teaching Sunday school one day out of seven, he tries to adjust this version with the Scriptural idea of some five or six thousand years having elapsed since the beginning of things as they are now. The average boy or girl in such a teacher's class would probably not note the inconsistency. The teacher himself in all probability does not know it, but here and there a bright student arises, notes this inconsistency, makes it part of his life, and seeing no consistency between the only ethics he knows—the ethics obtained from the Bible—and the "facts" obtained from his scientific training, consistently becomes inconsistent, or hypocritical.

Is it any wonder that so many of our business men use the statement that they "believe in honesty because it is the best policy?" ment that they "believe in honesty because it is the best policy"? and were it more profitable not to be honest, they would not be honest. Our school-sciences—and this is especially true of biology—have been removed almost totally from the many other necessary studies that must be known to make one's ideas of life actual and true. Lacking the necessary philosophical background, students are turned out whose training may be summed up by one of their remarks: "I may not be moral, but I know I am hygienic." Dr.

Nicolai has caught the spirit of this lack of a definite standard of morals and has tried to show that there is an actual physical basis for a definite and absolute morality to be found in the study of biology. It might justly be said that a man would be a fool to waste his time with anything ethical at all if there were no foundation for this in his very make-up. It must be made clear to the student that if any ethical laws exist at all they exist because they are part and parcel of his very nature—of the bone and marrow of his body. This is why normal men of all time always have come and always must come to the same conclusion from the same facts if they study the underlying natural laws, and base logical conclusions upon them.

It is, of course, true, as Professor Joseph Jastrow has pointed out, that many an individual is not particularly interested in the logic of things, but desires only a dramatic sensation, considering this the actual fulfillment of all that which life holds valuable to him. For these men one might quote such statements as the following, appearing in our leading scientific journal:

As to morals, there is no dispute among civilized peoples generally in all parts of the world. Honesty, truthfulness, mercy, forgiveness, unselfishness, restraint of passion, honoring parents—"these and a few others," as Buckle truly said, "have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot nor tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies and textbooks which moralists and theologians have been able to produce." There could be no objection, of course, to their being taught in the schools if it were deemed necessary—taught directly, not for the subterfuge that they could only come from a religious act and, therefore, it is necessary to teach religion.

Here is one who seeks dramatic satisfaction, *i. e.*, these things have always been, and ever will be. He cares never a whit about the "why" of it all. He feels it to be true. One would have expected a scientist at least to have demanded a natural underlying reason for these things and not expected him to accept anything simply because it always had been accepted. Yet this is a point of view frequently met with in the scientific world, and interesting only in so far as it throws light upon the temperamental make-up of the individual producing it. If any one even attempted to teach morals, or ethics, or anything else upon a basis of this kind, it would seem that he had taken something that most men held, without proof, and then by a mere series of instructions, again without any evidence for such instructions, the student would be told that he should do certain acts and leave other acts undone simply because

⁸ Henry K. White, in "Science," pp. 722-723, May 15, 1914.

it always has been so done. Surely this can be called neither scientific nor philosophical. In fact, even if it should be demonstrated to the student that there is a valid reason for his doing or leaving undone certain acts, it would only furnish a motive. There never could be any obligation under such circumstances. That this emotionalism is creeping into everything that has been written on biological and scientific lines during the war is observed by what Prefessor Franklin H. Giddings says in his review of Dr. Nicolai's book, that "the author is metaphysical and not scientific, if by a scientific notion of causation we understand a sense of the relative dynamic values of the factors of a situation."

Dr. Nicolai would be shocked were we to explain physiological fatigue in terms of good or bad intention, yet it is in such terms that he talks about the problem of war. No great harm in that, perhaps, if one is admittedly talking idealism, poetical, sentimental or speculative, but there is great harm in it when one is professedly talking physical science, as Dr. Nicolai thinks he is, since he calls his treatise "The Biology of War." If we are talking in terms of dynamic values and prefer not to talk nonsense we must say that war will end when the sum of the measurable energies that make for peace exceeds the sum of the measurable energies that make for war. Mankind did not abandon cannibalism because mankind developed a moral sentiment repugnant to a diet of human flesh. Cannibalism was abandoned because somebody invented a hoe and then a plow. Chattel slavery was not abolished because humanitarianism abhorred it. It was abolished when the invention of the steam engine made it possible to sustain civilization without slavery. democracy did not come into existence because the European war lords became interested in the brotherhood of man. It came into existence because geographical discovery and exploration opened up the Western Hemisphere into which men could flow, and where, by their independent efforts, they could lead independent, self-reliant lives. Wars may cease when a way is found to make food and clothing so abundant that men would no more think of fighting for their respective shares than they think of fighting for atmospheric air under ordinary conditions. day will not come, however, if with material abundance the human race increases in numbers until twenty million individuals dwell on each square kilometer instead of only eleven as now. and Dr. Nicolai gently remarks this number of human beings is attainable.

Apparently, then, there are no reasons for fighting at any time but food, clothes, land tools and other things that produce food. No men or women have ever gone forth to fight, or given their lives for ideals, for religion and those they loved! We have here

⁴ Review of Professor Nicolai's book, by Franklin H. Giddings, in "Political Science Quarterly," March, 1919.



the temperamental economist. For, just as any conversation and any books Socialists hold or write insist upon considering man merely as an economic animal, so some of our professors seem unable to get away from a similar one-sided and almost monomaniacal point of view. This is again shown in a review of P. Chalmers Mitchell's book, "Evolution and the War," in which this English zoölogist well shows the fallacy of neo-Darwinism. The "Saturday Review," however, said: "The truth is that Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, like many a man of his type, has rambled from objective observation to a dreamland of sentiment." This same little volume reviewed in France has brought forth some very interesting approbations, objections and condemnation. But in each case it will be noticed from the wording itself that there is a decided temperamental or emotional make-up of the writers which forms the all-powerful inducing factor which leads them to say whatever they do.

Professor Etienne Rabaud, of the Sorbonne, in Paris, while supporting Dr. Mitchell's main argument, objects, however:

According to Chalmers Mitchell, man differs too greatly from animals to make analogous conclusions legitimate; man possesses conscience and liberty, he knows the moral law whereby he is radically separated from all animals. In uttering this peremptory affirmative the English zoölogist ceases to reason scientifically. To endeavor to separate from the metaphysical and sentimental points of view organisms which one is obliged to assimilate from the biologic point of view is a rather vain undertaking.

Dr. Grasset, of the faculty of medicine of the University of Montpellier, enters the justing arena with these well-chosen words:

Without "ceasing to reason scientifically," without adopting "the sentimental and metaphysical point of view," one may declare that man—a fixed species for a very great number of centuries—presents characteristics so specific (notably from a psychical point of view) that he should rationally be made the subject of a separate science, not to be confounded either with physico-chemistry (the science of inorganic bodies), nor even with general biology (the science of all living creatures). The science of man, or human biology, should be regarded as a true science, positive and experimental, distinct from all others.

It must be emphasized primarily that human biology studies—and studies exclusively—man as a fixed species for a great number of centuries. No one disputes the importance of the question of the origin of species, and of the human species in particular . . . but the fixity of the human species is ancient

Review of Dr. Mitchell's book in "Saturday Review," May 29, 1915.

Translation and excerpts from the original French article published under "Human Biology and War" in "Scientific American" Supplement, May 5, 1917, p. 274.



⁵ "Evolution and the War," by P. Chalmers Mitchell, London and New York.

enough to be accepted scientifically as a fact, capable of serving as a point of departure for a special study: the study of man such as he has been for centuries entirely apart from hypothesis as to his origin and as to his destiny after death.

The method in human biology is positive and experimental, as in all sciences. But this method, when applied to man, must be both objective and subjective. Biologists generally refuse to employ the method of subjective observation because they fear it will be extended to the lower animals . . . but this anthropomorphic error is not to be feared in a science which confines itself entirely to man. . . . The method in human biology must also be physiopathologic, *i. e.*, its object must be the living man whether well or ill. . . .

All contemporaneous philosophy has been led astray by the researches upon the evolution of species. Instead of pursuing the study of man as a fixed species, an effort has been made to relate all human phenomena by insensible transitions to the phenomena presented by all other living beings down to species entirely inferior, or even to the physico-chemical characteristics of inorganic substances.

Without doubt comparative biology should not be neglected by the human physiologist; it yields valuable information upon certain functions (digestive, respiratory, nutritive); but as concerns psychic functions (essential and characteristic of man), it can have only a secondary interest. In any case, the laws of human biology must concern man alone, and the human biologist guards himself as carefully against the amibomorphic error as the general biologist guards himself against the anthropomorphic error. . . . In the second place, the object of study should be not merely man, but the living man. All authorities are increasingly convinced that the science of man should be oriented toward the physiologic aspect, rather than the anatomical aspect, as a basis of study.

There are morphologic analogies which indicate the assimilation of all living creatures in a continuous series from the amœba to mankind; but there are, on the other hand, characteristics of function, and particularly of psychic functions which are specific to man, making of him a distinct organism. Anatomically, the brain of man closely resembles that of the ape, of the sheep, and of many other animals, while its functioning is absolutely different from that of even the most closely related of these. The brain of man is defined by its function. Man is defined by his psychic functions.

Finally, it is man in both good health and ill that is the subject of study. . . . The two domains of health and malady complete and illuminate each other. . . . Hence, the method in human biology must be physiopathologic. Human biology is intimately involved with physiopathology, i. e., with medicine, a fact which gives to physicians a competence in this science which they do not possess in general biology. . . . The subject matter of human biology is to be considered under the

three heads: Physico-chemical laws, biologic laws, human laws. The latter are to be deduced from the positive knowledge and the scientific analysis of the diverse functions of man, and especially of the psychic functions. It is, in fact, this last function which is specifically characteristic of man . . . and the two qualities which suffice to establish a fundamental distinction between man and all other living creatures are intellectual superiority and the faculty of indefinite progress.

The first is well demonstrated by man's intellectual mastery of the universe, despite his evident inferiority from all other points of view. This psychic superiority is, and has always been, an essential element of man. The faculty of indefinite progress consists essentially in the faculty possessed by the psychism of man to accumulate and utilize the psychic discoveries and acquisitions of anterior generations. It is this characteristic which renders science possible. From the discovery of the method of producing and conserving fire to the day of Pasteur all knowledge is linked in the progressive construction of science; all new discoveries are conditioned by the preceding.

As in all fixed species the organs do not change nor improve, but psychic progress is continuous and indefinite, if not in the individual, at least in human society.

From these two specific characteristics of man it can be deduced that there are specifically human biologic laws. Like all other living creatures man must sustain, defend and transmit his individual life in order to sustain and defend the life of his species. But as the life of the human species involves not a stationary maintenance of the ancient rules of former generations (as among ants and bees), but continuous and indefinite psychic progress, the human individual must also collaborate as best he can in the indefinite psychic progress which is the biologic law peculiar to humanity, either by his personal labors, or by aiding other men in their personal labor for the progress of humanity. This is the law of the personal participation of each human individual in the life of the continuous and indefinite psychic progress of humanity.

Not only does human biology thus show that its laws are different from the biologic laws of other animals, but it demonstrates also, quite as positively and scientifically, that the reactions of man to biologic laws are likewise different from the reactions of other animals. All living creatures which have psychic neurons execute acts which are not an immediate response to the provoking stimulus, but are truly psychic, acts of volition.

But the act of volition of man differs from that of the superior animals in a very important characteristic: while in the animal all acts are the direct and necessary result of its constitution and its automatism reacting on its external environment, there appears in man, on the contrary, in his acts of reflection and will, a very special contingence, a direct intervention of the individual exerting his will, which prevents the prediction of the act of a

man as one predicts the acts of animals. It is this, specific of man, which we designate liberty, or freedom to act.

In other terms, the animal renders fatal obedience to the biologic laws of his species, while man obeys them only if and when he will. . . . This, however, does not prevent man from being the subject of positive science; there is a certain determinism in man as in other creatures, only his is a determinism in which there powerfully intervenes the personal and peculiar psychic activity of the volition neuron which decides it. Among the factors of the human act there intervenes the intelligent, sensitive, free, enlightened will of the subject.

From the preceding it results that for man not only are the biologic laws entirely different, but also they provoke in him entirely different reactions from those of other creatures. Thus we perceive that man is the subject of a separate science: human biology.

This science proves primarily, as a fact, without discussion of the origin, the existence among all men of the idea-laws of reasoning and the idea-laws of human conduct; the principle of causality or sufficient reason, the idea of good and evil, of moral obligation and the duty of doing good and avoiding evil, or the right to do one's duty, of responsibility—metaphysical ideas, non-experimental of origin, conditions of all human reasoning and of general human conduct. Then human biology discovers experimentally other idea-laws, whose nature and expression it develops in the same degree that it itself develops: these are the laws of human biologic finality.

The idea-laws of the first group are not only universal and necessary, but superior and anterior to experience; non-experimental and consequently eternal and immutable. Those of the second group are, on the contrary, general and experimental, and therefore variable and perfectible as the science which establishes them. The first, constituted of a fixed element as old as humanity itself; the last, on the contrary, are a new and changing element.

In combining the idea-laws of these two groups . . . the human biologist succeeds—exclusively by positive scientific methods—in erecting a biologic sociology and morale, which, based on human biology, are not open to the objections offered to moral and social sciences based on general biology.

It will now be clear how we arrive by our own route at conclusions very analogous to those of Chalmers Mitchell . . . it is not the general biologic law of struggle, battle, the victory of the strong, which should be applied to man; it is the law of progress, mutual love and help, collaboration and emulation. And I believe like Chalmers Mitchell, and unlike Rabaud, that these conclusions can be reached without ceasing to reason scientifically. . . . The moral and social sciences, based thus upon a positive science, take on a new and considerable solidity, and must impose themselves with absolute authority not only upon all human societies (whose egoism no longer takes the place

of law and principle), upon all nations (who must no longer let might supplant right). For human biology enjoins international morality as well as individual morality, interindividual and social morality, for times of peace and times of war.

Whatever his religion or philosophy, each must bow, freely but obligatorily, before the laws of human conduct as before the laws of human reason—laws promulgated in the name of positive science, that is, of the only authority which is to-day undisputed.

We have quoted Dr. Grasset at length because he seems to have struck a happy note in his discussion, correctly showing what must be taken into consideration in any scheme of humanity. Now, Dr. Nicolai, in his interesting volume, goes further. He is the only other one of all the writers on biology and war who has really struck the underlying thing of importance, although we can see no reason for his belief that mankind will follow along a given pathway simply because it may be correct to do so, or simply because it has factual evidence to support it. He is making the same mistake that has been made so frequently in generations past, of laying all his stress upon the physical side, and believing that the intellectual, mental, moral and emotional life of an individual can be controlled entirely by the physical. In this he is just as radical as the Christian Scientist who insists that the physical has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the thing.

He calls our attention, and that very interestingly, to the theory of Professor August Weismann, by which we can demonstrate that the reproductive cells in every individual come into existence by mere splitting in two of the ancestral reproductive cells, each sex cell thus being its own ancestor. This means that each and every one of us has within our body those reproductive cells which in turn produce the reproductive cell of our offspring and the reproductive cells we have now present in our bodies are an actual living portion of the first human male and female that ever lived. Because this can be scientifically demonstrated, and is accepted by all biologists, it is comparatively easy to find a definite natural groundwork for a common humanity. For, each and every human being having a part of this reproductive mother-plasm or germ-plasm actually present in him now which actually existed in the first human couple that ever lived, there is found the first factually demonstrable basis for a common humanity we have ever known. To the scientifically trained mind this illustrates why it is that all living beings of the same species respond more or less alike to similar stimuli, why it is that we feel similar pain and similar sorrow -in fact, why it is that human beings actually possess a common humanity.



Both books mentioned have been sufficiently reviewed, if mere column space is to be our criterion. Most reviewers have spoken quite well of the volumes, but it is little science and still less philosophy that enters into most of their discussions, while emotion ranks high. As to the value of such reviews, it is sufficient to recall that not one of them coming under the writer's eye discussed the great thing which Dr. Nicolai was attempting to show: i. e., finding a definite physical something upon which to build a complete and absolute standard of morality. Or, to quote Dr. Nicolai himself, "unless a right is eternally right," that is unless a right is absolute "there is no such thing as right at all," a statement made by Socrates some time before. We will let Dr. Nicolai speak for himself:

If it were desired to found a religion which is, so to speak, unchangeable in its eternal youth and yet capable of modification, so as to meet the needs of mankind, then it must be based on something unchangeable, and yet capable of change.

Though there is nothing absolute in itself, humanity is sufficiently absolute and mutable for our purpose. For it is evolving and has evolved in a course and direction which may be chance, but which has been fixed once for all. We were animals, and we became human beings, and the human beings of to-morrow is something different from the human being of to-day, albeit the one may be potentially contained in the other (p. 549).8

It is idle to speculate whether this evolution is good. It is a fact, and therefore to oppose it is folly, and it might even be said, criminal. Animals and man, and in the future the superman, are all one, only united by time.

The superman will unite in himself all actually living human beings, as the totality of mankind in short. Thus we have unity in space. So humanity is both real and ideal at the same time.

Though attempting to prove that humanity is objectively a reality, for us it is an idea, for as we are only a part of it both as regards time and space, we do not possess the necessary organs to enable us fully to comprehend it. For us it remains the idea of a perfecting progress which, taken as a whole, effects on a

⁸ All pages mentioned henceforth refer to Nicolai's "The Biology of War." It will be noted that Dr. Nicolai is "heavy" on the emotional side of his subject in that he forgets his other sciences while discussing biology. His high-school physics told him that nothing can have more in it physically than was originally put therein, and even a little loss must then be allowed for. Starting, therefore, with nothing but the chromosome material as a basis, it must necessarily follow that nothing greater can come forth from man as man than man himself. In fact, as Professor Bateson in his presidential address to the British Association in 1914 pointed out, the first living cell, by virtue of the fact that it possessed the potentiality of becoming a "highly complex" organism must by that fact be more complex itself. It is difficult, therefore, to see how any advance could have been made to begin with from the first living cell; and second, to understand how the "superman" is to come into existence. It may be added that the statements which the German physiologist makes so emphatically may even be questioned on a factual basis in addition to an interpretational one.



large scale "what the best human being does or would fain do on a small scale."

This humanity fulfills all the conditions for the basis of a last-

ing religion (p. 550).

To be humane, however, simply means that we have comprehended the history of the evolution of mankind; that we know whence we come; that we have an inkling of whither we are going, and that we are accordingly trying to conform to the general scheme of nature, which for us means the progress of human evolution. We believe in this progress of evolution; we love mankind, and we hope for further progress; in other words for the superman who is daily and hourly slowly coming into being. This recognition of self-evident facts embraces every moral law. Were we to express the Ten Commandments in accordance therewith, they would read somewhat as follows:

- There is no morality without belief in the superman.
- 2. Thou shalt not try to believe in anything of which thou knowest that it has no real existence. As nothing superhuman really exists except the community of mankind, let thy morality be based on this.
- 3. Inwardly to realize that mankind as a whole is a reality, means feeling thyself bound up with this world, means having religion and means loving thy neighbor.
 - 4. The forms and symbols of the community of mankind—

thy family and thy country.

- 5. Human life and the life of mankind.
- 6. Good traditions, instincts which no longer serve a purpose.
- 7. Labor.
- 8. Truth.

9-10. Oppose evil traditions, instincts which no longer serve

a purpose.

How we formulate our morality, however, is no matter. All we must do is to think of ourselves and realize that man is an individual unit and yet a part of a superordinate organism. Whoever knows and feels all this is a truly civilized human being, and it is only when men know that a sword has netiher part nor lot in the conception of mankind, but is merely a tool to be laid aside like any other, that war will cease. (pp. 551-553.)

But these rules, like all others built upon only the physical, and holding man as man sufficient to raise himself above himself—that is, without taking realism into consideration, no matter how interesting, no matter how ingenuous or clever the ideas presented may be, leave us cold and stolid, and we are absolutely convinced that not one single human being will either perform an act or leave an act unperformed because of this chromosome material that he has in common with all his fellow-men. Accepting all that Dr. Nicolai says as true, what does he do but furnish a motive? Where is the obligation to follow that motive?

Milwaukee, Wis. EDWARD J. MENGE, M. A. PH. D., M. Sc.

THE STARS OF GOD.

"Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these things: who bringeth out their host by number, and calleth them all by their names: by the greatness of His might and strength and power, not one of them was missing."—Isaias xl., 26.

POR centuries, astronomy has been deservedly known as the "devout science," the sublimity of whose subject matter could not fail to raise the mind of simple and learned alike to reverent thought of an Almighty Creator. Before the magnificence of that starry universe whose countless orbs seemed strewn with lavish hand through all but fathomless depths of space imagination stood spellbound! Poet, theologian and scientist here met on common ground, to exalt the greatness of Him who called into being this galaxy of worlds, "who spoke and they were made, who commanded and they were created." Of its glories, Young wrote in that sublime and oft-quoted passage of his "Night Thoughts":

"Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine, And light us deep into the Deity. How boundless in magnificence and might!

Who sees it unexalted or unawed?
Who sees it and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence
Inanimate, all animating birth!
Work worthy Him who made it! Worthy praise,
All praise! . . . Not alone I wake
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect
In this His universal temple, hung
With innumerable lights
That shed religion on the soul. Oh how loud
It calls devotion, genuine growth of Night!
Devotion, daughter of Astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad."

Not Young only, but a long array of poets, and above all, the inspired writers of Scripture have, with one consentient voice, reēchoed the same testimony as to the witness of the stars to their

Creator's handiwork. Yet, notwithstanding their declarations, an, undevout, if not definitely skeptical spirit, seems slowly creeping over—we will not say the master minds of astronomic thought, its giants of mathematical or astrophysical investigation—but over that middle world of astronomic research whose representatives stand before the popular mind as the spokesmen of their science, the interpreters of its latest discoveries. To such as these the reverent attitude portrayed by Young, not yet two hundred years ago, would seem strangely foreign. "The subject with which I am about to deal," writes the late (and undoubtedly eminent) English astronotmer. Richard Proctor, "is associated by many with questions of religion. Let me promise, however, that I do not thus view it myself. It seems to me impossible to obtain from science any clear ideas as to the ways or nature of the Deity, or even respecting the reality of an Almighty, personal God. Science deals with the finite, though it may carry our thoughts to the Infinite. Infinity of space, and of matter occupying space; of time, and of the processes with which time is occupied, and infinity of energy, as necessarily implied by the infinities of matter and of the operations affecting matter—these infinities science brings clearly before us. . . . science tells us nothing of the infinite attributes of an Almighty Being: it presents to us no personal infinities, whether of power, beneficence or wisdom. Science may suggest some ideas on these points, though we perceive daily, more and more, how unsafe it is to accept as her teaching ideas which commonly derive their coloring from our own prepossessions: and, assuredly, as respects actual facts, science, in so far as she presents personal Infinity to us at all, presents it as an inconceivable, like those other inconceivable infinities with whose corresponding finites her operations are alone directly concerned. To speak in plain terms, so far as science is concerned, the idea of a personal God is inconceivable, as are all the attributes which religion recognizes in such a Being."1 To be strictly just, we must add here, as Mr. Proctor himself adds, that he does not intend to say science disproves the Divine Existence, but simply that it gives no hint of it. For him the stars are not, as in Addison's "Hymn to the Creation":

"Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine."

On the contrary, they are silent, voiceless, mute, giving no clue to their Creator or His attributes. Another writer, after recounting

¹ Essay on "Past and Future of Our Earth," from "Our Place Among Infinities." These words from Professor Proctor's lips are all the sadder, in that his earlier works were much more religious in tone.

man's astronomical achievements, sadly adds, respecting man himself: "Why man was placed here, or whither he goes, who can tell? In spite of his insignificance and impotence, he has gazed into space and explored starry regions. He has discovered many mysteries and solved many riddles. But the First Cause and the final consummation remain unrevealed to his intellect, and so.

'There is a door, to which he finds no key, There is a veil, through which he cannot see.'

Through infinite space he whirls, in complex, spiral motion, at thirty miles per second, speeding on and on, until his days are ended: like the poor player upon the stage, he struts and frets until his part is done. 'He dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he'?" Other writers might be quoted who speak in tones of positive hostility to revealed religion. what shall we attribute this change of attitude? We might indeed ascribe it to the general materialistic tendency of the age, to the spirit of agnosticism, more or less prevalent in all fields of scientific research, but in regard to modern astronomy, there seems a special crux, or stumbling block to faith, in the theory, as set forth by certain astronomers, of an infinite universe, that is to say, an infinite plurality of worlds, extending throughout infinite space, in endless succession. To some minds, such a conception presents itself as a "scientific necessity," yet appears incompatible with the Scriptural account of creation, or, indeed, with any theory of creation, strictly so called, since, it is argued, an infinite plurality of worlds could neither have been called into being nor completed in finite time. The way is thus opened for a return to the old Greek conception of matter as eternal, self-subsisting, in a state of perpetual "flux," or change, "one perpetual round of upbuilding and decay." Thus the very grandeur of the visible heavens has been turned into an argument against the existence of a Creator.

The conception of an infinitude of worlds is not a new one. It has been approached by skeptic and believer alike. It may conceivably be read into the writings of so devout a churchman as Cardinal Nicholas Von Cusa,³ and is presented to us almost as a religious meditation in Jean Paul Richter's dream of an angel's flight through space. But it was first made prominent in an irreligious sense by Giordano Bruno, who used it as the vehicle of a gross pantheism. His arguments in its behalf were purely metaphysical,

³ See Dreyer: "Planetary Systems"; also Cusa's "Docta Ignorantia," Bks. II, and XII,



²C. M. Kilby. "Man and the Universe." Popular Astronomy: January, 1917.

for Bruno, despite his enthusiasm for the Copernican system, was no astronomer, nor indeed were astronomic data, on which to base such a theory, available in his time. How far modern advocates of an infinite plurality of worlds have been, in any direct sense, influenced by Bruno's views, is doubtful. His works are little read, being rare and difficult to obtain. They have never been translated into English and would scarcely appeal to the modern, scientific mind. Indeed, had it not been for the action of the Italian government, some thirty-odd years since, in selecting Giordano Bruno as a typical "martyr of science," it is probable that his perfervid declamations on the "One and the Infinite" would have passed unheeded by practical astronomers. As it is, his views on natural science have been aureoled with a dignity they would never otherwise have attained, while we find not infrequent allusion to his "sufferings on behalf of science," in writers not intentionally hostile to the Church. Thus, Professor Campbell, Director of Lick Observatory, opens his work on "Stellar Motions" with the remark that "Giordano Bruno was martyred by the Inquisition, in the year 1600, on account of his original views on scientific subjects,"4 while Professor Forbes, in his "History of Astronomy," speaks in much the same strain. Such statements are inaccurate and unjust. archives of the Roman Inquisition were rifled during the Revolution of 1848, and the minutes of Bruno's trial have in part disappeared, but we have it on the authority of a Protestant historian⁵ that enough remains to show us it was expressly stipulated that "the Nolan's" astronomic theories should not figure in the accusing list of heresies for which he was condemned. That Bruno's arguments for stellar infinitude should have been purely metaphysical, is not, perhaps, strange, but it is matter for surprise in this connection that modern advocates of the same theory should, like that philosopher, seemingly bring to bear a decided amount of a priori preference to reinforce their views. "If," says Professor Proctor, to quote once more from that astronomer, "the universe is infinite, as we are naturally inclined to suppose," or again: "If we reject as abhorrent to our minds the supposition that the universe is not infinite."6 Since practical scientists are rigorously, and justly, opposed to the introduction of a priori arguments on matters of fact, by others, they cannot consistently use such themselves. The constitution and extent of the universe are matters of fact and, as such, should be examined from an objective standpoint only.

^{4 &}quot;Stellar Motions": p. 1. "History of Astronomy": p. 61. See also Berry: "Short Hist. of Ast." p. 171.
5 Dr. Höffding: "Modern Philosophy," p. 121-2.
6 "Old and New Astronomy," p. 690.

Yet Garrett Serviss, president of the Brooklyn Astronomical Association, urges the psychological argument quite boldly. Looking out in thought through the confines of our stellar universe into the "starless gloom" beyond, he asks: "What conclusions are we to draw concerning the beyond?" And questioning the possibility of a finite universe in infinite space, he adds: "From such conclusions the mind instinctively shrinks. It prefers to think that there is something beyond, though we cannot see it. Even the universe could not bear to be alone, (!) a Crusoe lost in the cosmos! Could anything be more terrible than the thought of an isolated universe? The greater the being, the greater the aversion to seclusion. Only the Infinite satisfies: in that alone the mind finds rest. We are driven, then, to believe that the universal night which envelops us is not tenantless. . . . Since our universe is limited in extent there must be other universes beyond it, on all sides."

The plea here urged by Mr. Serviss, in behalf of a universe afraid to be left alone by itself in the dark, can hardly be esteemed a scientific argument. We are reminded, somewhat amusingly, of an altercation in Shakespeare's drama of Henry IV., between Glendower, the Wizard of the North, and his cousin, Hotspur, in which the former exclaims grandiloquently: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep." "Why so can I, or any other man," is the quick rejoinder of his companion, "but will they come, when you do call for them?" We can all, in imagination, evoke countless systems from the "vasty deep" of space, and may even feel an instinctive inclination so to do. But the important point is, do they exist there? In other words, is the created universe, inconceivably grand and complex as we know it to be, yet ultimately limited in extent? Or does a chain of worlds project itself into infinity? Let us see how the question stands, objectively. According to the old Ptolemaic theory of astronomy, the material universe was necessarily limited in extent. The earth occupied its centre; beyond were the eight spheres, those of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and the fixed stars, respectively. Beyond these again, lay the "Primum Mobile," or first movable sphere, upon whose revolution that of all the others depended, while surrounding all extended the Empyrean, or heaven of the blessed, of which alone Infinity could be predicated. With the introduction of the Copernican system, all this was changed. Not only the earth ceased to occupy the centre of the universe, but the new astronomy demanded a change of front all along the line. The "crystalline spheres" vanished, as by magic, our sun became only one star among many, differentiated

⁷ Garrett Serviss. "Curiosities of the Sky," p. 13.

simply by its proximity to us. The fixed stars ceased to be "golden nails, studding the celestial vault," or openings in the firmament, "through which the fires of the Empyrean shone forth," and became suns, like our own; varying light suggesting varying distance. At the same time, the dimensions of our cosmos were immensely extended, for it is evident that any real movement on the part of the earth should produce a slight apparent movement on the part of each star, just as the real revolution of the earth around the sun makes that luminary appear to move around us in inverse direction, or as objects appear to fly backward past a traveler in a railroad train.

The fact that no such stellar motion was discernible could only be explained by supposing the stars to be immeasurably more distant from the earth than had previously been imagined. So, in fact, Copernicus sought to explain it; nevertheless, this apparent fixity of the stars long continued the strongest argument against the acceptance of the Copernican theory. Kepler styled this difficulty the "Copernical pill," which must be swallowed whole. Both Galileo and he died lacking the evidence they desired. It was not until the year 1838 that the first "parallax," or apparent movement of a star caused by the earth's motion and testifying to it, was detected.9 In the early development of modern astronomy, the efforts of such giant thinkers as Newton, La Place, La Grange and others, were all but wholly directed to investigations of the solar system, its origin and laws. Not until the era of the Herschels did stellar astronomy come into prominence. Upon the tomb of the elder Herschel was inscribed the epitaph "Coelorum perrupit claustra." In the application of his giant telescope to the untried work of "star gauging," Herschel did, indeed, break through the barriers of heaven and open the mysteries of the universe to the gaze of all. "A knowledge of the construction of the heavens has always been the ultimate object of my observations,"10 wrote Sir William Herschel towards the close of a long life of unwearied observation and profound generalization. Such a problem had not yet been approached by the astronomers of his day. The numbers, distances and distribution of the stars were not even approximately known.

Since the night when Galileo first turned his modest tube upon the mysterious shimmer of the Milky Way to discover its stellar nature, no further effort had been made to fathom the intricacies

^{8 &}quot;Ingens bolus, devorandus est." Letter to Herwart. 1603.

9 The "Aberration of Light," however, discovered by Bradley in 1728, affords equal testimony to the Earth's motion.

19 Philosophical Transactions"; Vol. ci., 269.



of its structure and its relation to our whole stellar system, while the revelations of the spectroscope and the photographic plate lay still hidden in the mist of futurity. Certain speculative theories on cosmic questions had been tentatively put forth by such thinkers as Wright, Lambert and above all, by the great German metaphysician, Immanuel Kant, theories which still claim notice in our modern textbooks. Their theories were, however, unsustained by observational evidence. To Herschel alone belongs the honor of having entered upon a new and untried field of astronomic research and of marshaling its facts in orderly array:

> "To him the fates were known Of orbs, dim hovering on the skirts of space."

He began his pioneer work in that modest home at Slough, which Arago describes as, "le lieu où il a été fait le plus de découverts du monde."11 In his investigations as to the size, form, and stellar density of the visible universe, Herschel assumed, as the basis of a working hypothesis, that the stars were, broadly speaking, evenly scattered through space: secondly, that they were on the average, of a uniform size, so that brightness became a function of distance, and, thirdly, as a result of the two former hypotheses, that where the stars appear to "thin out," or to be farthest apart, we were nearest the boundaries of our sidereal system. It is evident to the most casual observer that all parts of the sky are not equally rich in stars. Even when the actual count of stars has been multiplied a thousandfold by telescopic power, the same relative disparity Some sky regions are found to be inexpressibly rich in stars, others comparatively poor and barren. But this fact may be explained in two ways: either as due to actual disparity of stellar distribution, or as an effect of perspective, similar to that we notice when approaching the edge of a wood, where the trees seem to widen out before us as we advance, revealing glimpses of the open country beyond, while those behind draw their ranks more closely together. Or as a vista of street lamps appears to broaden out in one direction and close in on the other.

In the absence of any definite clue, Herschel, as we have seen, chose the latter view. All three of his hypotheses proved at fault, as he himself became gradually convinced. The stars are not uniformly distributed throughout space; on the contrary, they tend to cluster in congeries. As a Catholic writer¹² has happily expressed it and as Professor Proctor has most ably demonstrated, "they

Holden: "Life of Herschel," p. 81.
 A. M. Clerke. "Hist, of Astronomy in Nineteenth Century."

show a decidedly gregarious tendency." Nor are they, by any means, uniform in size, but range from pygmies to giants, so that the brighter star is not always the nearer. Some brilliant orbs like Arcturus, Canopus, or Spica are immeasurably distant, while an insignificant star like "61 Cygni," has proved to be our next to nearest neighbor in space. The thinly starred regions of the sky are what they appear to be: regions of stellar poverty, their sparseness being no delusion of perspective, but an actual fact. The result of Herschel's exhaustive gauges, founded on these early hypotheses, was the production of a disklike figure, bifurcated at one end, and long famous as the "cloven grindstone" figure of stellar extension. It bears a somewhat startling resemblance to an immense sidereal crab, with long streaming antennæ formed by the projection, upon a plane, of the great rifts in the Milky Way. In the light of present astronomic knowledge, it appears almost grotesque, yet it resulted strictly from the assumption of uniform stellar distribution, with the added conception of the Milky Way, not as a girdle, bounding and embracing our system, but as a vast stratum of stars extending indefinitely into space, over whose edge we peeped, as we might look over the edge of Saturn's rings, when inclined towards us and see their lateral extension. "Distrust appearances." appears to have been the motto of early sidereal explorers.

Years of patient study led Herschel, however, seriously to modify early conceptions. Far from being uniformly distributed, he saw the stars gathered in groups, in closely compressed clusters, in drifting sprays and trailing convolutions; associated with each other as binary and multiple stars: "flung down by handfuls and both hands at once"18 in the Milky Way. As early as 1785, he began to note the action of this "clustering" power among the stars, and in 1789 he wrote: "It appears that the heavens consist of regions where suns are gathered into separate systems." He was even able to trace a "course or tide of stars, setting towards a centre," suggesting the attractive forces of an organized system. He saw the Milky Way exercising its counterpoise of gravitational attraction, "to hold the intermediate stars at rest," and in its component parts showing evident signs of clustering together into many separate allotments.14 After 1802 we may say all vestige of an "optically produced" galaxy had vanished from Herschel's mind. He was now about to take another great step forward in his investigations of the heavens. In the magnificent sweeps of his giant telescope, he

 ¹³ Sir John Herschel. "Cape Observations." p. 388.
 14 "Phil. Trans." vol. 79, pp. 214-222; vol. 92, pp. 479-495.

had often come upon sky patches of cloudy light, quite irregular in shape, and sometimes upon brighter ones of more definite circular form, with not infrequently a starlike centre or nucleus. These objects he appropriately called "nebulæ." At the time our greatest of practical astronomers began his work, between one and two hundred of these nebulæ were known to exist. A few nebulous clusters, such as the Pleiades, or Præsepe in Cancer, had been noted from ancient times. Of nebulæ, strictly speaking, the famous "Andromeda Nebula" was the only one known before the days of the telescope. The great Nebula in Orion had been observed by the Swiss Jesuit, Cysatus, in 1618. Hevedius of Danzig, and, later, Halley in England, had contributed a few more. Lacaille had brought back a list of forty-two from his labors under Southern skies, while Messier, surnamed by Louis XV. his "ferret of comets" had drawn up a catalogue of one hundred and three.

In 1786, Herschel was able to present the Royal Astronomical Society with a catalogue of one thousand, and three years later with a second catalogue containing the same number. In all, he discovered two thousand five hundred. The mysterious nature of these nebulæ soon became an all engrossing subject in the astronomical world. As higher telescopic powers were used, many of these so-called nebulæ were resolved into stellar clusters, so that, not unnaturally. Sir William Herschel's first inference was that their resolution was simply a matter of telescopic power, while long after he himself had abandoned this idea, the successes of Lord Rosse's giant telescope in "resolving nebulæ," served to perpetuate the error among his contemporaries. In the early period of his observations, however, Herschel wrote: "Nebulæ can be selected so that an insensible gradation shall take place from a coarse cluster like the Pleiades down to a milky nebulosity, like that in Orion, every intermediate step being represented. This tends to confirm the hypothesis that all are composed of stars, more or less distant."15 Very different, as we shall see, was Herschel's later interpretation of such graded nebulosity. It is evident, however, that if all nebulæ were resolvable, they must be abysmally distant, far beyond the star clusters composing our Milky Way, thousands of which can be quite separately seen in our larger instruments, and so Herschel at first conceived of them. This view gave rise to the so-called island-universe theory of nebulæ, by which each tiny cloudlet of faintly shining, nebulous matter on the celestial vault became a separate galaxy, an inconceivably remote, but distinct system of worlds. So that on a social visit to

¹⁵ Holden's "Life of Herschel," pp. 207-210.

his young friend, Miss Burney, Sir William once announced that he had "just discovered one thousand five hundred new universes." The speculations of Immanuel Kant had already suggested certain phases of this theory to men's minds. 16 while the very greatness of its assumptions seemed to render it popular in certain quarters. Within half a century the theory was to receive its deathblow from spectroscopic revelations. Meanwhile, Herschel's own reasoning powers were too acute not to induce a gradual transformation in He perceived the intimate association of stars and nebulæ, the immense diffusion of faint nebulosity throughout space: "in abundance exceeding all imagination," and became convinced of the "existence of a shining fluid in space, of a nature quite unknown to us." He began to realize that he was watching a slow process of condensation and development from the faint pearly shimmer of a formless gossamer cloud, as seen in the Orion nebula down through brighter and more clearly defined structures, as in "stellar" and "planetary" nebulæ, to nebulous stars where the central body is surrounded by halos and filmy wreaths of far-extending faintly-glimmering "fire mist," as in the Pleiades. separate "Memoirs," Herschel presents his views on stellar evolution, showing clearly not only the probable distinction between clusters and nebulæ, but the evident connection of the latter with our own sidereal system, as opposed to the island universe theory. He not only saw from the association of nebulæ with stellar nuclei that these central stars would need to be orbs of truly portentous size to be separately visible, if removed to the distance of an external galaxy, but he grasped the significance of the contrasted symmetry of stellar and nebular arrangement. For while the vast majority of lucid stars lie in, or near, the plane of the Milky Way, the exact converse marks the law of nebular distribution.

With the exception of wholly "diffused" nebulæ, in which star clusters lie immeshed, which are characteristic of the Milky Way, all nebulæ, whether stellar, planetary or spiral, may be said to congregate in regions distant from that plane, the spaces richest in nebulous matter lying precisely at the poles of this great celestial girdle. Such mutual avoidance cannot be accidental, but argues some law of recognition, some function of partnership or division of labor in the economy of a complex but organized system. And so Herschel interpreted it while his son, Sir John Herschel, and later, Proctor, pressed home these views still farther. But it is, quite singularly, to Herbert Spencer, the famous English positivist, that we owe the first full presentation in literature of the status of

^{16 &}quot;Allgemeine Naturgeschicte und Theorie des Himmels," 1755.

the nebulæ. In a "thoughtful article," appearing in the Westminster Review in 1858, he wrote: "If there were but one nebula, it would be a curious coincidence were this one nebula so placed in the distant regions of space as to agree in direction with a starless spot in our own sidereal system. If there were but two nebulæ. and both were so placed, the coincidence would be excessively strange. What then shall we say on finding thousands of nebulæ so placed? Shall we believe that in thousands of cases, these far removed galaxies happen to agree in their visible positions with the thin places in our own galaxy? Such a belief is impossible. Still more manifest does this impossibility become, when we consider the general distribution of nebulæ. Besides showing itself in the fact that the regions poorest in stars are richest in nebulæ, this law applies to the heavens as a whole. In that zone of celestial space where stars are excessively abundant, nebulæ are rare" [except the "diffused," known chiefly through photography.] "Scarcely any nebulæ lie near the galactic circle and the great mass of them lie around the galactic poles. Can this also be mere coincidence? When to the fact that the general mass of nebulæ are antithetical in position to the general mass of the stars we add the fact that the local regions of nebulæ are regions where stars are scarce and the further fact that single nebulæ are habitually found in comparatively starless spots, does not the proof of a physical connection become overwhelming?"17

Six years later (1864), Sir William Huggins, who shared with Father Secchi, S. J., the leadership in spectroscopic work, obtained the first spectrum of a nebula. The history of spectrum analysis begins, in a sense, with Sir Isaac Newton, but its significance, as revealing the physical and chemical constitution of a body, was not grasped until the experiments of Gustave Kirchoff, in 1859, made known the fact that incandescent solids or liquids give a continuous spectrum, while gases (except under great pressure) give a spectrum of bright lines only. When Sir William Huggins turned his spectroscope upon a bright planetary¹⁸ nebula in the constellation Draco, great was his surprise to find a spectrum of three bright lines only. The riddle of the nebulæ was solved. gaseous! The three lines noted by Huggins have been found to compose the fundamental spectrum of all gaseous nebulæ: the strongest and most characteristic of these being a dull, green ray, surnamed "nebulium," a substance unknown to earthly chemistry vet filling whole tracts of celestial space, and faintly shining in all

18 So called from their apparent circular disk.



¹⁷ Herbert Spencer. Essays, second series: "Nebular Hypothesis."

"green nebulæ." Other nebulæ show a faint, continuous spectrum as of increasing condensation, which is most prominent in the so-called white nebulæ.

With the discovery of the gaseous nature of nebulæ, the "islanduniverse" theory fell from its high estate, as having no further raison d'être. Advocates of an infinity of worlds still continued, however, to urge the possibility of certain nebulæ among those showing the white, or semi-continuous spectra being exterior to the galactic circle. Meanwhile the problem of an infinite universe was debated under a new aspect by Olbers and Struve shortly after the elder Herschel's death. While the number of stars visible to the naked eve is, as we know, very limited, not over six thousand. yet since their number is so wonderfully multiplied by our great telescopes, fresh millions leaping into view with each increasing power, the question naturally arises, with greater light-grasping power, might not our sidereal system extend itself before us indefinitely, or has it actual limits? The answer to this latter question is in the affirmative. In March, 1823, an article by Olbers appeared in "Bode's Jahrbuch" demonstrating mathematically that, if our stellar system were to extend continuously outward to infinity. "the whole starlit sky would shine with the brilliancy of sunlight." For, in a continuously extended universe, no line could be drawn from the earth that would not, eventually, encounter some star, until, finally "no point in the heavens would remain unilluminated."

"We should, in fact, only be able with difficulty to discover the sun by his spots, while the moon and planets would only be perceived by us as jet-black disks upon a bright ground as brilliant as the sun."19 Olbers' argument has been presented by both Proctor and Newcomb, with substantially the same result. For, as can easily be shown, regarding the heavens as a hollow sphere, it follows that in any equable distribution of stars, their number must nearly quadruple with each descent in magnitude, simply because the cubical space holding them is quadrupled. And thus, increase of numbers counterbalancing individual diminution of light, the total light ratio may actually increase as we proceed, a process which if continued indefinitely would of course fill the heavens with a blaze of light. As a matter of fact, we do receive from forty to fifty per cent. more light in toto, from each successively lower magnitude of stars, down to the tenth, when the ratio changes. Roughly speaking, the totality of light from sixth magnitude stars is double that received from the fourth: that of the eighth is twice

¹⁹ Proctor: "Other Worlds Than Ours," p. 283. "Old and New Astronomy," p. 690. Gore: "Visible Universe," p. 275. Newcomb: "The Stars," p. 229.



that received from the sixth: while from all the stars, down to the tenth, we receive slightly more than seventy times as much light as from those of the first magnitude alone.20 After the tenth magnitude, there is a marked falling off in the number of the smaller stars, and a falling off in an increasing ratio. They are entirely too few for the space they should occupy: (a diminution which does not apply to the stars of the Milky Way, where "veritable star dust is scattered". This thinning out of celestial ranks drew forth from Struve, the Dorpat astronomer, his famous hypothesis of the extinction of light in its passage through space. "Jene vois pas," he writes, "d'autre explication que celle d'admettre, que l'intensité de la lumière décroit en plus grande pro ortion que la raison inverse des carées des distances: cequiveut dire qu'il existe une perte de lumière, une extinction, dans le passage de la lumière par l'espace celeste."21

We know that light diminishes with the square of the distance. not because of any extinction, or absorption, by the way, but simply because the rays are dispersed over a larger area, or conversely, because the luminous body subtends a smaller angle. The planet Venus varies greatly in brightness, with carrying distance from earth, because her disk is perspectively smaller. But area for area, the intensity of the light remains the same. Struve, on the contrary, supposed a "lack of elasticity in the ether" which would "cast a cosmical veil over distant objects." It is hard to argue as to the effects of a "lack of elasticity in the ether," because the ether itself is a wholly hypothetical substance, of whose very existence we have absolutely no proof, except the difficulty of conceiving how light could be transmitted through space, without some medium to transmit it. Struve, however, proceeded to investigate what degree of absorption would be needed to produce the desired result. The amount required was somewhat startling, greatly reducing the supposed range of telescopic vision. But there were other difficul-As Professor Grant remarks in his "History of Physical Astronomy": "If an extinction of light takes place in space, light should be everywhere extinguished at the same distance" and the light of the distant stars should diminish in a constant ratio, which is not the case. There is a sudden decrease for stars at the 9.5 magnitude: a sudden rise for stars at the tenth magnitude, followed by a fluctuating diminution.

But the strongest argument against Struve's theory was found in the character of the Milky Way, whose infinite variety of detail



<sup>Newcomb: "The Stars," p. 277. Clerke: "System of Stars," p. 363.
Struve: "Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire," p. 86.</sup>

and varying gradations of light, broken by rifts, and lanes, and openings of inky darkness, seemed to set at defiance the geometrical regularity of Struve's "infinitely extended plane." To support Struve's theory, it would be necessary to suppose all the openings in Milky Way, through which we look out, apparently, on "absolute night," were tunnel-shaped apertures in such a plane, all pointed towards our earth—a patently improbable theory, which a host of astronomers have shown to be untenable. Sir John Herschel, after devoting eight years to the verification and extension of his father's discoveries in the Northern heavens, resolved upon a similar survey of the Southern heavens. During his stay at Capetown, he made an exhaustive study of the mysterious and complicated structure of the Milky Way, to determine, if possible, whether that

"Broad and ample road, whose dust is gold, And pavement stars;"

were indeed as it appears, a circling and limiting zone, surrounding our stellar system, or the infinitely extended stratum which Struve and others still believed it to be. His answer was emphatically in favor of the former supposition. He found that wonderful golden pathway studded and powdered with stars in such indescribable profusion, shimmering in parts with still unresolved light, yet literally riddled with "weirdly shaped channels," "winding lanes" and rifts, and even circular openings of utter darkness, some sharp and clean, "as if engraved and inked in," some "faintly bridged by wisps of luminosity." Here the almost clear-swept vacuum in Scorpio, which led Sir William Herschel to exclaim in astonishment: "Da ist wahraftig, ein loch in Himmel"; again the awesome blackness of the Coalsacks, near the Southern Cross, which inspired even the hardy navigators of Columbian days with awe: the whole structure, baffling in its intricacy, yet speaking clearly of a colossal unity of plan,22

He saw what later astronomers have seen still more clearly, the futility of seeking to explain such manifold and diverse openings as due to the interposition of "obscure stars," or "dark nebulæ."²⁸ Proctor, by his "star plotting," has shown that the whole course of the Milky Way, with all its intricate turnings, is *outlined* by a tracery of bright stars, attended by smaller ones, which may be pricked out like a pattern in lace—a fact which Professor Gore considers conclusive evidence of the clustering tendencies of the galaxy, as the development of a vast original spiral nebula (or possibly the inter-

 ²² Sir John Herschel: "Cape Observations."
 23 A. M. Clerke: "Problems in Astrophysics." p. 541.

lacing of two such nebulæ), forming the boundary of our universe, and by its disintegrating tendencies, the chronometer of its past and future existence.24 "Of Struve's hypothesis of light extinction, it may be said," writes Professor Newcomb, "that he assumed an infinite universe, and from the fact that he did not see the evidence of infinity, concluded that light was lost. The hypothesis of a limited universe, with no extinction of light, while not absolutely proven, must be regarded as the one to be accepted until further investigation shall prove its unsoundness."25 Since Struve's time, other theories of light extinction have been proposed, most prominent among them being Schiaparelli's suggestion that if light extinction really occurs, it is probably due to fine particles of cosmic matter diffused through space. Such extinction, however, should produce absorption in stellar spectra, especially in those of the more distant stars, yet no such effect has been observed.26 On this assumption, too, the most distant stars should be the reddest and the galaxy tinged with sunset hues. In reality, the exact opposite is the case—the pearly, or "ashen" tint of the Milky Way being notorious, while helium, or white stars are, as a class, the most distant, having their home and habitat in the galaxy.

These objections to Schiaparelli's suggestion constitute no denial of the existence of non-luminous matter in space, for this is acknowledged, but merely considering the immensity of interstellar space, it can exist in sufficient quantity to blot out the light of an infinite sidereal extension. The efforts of astronomers had long been bent upon obtaining positive evidence as to the dimensions of our stellar sphere by direct measurement of the distances of the stars, and early in the nineteenth century the old problem of stellar parallax was again attacked, this time with success. Our nearest neighbor in space, Alpha Centuri, proved to be four and a quarter "light years," or 26,000,000,000,000 miles distant. Light traveling with a speed of 186,000 miles a second, one light year equals 5,880,-000,000,000 miles. The light of the nearest star, then, reaches us in a little over four years. Stellar distances have been found, first. by direct measurement of their parallax, or apparent shift of position with the earth's actual translation of 186,000,000 miles from one side of its orbit to the other. The distance of between 200 and 300 stars have been found in this way. But there is a limit to the possibilities of direct measurement. With increasing distance parallaxes become too small to be appreciable. Only a few thousand stars fail within this limit, fixed at 100 light years from the sun.



²⁴ Gore: "Visible Universe," pp. 296-300. Astronomy," p. 713. "Other Worlds," p. 268. 25 Newcomb: "The Stars," p. 231. 26 Gore: "Visible Universe," p. 287. Proctor: "Old and New

Touring our way still farther through space, more wholesale method, Kapteyn of Groningen, a great specialist in these matters, employed, then, is the annual distance traveled by the sun. Our own sun, like all other stars, is known to be in rapid motion, a motion directed toward the bright star, Vega, in the constellation Lyra. This motion carries us annually over a distance more than four times as great as our own from the sun. By using this yearly motion of the sun as the base line of our parallax, the average distance of certain groups of stars can be ascertained. By this methods must be pressed into service. The next celestial yardstick has revealed to us the average distance of several groups of stars, down to about 1,000 light years from the sun. Here we must pause a moment to take breath! Other special methods, adapted to individual cases, have whispered to us certain further secrets as to distance, but broadly speaking, we must halt in our celestial journey at stars of the tenth magnitude,27 although the telescope reveals many still fainter. With this magnitude, however, we have, as we have seen, reached the apparent maximum of stellar density. After this, a thinning out of stars sets in, until we reach the borders of the Milky Way, where their ranks are again repleted. We have evidence that certain even of our brighter stars belong to this abvsmally distant zone, from Professor Proctor's "star plotting," since we cannot suppose a garland of stellar brilliants to be so poised in space as to outline the entire contour of the galaxy and yet be physically dissociated from it. This association of lucid and faint stars in the galaxy—and not in the galaxy only, but in hundreds of minor clusters—shows plainly a real difference in stellar size. We have only to join the delicate cross lines in our stellar tracery and a law of aggregation stands revealed. These large stars mark the centres of condensation and gravitational domination in the thronging clusters of the Milky Way! But though the stars here associated are relatively large and small, we do not know their actual size, and upon our estimate of this will depend our estimate also of the ultimate dimensions of our stellar ball.

Some stars are known to be thousands of times brighter than our sun, others are only one-fiftieth as bright. Professor Newcomb adds: "It seems certain that some stars emit millions of times as much light as others." If then we judge the bright stars of our galaxy to be only average denizens of the stellar world and its faint ones really minute, we bring the boundaries of our star system nearer. But if we suppose, as there is some reason for doing, that the rank

²⁷ Professor Prentiss: "Extent of Universe"; Rutgers "Alumni Quarterly," 1914.
28 "The Stars," p. 192.



and file of galactic stars are orbs comparable to our sun, dominated by veritable giants, we at once fling wider its borders. Calculating on this latter basis. Professor See, of our Naval Observatory, California, judges the diameter of our starry universe to be between two and ten millions of light years!29 Imagination may well stand appalled before the magnitude of such dimensions! We have, however, still to consider the plea of infinitarians for the extra galactic status of some of our great spiral or white nebulæ. That the laws of probability proclaim our suzerainty over the great majority of nebulæ, that many lines of evidence converge to prove the association in space of nebulæ with gaseous stars, they admit. But they urge that, as yet, we know certainly the distances of stars only, for the nebulæ, being far fainter and less definite in outline, have so far eluded parallactic measurement. The typal form of the spiral nebulæ suggests comparison with that of our own galaxy (now believed to be the development of a vast primitive spiral), while their faintly continuous spectrum is equivocal or transitional, and might be interpreted as that of a remote galaxy in an early stage of cosmical life. May not, then, some of our greater spirals be removable to outer space? Time will not permit the analysis of this plea in detail. We can only outline the chief reasons for its rejection. Of the hundreds of thousands of nebulæ estimated by Prof. Keeler to lie within the reach of the photographic plate, two stand forth unrivaled as the exemplars of their respective classes—the great nebula in Orion and the Andromeda nebula, queen of spirals.

The former stands confessed throughout all its fathomless depths of luminous gas of association in space with the stars of the great stellar giant's belt. But of the latter nebula extra-galactic distance has at times been urged. Appearing to the naked eye as a tiny "blur upon the sky, a mere wisp of luminosity," its proportions as revealed by photography are indescribably grand. It is most famous in astronomic record, having been noted by the Arabs as early as 905 A. D., to whom it was know as "Al Sufi's little cloud." In the West, it seems first to have been observed by Simon "For wild, incomprehensible beauty," writes Marius in 1612. Serviss, "there is nothing that can be compared with it. . It resembles a whirlwind of snow, while the appearance of swift motion and terrific force is startling." Millions of miles in depth, it is yet of such inconceivable tenuity that we can see through it!30 But regarding the crucial question of its distance, we must remem-

Story," p. 313.

 ²⁹ Professor Prentiss: "Extent of Universe"; Rutgers "Quarterly," 1914.
 Many estimates are much more moderate.
 30 Serviss: "Curiosities of the Sky," p. 99. Maunder: "Heavens and Their

ber first that those who incline to place it outside our system are also those who insist on a "cosmical veil" of light absorption, with the added suggestion of a possible "thinning out" or cessation of the celestial ether outside the borders of the galaxy, rendering all beyond invisible. If such be the case, it at once follows from the mere evidence of visibility that we may claim this queen of nebulæ as our own. But again, although the Andromeda nebula is not permanently associated with any bright stars, as are so many of its compeers, yet, in 1885, a "nova," or temporary star, suddenly shone forth in its depths, almost at its very heart, glowing with a soft. golden effulgence through the silvery veil of the nebula for about six months, and then slowly fading into invisibility. newcomer was a veritable denizen of the nebula, not merely optically projected upon it, is clearly proved by the frequent occurrence of novas in nebulæ, as a recognized feature of nebular life. Novas Scorpii, Coronæ, Cygni, Andromedæ, Persei (No. 1), Aurigæ, Normæ, Carinæ, Centaurii, Sagitarii and Aquilæ, all appeared between 1860 and 1900, while sixteen others have been detected since the opening of the century. Such frequent recurrence manifestly precludes any mere chance configuration.

But the fact of actual association was even more conclusively proved by the first transformation of several novas into genuine nebulæ. Nova Aurigæ metamorphosed itself into a planetary nebula as a phase of its decline—an example followed by Nova Cygni and several more recent novæ, which severally showed the three green lines of orthodox nebular spectra.81 Supposing now the Andromeda nebula an external universe, its splendor must needs surpass our own many times to render it visible at such stupendous distance.82 What then must have been the colossal proportions of the "star" gleaming at its heart? And all evolved in the course of six months! Yet unless we are prepared to accept the rapid and frequent fabrication and decline of such "island universes," we must relinquish the extra-galactic status of the Andromeda nebula. Fortunately, we have testimony as to the actual distance of at least one of these novæ. Early in 1901 a new star blazed forth in the constellation Perseus, and in a few days sprang from invisibility to the first magnitude, then slowly faded; a few months later its spectrum had become that of a gaseous nebula. The nebulous nova was now photographed and actually caught in the act of (apparently) evolving a spiral nebula from its own substance, and this in the most rapid and peculiar manner, the interlacing branches spreading outwards with a speed which would have carried them over eleven minutes of

³¹ A. M. Clerke: "System of Stars," ch. vii.; "Problems in Astrophysics," ch. xxiv.

³² Proctor: "Other Worlds," p. 282.

arc in a year. Two astronomers, Professor Kapteyn and W. E. Wilson, watched the phenomenon closely, and doubted whether the star were really producing the nebula, judging it more probable that it had only illuminated by its blaze a previously existent, dark nebula, and that we were simply watching its progressive illumination. The question then became, "How far off must the nebula be for the distance really traveled to appear as eleven minutes of arc on the sky?" Light travels 186,000 miles in a second, or 5,880.000,000,000 in a year, as we have seen. So this explanation would place the nebula at a distance of 300 light years, and the blaze of the nova must really have taken place at the time when Galileo first turned his telescope towards the heavens.

There are difficulties in this theory of a dark nebula revealed by reflected light, but for our present purpose they do not matter, for since the speed of light is the swiftest known, the supposition serves to show the greatest distance at which we can believe the new star and nebula to have been; 300 light years, however, is well within our stellar limits. Again, although we have been unable to detect any parallax or shift of a nebula across the sky, we can measure their radial motion, or motion towards or from us in the line of sight. Such motion is determined by the spectroscope, not the telescope. and can be measured very accurately, independently of distance, as long as the spectrum is bright enough to show the spectral lines. Many nebulæ are known to have rapid radial motions. The Andromeda nebula, in particular, is estimated as approaching us at the rate of 300 kilometers per second.34 But were this nebula extragalactic this would mean that an entire universe were approaching us at this rate! The thought of an approaching universe brings before us one final objection to the existence of an infinite plurality of worlds, with a bare glance at which we must close. It is the objection based on gravitational effects. It would be difficult to say what would be the result upon our system were it subjected on all sides to an infinite gravitational pull! One writer suggests that it would be reduced to a "pulverulent condition." 85 Another adds: "If then the universe were infinite in extent, any point would be a centre of gravity and individual spheres would be unable to hold together by the mutual attraction of their parts."86 Were this question to be thoroughly investigated by some competent authority, it might perhaps bring us to the conclusion of the whole matter at hand, at least as to possibilities, although the force of any decision adverse to a plurality of worlds could at once be nullified by sup-

³⁴ Slipher: "Rad. Vel. of And. Neb." "Popular Astronomy," January, 1914.
35 Ely: "Infinite Universe," "Pop. Ast.," August, 1908, April, 1909.
36 B. G. Harrison, F. R. A. S.: "Infinite Universe." "Pop. Ast.," March, 1912.

posing the celestial "ether to cease" at the boundaries of our own cluster, leaving beyond a "perfect void incapable of transmitting either gravitation or light."

We might then, indeed, be surrounded by countless universes, but they would be to us as though they were not, since they would remain forever unknown and unknowable. To cite once more the writer just quoted: "There does not seem to be any evidence either of an infinite universe or of external galaxies, whether we consider the question from an observational or theoretical point of view."27 Or, in the words of another author: "A practical certainty has been attained that the entire contents, stellar and nebular, of the sphere belong to one mighty aggregation, and stand in mutual, ordered relations within the limits of one all-embracing scheme: all-embracing, that is to say, as far as our capacities of knowledge With the infinite possibilities beyond science has no concern."88 Seeing then that objective evidence thus far reveals to us a finite universe only, is it not misleading to speak of being "driven" to believe in an Infinite One? It is quite true that mental bias may (and probably will) lead many to favor, conjecturally, one or the other view. One may incline to accept a finite universe on the ground that "God alone is Infinite." Another may urge that an Infinite God would fittingly express Himself in an infinite creation. Either view may be acceptable, since it has been reverently held as such, though neither should be adduced as a scientific argument. To-day, however, the special pleaders for an infinite universe seem quite to have forgotten the devout adage of Kepler: "Non est naturae mensura, hominis electio."39 We cannot safely or becomingly exchange the attitude of reverent observer and investigator of God's works for that of umpire; and it seems strange indeed that modern astronomers should have fallen into the very dogmatism they have so strenuously decried, and above all, in the matter of cosmogony, where the wisest scientist is but a tyro in the school of the ages—a child gathering cosmic pebbles from the great ocean of time. The remedy must surely be sought and found. in Catholic scholarship. It is said that the University of Louvain saved Belgium from failing a prey to German scientific and philosophic rationalism. May the day soon come when Catholic scholarship shall be more widely felt in English-speaking lands as a positive factor in redeeming science from the materialistic tendencies of the age!

E. Von Rycken Wilson.

New York, N. Y.



Br Harrison, F. R. A. S.; "Pop. Ast.," March, 1912, p. 145.
 A. M. Clerke: "System of Stars," p. 349.
 "Letter to Herwart," 1599.

HELLENISM AND THE JEWS

IN THE THREE CENTURIES PRECEDING CHRISTIANITY

ITH Alexander the Great's world-conquering campaign begins the period of history called from its thought-color Hellenistic. The present study will endeavor to outline the nature and phases of Hellenistic culture, its influence upon the Jews and their reaction thereto, and the Providential convenientia of these movements for the establishment of Christianity.

GENESIS OF HELLENISM

Correctly to estimate the nature of Hellenism, its roots must first of all be traced in the history of Greek philosophy. What is perhaps the outstanding characteristic of Hellenism, a questioning agnosticism, can be laid at the doors of the very first exponents of Greek philosophic thought, the sophists of the fifth century before Christ. At that time Protagoras (440), Gorgias (426) and Thrasymmachos initiated a reflexive subjectivism whose principle was: "Man is the measure of things." This principle, uprooting the foundations of all hitherto accepted Greek religion and morality, had a powerful reaction in the whole domain of intellectual life. Doubt concerning the existing order of things, doubt concerning long-cherished popular ideas and fancies, colored the thought-atmosphere of that day and continued thus through the subsequent centuries.

Socrates (469-399) corrected this tendency somewhat by his axiom: "The gods alone are wise"—holding that man is the measure of all only in so far as he descends passionless into his own being and seeks the essential good. Socrates' disciple, Plato, was the first to define the fundamental distinction of actus and potentia, thereupon postulating his famous "ideas" as the medium through which things in potentia might receive the forma of perfection. For Plato, man is the link joining material to super-material, and the Divinity has left the world to work itself out. Both Socrates and Plato taught the immortality of the soul.

Aristotle of Stagira (384) in his eighteenth year began studying at Athens under Plato. If his master was poetical in thought-system and expression, the pupil was eminently practical—a cool scientific investigator. From Aristotle dates the golden age of Greek philosophy. He established all knowledge on a solid objective basis by his principle: "Omnis nostra cognitio incipit a sensu." His intimate analysis of the functions and processes of the mind founded the only psychology worthy of the name. His meta-

physics penetrated into the innermost sanctuaries of being, scrutinizing actus and potentia, substance and accident, cause and effect, and definitely demonstrating the existence of an infinite Supreme Being. Characteristic of the "maestro di color chi sanno" was logical systematization, division into genera and species, in the whole thought-field, giving clarity, preciseness of distinction, definite terms.

Now Aristotle, it will be remembered, became the tutor of Alexander—afterwards, as fit pupil of such a master, surnamed the During the latter's youth, Athens, centre and source of Greek intellectual life, art, literature, philosophy, already materially corrupt and politically succumbing to the inherent weaknesses of democracy, came, together with the rest of Greece, under the hegemony of Macedon, the growing though less cultured monarchy of the North. There Philip II. had just put his own house in order, and the Macedonians, joined with the conquered Hellenes, were well prepared for external conquests by the new and formidable development of the phalanx, whose spears were destined to pierce the way for practical application of Greek philosophy in many nations.

Previously to Philip's conquest of Greece, Attic snobbishness, aloofness, had hindered the extension of Greek thought beyond In general there was little thought-intercourse among Hellas. peoples. Nations were clannish, unsharing of their goods of mind as they were handicapped in interchange of commerce. But now, in the all-wise designs of Providence, what Philip had done for Greece Alexander was to do for the world. When now the supreme turning-point of the world's history, the advent of the incarnate God-man, was in the offing, Alexander and his Hellenized armies were to tumble political barriers which so long had impeded national intercourse and Greek thought, ready now after Aristotle to interpret the "universitas rerum," could permeate the intellectual systems and religious beliefs of all peoples; could, like the mighty earthquake under whose symbolism it had been foreshown long ago to Elias in his Horeb vision,2 shake far lands with its upheaving power, casting down thrones of kings and altars of ancient gods. This overturning, victorious advance of Hellenic culture under the standards of Macedonian leadership is as effectively as succinctly described in the opening chapter of the First Book of Machabees:

Now it came about, after Alexander, Philip's son, had conquered and become king of Greece in his [father's] stead, that he



¹ Dante, Inferno, Canto IV., i., 28. ² III. Kings, xix., 11d.

went forth from the land of Macedon⁸ and overcame Darius. king of the Persians and Medes, and waged many wars and overpowered many strongholds and slew kings of the land, and he passed even to the ends of the earth and he took much booty of a multitude of peoples. And the earth grew silent in his sight. And he was raised on high and his heart aspired. And he got together an exceedingly great force, and he became master of lands and peoples and rulers, and they became tributaries to him.

HELLENISM IN ITSELF

Since Hellenism may be formulated as Greek philosophy plus Alexander's campaigns, we may now examine what reaction followed upon the violent religious, political, cultural ebullition that set in when the sharp acid of Hellenic thought was poured into the alkaline passivity of the Oriental peoples. What was the nature of the resultant precipitate, which we have since called Hellenism?

This may be best observed in the change of thought life of the Hellenistic Greeks themselves. Attic reserve and self-sufficiency had been permanently battered down. Philosophy, now in its second, popular stage, was taught or discussed in the agorá of every considerable town from the Black Sea to the Cyrenaica. Greek deserters, traders, colonists scattered far and wide along the broad paths of Alexander's armies. By thus coming into intimate contact with the despised "Barbaroi," the Greeks began to appreciate their institutions and to examine and assimilate their doctrines. Having themselves made their own hoary heathen mythologic fancies to totter and fall under the facts of philosophy, the minds of the Greeks, now cleared and swept of the lumber of idolatry, the rubbish of ancient beliefs, and feeling the void of negation, nearatheism, were ready and eager to receive the seven worse devils of foreign superstitions. The opening of the Greek language of this period to foreign words is the significant parallel of the opening of the Greek mind to non-Greek thought. Nationally, then, the Greek became a world-citizen. On his side the "wall of separation"⁵ was battered down and loosened by the blows of Alexander's campaign to be later, from the other side, crumbled entirely by the preaching of the Glad Tidings.

In the philosophico-theological plane, syncretism was the dominant note of Hellenism. This tendency, with its inherent conse-



The Kithim (Gen. x., 4; I. Mac. i; viii., 5,) Kition are in Biblical language first generically the prehistoric inhabitants of the Greek isles, of Phœnician origin, specifically of Cyprus, whose capital was Kition. It may be that these ancient colonists settled extensively in Macedonia. At any rate, the Greeks never denied the Hellenic origin of the Macedonians admitting them to the Ishhmian games, in which only Hellenes might compete.

*I. Mac. i., 1-5 (Greek).

^{*} Eph. ii., 14.

quences for good as well as for evil, it communicated to all minds it infected. The mystic Oriental cults began to appeal to the Greeks. unconsciously hungering for some positive religious tenets that would stand the test of philosophy. Become true "spermologoi," flitting "seed-pickers" of ideas in the marketplaces of the world's thought—as they later contemptuously styled St. Paul⁶—they gathered scraps of knowledge and belief from all nations.

In examining, adopting and assimilating foreign religious elements to harmonize them with their philosophic principles, they employed the help of allegorism—a medium already found most useful in expounding their own own ancient myths popularly current.7

In the political plane Hellenism encouraged individualism. Every member of a Greek town, having a voice in the civic government, was conscious of personal responsibility—differing in this from the great masses ruled by Oriental despots, who scarcely gave any heed to the value of an individual. As colonies were organized on the Hellenistic plan, and were readily imitated by neighboring communities, a new appreciation of the importance of an individual effectively counteracted blind adherence to an autocratic system of law and government.

A natural consequence of this liberalism in matters of theory and thought was hedonism in practical life, a policy of expediency, usefulness in the acceptation and treatment of material facts concerning which there could be no abstract disputes. popularity of Epicurus and Carneades as philosophers of the practical. Hence also the gymnasia with their classes of "epheboi" were community institutions, social centres in every country touched by Hellenism.8

To summarize: Hellenism, a world-culture phase growing out of Greek philosophy impinging on other thought-systems through the medium of Alexander's campaigns, had for its outstanding

^{6 &}quot;But certain ones of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers disputed with him. And some said: 'What is this seed-picker trying to tell us?' But others said: 'He seems to be a preacher of new gods;'—because Paul had announced to them Christ and the resurrection. And taking him they brought him up to the Areopagus, saying: 'May we be informed what is this new doctrine you are preaching? For you bring new things to our ears. We would like to know, therefore, what these things mean.' All Athenians and people living there busy themselves about nothing so much as about either telling or hearing something new." (Acts xvii., 18-21).

7 For example, the tale of the companions of Ulysses turned to swine

by Circe was allegorically explained as the soul degraded by giving way to the animal passions. The old gods, too, by this antianthropomorphizing tendency, were treated as concretizations, symbols, of virtues, vices, powers. Thus a compromise was effected with vulgar beliefs.

This importance attached to care of the body was in the beginning controlled by traces of the old Spartan asceticism, but later degenerated

into luxury in its worst phase, enervated by oriental influences absorbed through syncretism.

feature syncretism, and had for good effects chiefly a destruction of gross pagan superstitions and a liberalizing, broadening of men's outlook upon the world and God; and for bad effects, sapping of religious sincerity, indifference, materialism.

REACTION OF HELLENISM ON THE JEWS: HISTORIC PHASES

Jerusalem, the religious and political capital of the Jews, though at the time under Persian suzerainty, seems, according to Josephus,9 scarcely to have been touched by the first great wave of the Alexandrian armies. The conqueror of Persia, though wrought up against the Iews by their chronic enemies, the Samaritans, not only spared the city, but did reverence to the high priest, Jaddua; he even offered sacrifice in the temple in accordance with the syncretic tolerance of Hellenistic principles, and left the Hebrew people liberty to follow their own legislative system, besides granting them economic favors. But the strong-lived seed of liberal Greek thought had been sown among that nation so tenaciously conservative. Hellenic national elements, deserters, traders, colonists, now dotted the homeland of the Chosen People. The Samaritans had entered into a league with the Greeks; all the surrounding territories passed from Syrian and Semitic to Hellenic and Arvan control. Soon the thought-atmosphere of Judea itself could no longer escape the Gentile contamination of Hellenism.

THE JEWS OF THE DIASPORA

An indirect factor making for Hellenization, more potent, perhaps, than Alexander's direct invasion of Jewish territory, was the reactive influence of the Jews of the Diaspora—those whom the wars of Alexander's various rival successors had scattered through the Hellenic cities of Greece, Asia Minor, along the Euphrates and in Northern Africa. Corinth, Athens, Pergamos, Antioch, Tarsus, Alexandria, Cyrene, in fact all the more important cities of the Hellenistic world had their Jewish exile settlements. The most renowned and influential of these was the great colony at Alexandria, the chief centre of Hellenism. This flourished and prospered under the congenial rule of the Ptolemies, its synagogue rivaling the very

⁹ Antiq. XI., c. 8, 8; 3, 5.

10 The members of these made pilgrimages to the Temple on occasion of the great festivals. Thus we read in the Acts (ii., 9-11) that at the first Pentecost there were present in Jerusalem "Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia . . . Cappadocia. Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya about Cyrene . . . Cretes and Arabians." Even if by the above-mentioned are not meant Jews whose language was that of those countries, there can be no doubt about the men who, a little later, disputed with St. Stephen—"some of . . . the synagogue of the Libertines, and of the Cyrenians, and of the Alexandrians, and of them that were of Cilicia and Asia" (Acts vi., 9). For summary of pre-Christian Jewish colonies, see Haneberg, Geschichte der Biblischen Offenbarung, pp. 454-464, 3rd ed.

Temple in splendor. So numerous and powerful were the Egyptian colonies of Jews-their beginnings dating perhaps even from the time of Ieremias—that they did not scruple to raise at Leontopolis, near Memphis, a rival temple which stood for over three hundred vears.11

That the members of these widely scattered and economically important colonies, daily in contact with Hellenism on every side, should not assimilate some of its characteristics, was humanly impossible, and that these same Jews, keeping up constant communication by correspondence and by travel with their brethren of Judea, should have a marked influence on the latter was but natural.

It is to be doubted whether, at its first coming, these exiled Jews recognized in Hellenism a most potent ally of the Mosaic system against the surrounding heathenism. But it was in truth a mighty spirit-breathing, forerunning the coming of the Logos, Truth Itself, which crumbled the idols of hoary heathen worships, and through the insatiable absorbing power of its syncretism opened the minds of many nations to revealed truth as contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, brought to far lands by Jewish colonists.

Thus it came about that the sacred writings, containing the major deposit of divine revelation till then, so long jealously guarded by the Jews, at last were made accessible to the whole Greek-speaking The extravagant bibliomania of Ptolemy Philadelphus. whom the Hellenistic craze for universal culture impelled to gather at Alexandria literary productions of every country, to be translated for the benefit of the great school there, soon had the strange hieratic volume of the Thora published in Greek, never realizing that this work was to be the corner-stone of the most enduring literary monument, the Greek Bible.

Taking the Septuagint Version together with the popular interpretations of the Sabbath Scripture readings, we may conjecture that the inspired Hebrew writings had not a little influence for good in the world of their time.¹² We have more positive evidence for this in the coincident beginning of proselytism. Since the admission of non-Jews to participation in the religious knowledge and privileges of the Mosaic code had not been explicitly provided for in the Pentateuch,18 such participation had hitherto never been encouraged, and the cases of conversion to Judaism were very

Josephus, Wars, VII.; Antiq. XIII., c. 3, 8; 2.
 Aristobolus (frag. apud Euseb. Praep. ev. XIII., c. 12) even suggests that Plato had been acquainted with a pre-Alexandrian version of the Pentateuch.

¹³ The Thora, however, frequently legislates favorably for "the stranger within the gates" (Exod. xx: 10; Deut. v.: 14; xxxi.: 12). Compare also the rite of taking a female captive to wife (Deut. xxi.: 10-13).

sporadic.¹⁴ But as Hellenistic liberalism in religion began to permeate, proselytes, particularly those called "of the gate," bound only to the observance of the Noachic precepts,¹⁶ began to multiply, increasing till, at Christ's time, even the conservative Pharisees could be reproached for excessive zeal in making converts.¹⁶

But the opening of the treasures of Hebrew sacred lore to the Gentiles also subjected the religious system of the Jews to that destructive criticism which was so prominent a feature of Hellenistic philosophic thought. Many a passage of the Scripture on first reading would seem irreconcilable with stoic metaphysics. school, which had destroyed the humanized deities of old paganism, would certainly ridicule, for example, the anthropomorphisms of the Pentateuch when speaking of the Supreme Being. Hence the Iews of the Diaspora early took advantage of a ready Hellenistic means to reconcile Greek philosophy and Semitic rhetoric, namely: allegory. By this method, acknowledged legitimate by their opponents, they smoothed out the difficulties of their sacred writings and made the latter more palatable to the taste of the times. exponent of this system was Philo of Alexandria, whose numerous apologetic writings are a fusion of Platonism, Pythagorianism and stoicism, all joined with and hardly dominating Judaism.

Besides this, the failings, weaknesses of Hellenism—only too evident, particularly the materialism and the luxury consequent upon its application in practical life—were also combated directly by the Jews in writings like the inspired books of Wisdom and the translation of Sirach. In Wisdom the heaven-born, supernatural doctrine of God is contrasted with the earthly "sophia" of the Greek; in Ecclesiasticus the great ethic principles underlying the Law, expanded in charming meshalim, are set before the Greeks and the Jews "for the service of them that are willing to apply their minds, and to learn how they ought to conduct themselves, who purpose to lead their life according to the Law of the Lord" and not according to the materialistic principles of Carneades and the Cyrenean school. 19

¹⁴ Jethro, Rahab, Ruth, Naaman,

¹⁵ As filled out by rabbinio tradition these were: (1), not to live without some form of government; (2), to avoid blasphemy and (3), idolatry; (4), not to marry near of kin; (5), not to shed human blood, nor (6), to rob; (7), not to eat blood or strangled animals. See Gen. ix., 1-10 and Acts xv.. 20. 28-29.

xv., 20, 28-29.

16 "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you go round about the sea and the land to make one proselyte. . . . " (Matt. xxiii., 15).

¹⁶ Prologue to Ecclesiasticus.

19 The struggle against Helle

¹⁹ The struggle against Hellenic perversion by the Jews of the Diaspora is mutely witnessed to, in the Septuagint translation; where, for example in Is. ix., 12 (xi.); Jer. xivi., 16 (xxvi., 16); I., 16 (xxvii., 16) "Philistine" and "Assyrian," the Jews' traditional enemies, has been rendered by "Hellenic."

Now, let it be remembered that all the change wrought in the thought habits of the Jews of the Diaspora, surely, and not very slowly, was bound to influence the mentality of the Jews of the homeland, Palestine, with whom the former kept in intimate touch through travel, commerce and the ritual pilgrimages to the Temple. Add to this factor the many Hellenistic elements scattered throughout Judea and its hinterland—and the deep-going doctrino-cultural changes in Palestinian thought of this period become quite intelligible.

EFFECTS OF HELLENISM IN PALESTINE

During more than one hundred years after Alexander's passing invasion of Judea, under the mild rule of the Ptolemies of Egypt, the germination of the Hellenic thought-seed went on so quietly and gradually in Palestine itself that it has left no trace in the sacred history of that period, except that "evils were multiplied upon the earth." Josephus, however, remarks an increasing liberality of intercourse between the Jews and the Gentiles, the rulers of the latter being quite disposed to improve the civil status of the conquered, and with true Hellenistic broadmindedness, generally permitting them to live according to their own laws. ²¹

But the seed sown had nevertheless germinated, and the leaves of its growth were about to appear in a favorable season. In the wars of Antiochus the Great, Palestine passed from Ptolemaic to Seleucid suzerainty, and under Epiphanes (174), the intolerant successor of the above-mentioned king, we suddenly note the deeper changes already wrought among the more radical Jewish elements by Hellenistic ideas. Partly to cater to the government, partly through plain Hellenistic corruption, the younger generation suddenly wished to Hellenize all Jewish life. With the king's authority to back them, Greek customs were forcibly introduced, Greek dress adopted, a gymnasium for bodily training and luxury in Greek style erected near the Temple itself, and the ancient Law and traditions despised to such an extent that even the physical sign of Hebrew nationality was obliterated by surgical operation.²² "So great indeed," says the author of II. Machabees, "was the enthusiasm for Hellenism and the going over to foreign manners that the priests even no longer ministered at the altars, but, despising the Temple and neglecting the sacrifices, hastened to take part in the athletic exercises and the discus games, and counting for naught the honors of their fatherland, became infatuated with Greek glories."28

²⁰ I. Mac. i., 10.

²¹ Joseph. Antiq. XII., 3, ²² I. Mac. i., 12-16; II. Mac. iv., 12.

Such proclivity for Hellenistic culture on the part of a large proportion of the inhabitants of Palestine could not but produce a correspondingly strong reaction against all innovation among the faithful majority. As opposed to the philhellenic, rational Zadokite group, perpetuated in the Sadducees, there arose first the guerilla bands of the glorious Machabees, succeeded by the zealous Chasidim. Thus Hellenism dug the chasm in Jewish life that was to remain unbridged till, through its divisive effects, the Jewish nation as such finally perished beneath the ruins of Jerusalem.

The Chasidim, through their rigoristic applications of the Law, soon degenerated into the Pharisees, who laid maximum stress on external observance, and particularly emphasized the precept of separation from everything non-Hebrew, from which principle they obtained their name. Closely allied to them were the scribes, who aimed to erect of protecting traditional rules a bulwark around the Law itself, whilst at the same time they were undermining the true observance of the latter by subtle casuistry redolent of Hellenistic liberalism.

EFFECTS OF HELLENISM ON HEBREW RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Interesting as are the historico-political changes consequent upon the importation of Hellenism into Palestine, they are exceeded in importance by the fundamental changes wrought through that same importation in the traditional mentality of Jewry. These changes consisted chiefly in a broadening of intellectual outlook and religious interpretation. Hebrew thought, so characteristically Semitic in its synthetizing tendency, now became acquainted with Aryan analysis, as taught by its unrivaled exponents, the Greek philosophers. The treasure of divine revelation for the first time was studied with the aid of exact philosophic terminology and thus entirely new aspects of the Scriptures revealed themselves. The weapons were forged and the battleground prepared for the agelong war to be waged between the wisdom of God and the wisdom of the world.

In proportion as the concept of God, through removal of anthropomorphisms, became more transcendent, it was also more and more universalized. Yahweh, God of Israel, is now insistently proclaimed as "Ruler of the Universe." Now the Jews began practically to realize the world-wide function whose lesson had first been taught them in the Book of Jonas and had been definitely expressed by the elder Tobias: "He hath scattered you among the Gentiles, who know Him not, that you may declare His wonderful works, and

²⁴ II. Mac. vii., 9; cf. ib. vii., 35-38; xiv., 35.



make them know that there is no other Almighty God beside Him."²⁵

As regards God in Himself, the Jews, having at last been definitely cured of tendencies to idolatry, polytheism, in the captivity, were in fit mental condition for a more advanced and explicit revelation of the Deity's pluripersonal life. They were better prepared than other peoples because they could begin from a purely monotheistic basis. Hellenism, as involving the Platonic ideadoctrine, was thus become a way-breaker for the Trinity concept. Hence the revelation developments of God's life in Himself, found in the Books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom. Plato had postulated real separate existence for prime ideas, "universals," species of knowledge.26 In these later revelations God's intellectual activity-phase not only appears more and more distinct in Himself as an attribute, but becomes a definitely outlined, substantial projection, as it were, from the Divine nature, till it is conceived as a true emanation, "procession," from the God-head, implying however, no birth-severance, no separation, consequently no inferiority -hence the Memra, the Palestinian, correcter formulation of the Logos-idea, approaching, if not also already implying, hypostatic being.

At this time also the soteriological ideas latent in revelation came more and more to the forefront in Hebrew thought; the Messianic kingdom began to be conceived as having not only a national but also a universal scope. An extreme and false development of the Messianic idea, brought about in sub-Machabean times in the reaction from the evils of Hellenic invasion, and responsible for many narrow, theocratic misconceptions regarding the Messias' nature and function, was the apocalyptic movement, an endeavor to revive the courage of the disconsolate faithful ground under the heels of the goyim, by painting glittering visions of Messianic liberation and material world-conquest.

A most notable change is found to have been wrought at this time in the domain of ideas relative to the whole economy of relations of man to God. Witness the remarkable insistence of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom on free-will and the responsibility of the individual. Ritual is not so much emphasized; sacrifices, the Temple even, seem to become subordinated to the opus operantis, the personal conduct of the individual. At the same time stoicism and hedonism were forcefully combated.

Lastly may be remarked the great development of angelology and



²⁶ Tob. xiii., 3. 26 Phaedon, 19, 20, 21.

demonology apparent in Hellenic times, though definite, positive dependence of these movements from Hellenism is not clear. Great emphasis is now found to be laid on the resurrection of the body. The very definite development of eschatologic ideas likewise does not seem to the writer to be traceable to Hellenism.²⁷ Rather, the false apocalyptic eschatology so widely propagated and so tenaciously adhered to by the Pharisees, who blindly disregarding the prophetic indications of the first meek advent of the Messias in merciful redemption, identified the coming "in power" for Jerusalem's destruction with the final personal advent for the judgment of the world,²⁸ must on the one hand be laid to an obstinate hardening of heart and shutting of mind to facts of revelation and history illumined by the Hellenic dawn, and on the other to a tenacious clinging to the empty dreams of the night of ignorant pride.

HELLENISM AND CHRIST: CONCLUSION

The sombre Semitic background against which Our Lord's figure moves in the Gospel narratives is constantly shot through with exodic colors, personages, and happenings of Hellenistic origin—names such as "Cæsarea, Decapolis, didrachma, Pilate, Court of the Gentiles"; personages such as "governors, soldiers, the centurion" who liberally builds a synagogue, the "Greeks" who apprach Christ for an audience in the Temple; happenings such as the constantly recurring Pharisaic insistence on "separation" from everything "Gentile," taxpaying, and, above all, the legal procedure and the unutterably horrible details of Christ's Passion.

And indeed, as has been already suggested, Hellenism was the fitting intellectual dawn to precede the rising of the Sun of Truth, Jesus Christ, the Logos, the divine Sophia incarnate. By it the world was prepared for the full pouring forth of dazzling revelation.

Hellenism had long ago battered down or weakened pagan myths. Its syncretic character made men's minds receptive of new doctrines. Its keen analytic philosophy furnished the new idea—forms that enabled reason better to grasp the sublimities of Christ's teaching, and its cosmopolitanism assured the ready reception of the

²⁷ The philhelienic Sadducees, it will be remembered, "say there is no resurrection." Acts xxiii., 8; cf. Matt. xxii., 23; Luke xx., 27.

²⁸ For a thorough analysis of Pharisaic eschatology, as combated by Christ, see the series of articles on "St. Matthew and the Parousia," by R. T. Shanahan, in the "Catholic World" of 1918.



Good Tidings, so rapidly spread through its world-wide dissemination by the early Church.²⁰

Christ was far from going the length of the Sadducees in favoring Hellenism; yet it may not be an overbold conjecture to say that the Pharisees' chronic antagonism of Christ was due largely to the latter's promulgating "advanced" views, and doctrines which these standpatters immediately identified with Hellenism. In Judea, its home-land, Pharisaism, grown into stiff and hollow formalism, was proudly jealous of anything redolent of the meaty, youthful Hellenic spirit. Certainly Christ found his teaching better received in Galilee "of the Gentiles" than in conservative Judea—though there it needs multitudinous miracles to overcome Hellenistic rational incredulity.

May we not consider that solemn reception of the "Greeks" by Christ in the Temple during the momentous last week of His life as an acknowledgment that Hellenism was about to enter upon its final and most fruitful phase in the ecenomy of the Redemption? "Now there were certain Hellenes among them, who had come up to worship in the Temple. These approached Philip [note the Hellenic name] and requested of him: 'Sir, we wish to see Jesus.' And Philip went and spoke to Andrew, and Andrew and Philip, in turn, spoke to Jesus."80 Our Lord thereupon received these Hellenes (not necessarily Greeks), had a heavenly voice thunder forth over the assembly the confirmation of His mission, and took occasion of the interview to announce the proximity of His glorification, that is, of the spread of the Kingdom of Heaven over the whole earth—that glorious dominion, surpassing in extent and duration Alexander's world-empire, which was to be preceded by the apparent defeat of His teachings, in the Passion. in whose battle-fires were forged the mighty spiritual bonds which since have bound the world to God in lasting victory. Of a truth, it had been ordained by an all-wise Providence that the spearpoints of Macedonian phalanxes should open the world to Christianity.

Granville. Wis.

J. Simon, O. S. M.

³⁰ John xil., 20-33; "But Jesus answering them said: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. . . . Amen, amen, I say to you: unless the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. . . . Father, glorify Thy name!' A voice therefore came from heaven: 'I have both glorified it and will glorify it again.' . . . 'Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, when I shall be raised up from the earth, will draw all things to myself.'*



²⁹ The inherent defects of Hellenism, such as hedonism, indifferentism, were of course fought against by Christianity from the very outset, but eventually, in Neo-Platonism, became the last trench held by paganism against the Church.

ST. PAUL AND HELLENISM: A STUDY.

T is almost a century ago that the Pauline Epistles were first subjected to the piercing rays of the search-light of historical criticism. The Tubingen school, basing its historico-exegetical method wholly on the postulates of Hegelian evolutionism, retained only the four great Epistles of St. Paul as genuine. For in the world of thought as well as in nature struggle is the condition of progress. The idea generates its own negation, and these opposites resolve themselves into a higher unity which, though another being, is only the idea from which another procession begins. In the early Church the thesis was the preaching of the first Apostles, represented by St. Peter; of this St. Paul was the living antithesis, and of these two contrary tendencies Catholicism was the result. Guided by such principles as these, the disciples of Bauer proclaimed as apocryphal and as belonging to a later date all those Epistles of St. Paul which do not breathe strong opposition to Judeo-Christianity, and which are conciliatory in tone or mild in polemic. But nowadays, however, it is only among rather old-fashioned theologians that these elaborate discussions about authenticity are still maintained. Much less does any one give serious consideration to the hypercritical and radical Holland school, represented especially by W. C. Van Maven and W. S. Smith, of Tulane University, New Orleans, which, developing the above-mentioned principles to their logical consequences, denied the Pauline authorship of all the Epistles ascribed to him.

But while the Epistles of St. Paul have indeed issued triumphantly from the test and scrutiny of the most acute theologians of the last century, critics have found another way of disposing of the great Apostle according to their own satisfaction. It is now their aim to show that his writings are simply a patchwork of odds and ends from the opinions of others. No man, we are told, excels others beyond certain arbitrarily fixed limits, and if his actual achievement is not explicable by what others have thought or done before him, much that history ascribes to him must be denied as his. Heredity and environment, according to the verdict of these modern scholars, count for more than individuality. Hence they represent St. Paul's Christianity as a syncretism pure and simple, composed of elements borrowed from every conceivable source, and moulded into a superficial unity and system by the forceful personality of the Apostle. Of any relation to Christ, the Founder, of any inheritance from the primitive Apostolic Church, of any

product of his own experience and reflection there is hardly a trace left.

Keeping these considerations in view, we may now consider some of the ideas which St. Paul is said to have borrowed. While it is customary to regard the Jewish side of St. Paul's nature as the foundation on which his whole character was built and as the strongest and most determining part of his mind, several modern scholars and writers challenge this assumption. It is to Hellenism. we are told, that he is chiefly indebted. In the first place it is mentioned that St. Paul was educated at the Tarsian universities. which ranked next after Athens and Alexandria,1 and that his Epistles show that he had studied Stoicism, was at least acquainted with its leading doctrines, and had read some of its authors.2 "The Pauline thought," says Sir W. Ramsey, "is wholly inconceivable in a mere narrow Hebrew and wholly inexplicable without an education in Greek philosophy." In consequence of this environment St. Paul is further represented as a liberal son of the Dispersion. "The Tarsian influences," says the same author, "marked out Paul already before his birth, as the man who was destined to be the Apostle to the Gentiles" (Gal. i., 15-16), and elsewhere he says, "The crowning glory of Tarsus, the reason for its undying interest to the whole world is that it was the one city which was suited by its equipoise between the Asiatic and Western spirit to mould the character of the great Hellenist Jew." Similarly, in the "Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics" Dr. Allan Menzies and the Rev. William Edie in their article, "St. Paul," which is in reality a veiled and inconsistent attack upon the historicity of the Acts, from the very outset set before us St. Paul the Hellenist almost to the entire exclusion of St. Paul the Jew. We are told how he would regard the Gentiles with a liberal eye, how he would hear Cynic and Stoic doctrines at the street corners and so pick up their tricks of rhetoric, how he would take note of the religious rites of heathenism; and would learn something of the principal deities of And the authors sum up their conclusions as follows: "Of a Jewish training at Jerusalem it is harder to find traces in his work:" "of rabbinic method there is little trace in Paul." The critics, taking for granted the two points just mentioned, proceed thereupon to point out how there is scarcely a single important

¹ Sir W. Ramsey: "The Teaching of Paul in Terms of the Present Day," pp. 40-49. (Hodder & Stoughton: London, 1914).
2 Rackham: "Acts of the Apostles." p. 306. (Methuen: London, 1912).
3 The Cities of St. Paul, p. 34. (Armstrong: New York, 1908).
4 "The Teachings of Paul," p. 31.
5 "The Cities of St. Paul," p. 235.
6 Vol. IX., p. 691. (Scribner's: New York, 1914).

passage in St. Paul's Epistles which is not actually derived from or at least paralleled in Stoicism, Platonism, Philonism, or the mystery religions. His ideas about the necessity of education in Christian life, his philosophy of history, his doctrines concerning freedom and universalism are all to be attributed especially to Hellenism. "Previous comparisons," says J. Weiss, "have not sufficiently appreciated that which may be stated in one word as Paul's Hellenism." This school which would explain much of the Apostle's writings as the product of Hellenism is a considerable one in Germany, while in England it is represented by Professor Percy Gardner, and in Canada by Professor Morgan.

The "point d'appui" of those who maintain the advanced classic culture of St. Paul at Tarsus are three quotations which are incessantly adduced. The first is the hexameter from the poem on "Oracles," written, according to St. Jerome, by the Cretan poet Epimenides in stern and contemptuous depreciation of his countrymen: "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slothful bellies."10 It was quoted by Collimachus in the "Hymn of Zeus" and was well known in antiquity. For the Cretans were among the three very bad K's of olden times. They were called liars because they claimed that the tomb of Zeus was on their island; the original Greek word, moreover, meant to "tell lies." Of their ferocity, gluttony, drunkenness and sensuality and above all their greed, ample testimonies are quoted.12 This stinging line St. Paul applied to the Cretans in general as well as to those disorderly, prating and self-deceiving Jewish Christians who for the sake of filthy lucre turn whole families upside down. It is just such a national characterization as might pass from mouth to mouth and become thus a tag of the marketplace. The second is a half-hexameter in which he reminds his audience in the speech on the Areopagus that certain also of their native poets had said: "For we are also His offspring."18 This is a recognized commonplace of heathen insight to which many parallels could be quoted. St. Paul might well have heard in a chance conversation with the Stoic philosophers without being once obliged to unroll a classical papyrus. The quotation is taken from the "Phænomena" of Aratus, who was a Cilician, and most probably a Tarsian, and is also found in Cleanthes' "Hymn to Jove." The third is the moral warning to the Corinthians to awake to righteousness out of their drunken dream of disbelief, and break off the

^{12 &}quot;Cretenses spem pecuniae secuti." (Liv. xliv., 45).
13 Acts xvii., 28,



^{7 &}quot;Paul and Jesus," p. 59 ff. (Harper: New York, 1909).
8 "The Religious Experience of Paul." (Williams & Norgate, London,

The Religion and Theology of Paul." (Scribner's: New York, 1915). 10 Titus i.. 12.

sinful habits which it engendered: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."14 This is one of those common sententious pieces of morality, a proverbial gnome, which in all probability Meander in his "Thais" had appropriated from some lost tragedy of Euripides. But St. Paul most likely heard it in common parlance, or saw it inscribed on one of the Hermæ at Tarsus and Athens.

Several points in connection with the above quotations deserve our further attention. A remarkable thing is that all three of the quotations are found in at least two poets each, and, secondly, that two of them occur at the very beginning of the "Hymn of Zeus." It is likewise noteworthy that in the quotation from Meander, or Euripides, the great majority of the MSS. give a reading which may certainly be regarded as genuine, since no one would alter the correct metre if it had been given in the original manuscript. Hence St. Paul was unfamiliar with or indifferent to so common a rhythm as the iambic verse. This is the more surprising in view of the fact that St. Paul was a man of remarkable receptivity. His retentive memory is traceable in the extent to which he is constantly haunted by a word, and in the new and often rare expressions which are found in every one of his Epistles, and which show a mind keenly susceptible to impressions derived from the circumstances around him, and from those with whom he came into contact. He is, furthermore, a habitual quoter, often weaving into one brief quotation the verbal reminiscences of several passages.¹⁸ Except in Epistles intended mainly for Gentile Christians.10 to whom Old Testament quotations would have been unintelligible, he can hardly write five sentences in succession without a Biblical reference. absence of any similar use of even the noblest of the classic writers is a proof that he intentionally neglected them, or what is more probable, was wholly unacquainted with them. For who that has read St. Paul can believe that he had ever studied Homer or Æschylus or Sophocles? Would there in a writer who often "thinks in quotations" be no allusion to epic or tragic poetry in Epistles written at Athens and at Corinth? Had St. Paul been a reader of Aristotle, would he have argued in the style which he adopts in the Epistles to the Galatians and the Romans? Had he been a reader of Plato would the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians have carried in it not the faintest allusions to the guesses of Phædo?

Although the notion, therefore, that St. Paul was a classical scholar is a mere delusion, can it still be maintained that, because

19 I, and II. Thess, Phil., Col.

¹⁴ I. Cor. xv., 33. 18 Rom. i., 24; iv., 17; ix., 33; x., 18; I. Cor. vi.

of the spirit and surroundings amid which he was reared, he was a liberal Jew of the Diaspora, a Hellenist in the true sense? In this regard it must be conceded that one of the influences exercised on the Jews by the Dispersion was that they became more cosmopol-In the first place, there were many beautiful and itan in their views. great lessons to be learned from the better aspects of the heathen world. Thus Athens in her unique attainments had left the world an immortal heritage, for it was there that, for example, the human form, sedulously trained, attained its most exquisite and winning beauty; there that the human intellect displayed its utmost subtlety; there that art reached its most consummate perfection; there that poetry uttered its sweetest and sublimest strains; there that philosophy adapted to the most perfect means of human expression its deepest thoughts. So, too, Rome had her own lessons to teach of dignity, of law and of government. Then again commerce tended preëminently to make the Jew broadminded. When the innate tendency of the race, curbed first by the Mosaic law and then by the influence of the prophets, had been removed, the Iew flung himself with ardor into a career from which he was hitherto restrained. And this busy intercourse with different cities wrought in turn a further change in his opinions. A Jewish rabbi might be ignorant of everything except his Halacha, but a Hellenist soon learned to feel that-

> "All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote; The Gentiles also know, and write and teach To admiration, taught by Nature's light."²⁰

These more intelligent Jews were not content with an infructose Rabbinism. And hence it is not surprising that they desired to harmonize the Jewish and Hellenistic idiosyncrasies and to represent the facts of their history and the institutions of their religion in such an aspect as would least awaken the contempt of the nations among whom they lived. Such was the main object of Josephus, besides many pre-Christian writers, in his "Antiquities," and traces of a similar tendency are to be found in the "Stromata" of Clement of Alexandria and in the "Præparatio Evangelica" of Eusebius. The latter devotes several books to the exposition of the excellence of the Hebrew system, and demonstrates the proposition that Moses and the prophets lived before the greatest Greek writers, and that these drew their knowledge from the former.²¹ Similarly Clement tells us that the "virtues delineated in Moses supplied the Greeks

²⁰ Milton: "Par. Reg." IV., p. 225. ²¹ "Præparatio Evangelica," vii., 14; viii., 10; xii., 12; In Minge's "Opera" III.

with the rudiments of the whole department of morals," that the Greeks plagiarized the miracles in the Scriptures and related them as prodigies of Hellenic mythology, that Miltiades imitated the generalship of Moses, etc.²² But in this attempt to prove that all Greek wisdom was derived from Jewish sources, there was a tendency among the advanced Hellenists to adopt unauthorized additions to their history and to that style of exegesis which, since it deduced anything out of nothing, nullified the real significance of the Scriptures. This naturally gave rise to bitter antagonism between them and the Hebrews, who regarded these allegorical interpretations, this spirit of toleration for pagan systems, as an incipient revolt from Mosaism thinly disguised under a hybrid phraseology.

But strictly speaking this can be said only with regard to the more educated Jews, while even in their case it was the original Jewish element of their character that predominated.28 This latter was true, in a still higher degree, of the great mass of the Jewish people. The Iews, as a nation, have ever shown an almost miraculous vitality, and far from being denationalized by a home among the heathen, have only been confirmed in the intensity of their patriotism and their faith. One of the chief means for preserving the faith of their fathers was the regular meetings for worship in the synagogues on the Sabbath. St. Paul in the course of his travels through Asia Minor and Greece everywhere met with Jewish synagogues, as for example, in Antioch of Pisidia, Iconium, Ephesus, Thessalonica, Berea, Athens and in Corinth.24 Where the Jews were more numerous, as was the case in Damascus, Salamis and Alexandria, there were several synagogues. Similarly, the prescriptions regarding the temple tribute were most scrupulously complied with by the Jews of the Dispersion. But nothing contributed so much to cement the bond of union between the dispersion and the mother country as the regular pilgrimages which Jews from all parts of the world made to Jerusalem on festival occasions. And at the same time, they devoted themselves with all the ardor of self-conscious pride to keep the minutest observance of their law and ritual. in order thus to repair past centuries of rebellion and indifference, and to earn the fulfiliment of the great promise of the Messias. Their faithfulness was especially due to the work of the scribes. who directed all worship and religious activities toward Jerusalem. With these it was a point of conscience to maintain the institutions

^{22 &}quot;Stromata" i., 24; ii., 18; vi., 3; Wilson's translation Vol. I., p. 456; Vol. II., pp. 47-57; 319sq. (T. and T. Clark: Edinburgh).
23 Schurer: "The Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ." Div. II., Vol. II., pp. 281-91. (T. and T. Clark: Edinburgh, 1885).
24 Acts: ix., 20; xiii., 5; xiii., 14; xiv., 1; xviii., 19.

which their heathen neighbors attacked with every weapon of raillery and scorn. These very circumstances, however, tended to produce a marked degeneracy of the religious spirit. The minute concentration on the dead letter of documents and the ritualism of service became idolatry only in another form. In fact, among vast masses of the Jewish people religion sank almost into fetishism. It bound the nation hand and foot to the corpse of meaningless tradition and lost all power over the conscience and heart.

This exclusiveness of their prejudices, the peculiarity of their institutions, the jealousy of their successes, could not but create hatred, suspicion and contempt in many countries. There seems to be no limit to the curiosity, disgust and contempt with which the Iews were regarded in ancient times. Reference to them in the literature of classical antiquity is full of absurd calumnies and biting sarcasm. Men did not hesitate to circulate against them the most ridiculous and abominable stories, stories that had been invented especially by the literati of Alexandria. The exodus, above all, had in the course of time been worked up into a complete romance, picturing Moses, the priest of Heliopolis, as a leader of a band of lepers who were expelled by an Egyptian king and sent into the stone quarries or into the wilderness. Cicero heaps scorn and indignation upon them in his oration for the extortionate and tyrannous Flaccus,26 and in that on the consular provinces calls them "a race born for slavery."26 Horace sneers at their proselytism, their circumcision and their Sabbaths,27 and Seneca calls them a "most abandoned race." Iuvenal flings scornful allusion to their squalor, beggary, superstition, cheatery and idleness, and Celsus abuses them as jugglers and vagabonds. Tacitus in his history reproaches them with low cunning and strong hatred of all but their own.³⁰ And no passage of the ancient authors, full as they are of dislike for the Jews, expresses so undisguised a bitterness, or is so thoroughly expressive of the way in which the Romans regarded this singular people as that in which the same Tacitus relates how Tiberius banished four thousand freedmen "infected with that superstition" into Sardinia to keep down the brigands of that island, with the distinct hope that the unhealthy climate might help to get rid of them "et si ob gravitatem caeli interissent, vile damnum."81 As a result of this bitterness of feeling there were con-

²⁵ Cic. "pro Flacco," xxviii. ²⁶ "De Prov. Cons.," v.

^{26 &}quot;De FTUV. COLLO., 27 "Sat." I., iv., 143. 28 Aug. "De Civ. Dei.," vii., 36. 28 "Sat." vi., 542-547; xiv., 108-104.

³⁰ Hist. v., 2-5.
31 "Ann." ii., 85. Gill: "Notices of the Jews by Classic Authors," ad loc. cit. (London: 1872).

stant feuds and bloodsheds between the Jews and Gentiles. Josephus tells us that there were frequent sanguinary encounters between the two, especially in Alexandria, Antioch, Cyrene, Cæsarea, Ptolemais, Tyre, Hippos and Godara.²²

Now, were the Jews of Tarsus exempt from this hatred which was already so virulent among the Romans of that day? The Jews of Tarsus were very numerous.38 having first settled there as part of the free governing city which Antiochus Epiphanes founded in 171 B. C. The Jews at this time dwelt in considerable bodies in various Hellenic cities, where they did not possess any rights as burgess citizens, but formed a simple association with synagogue or place of prayer by the seashore or on the bank of a stream (Philippi) which aroused attention and attracted proselytes, though it was hated by the majority of the populace. The Jews of Tarsus, however, were not mere resident strangers, but citizens with full burgess privileges. 34 belonging to one of the tribes into which a Hellenic city was divided when it was founded or enlarged. No man could be a citizen except as a member of the tribe, and the tribal bond was intimate and sacred. The members were closely bound to one another by common religious rites which were performed at every meeting of the tribe. There was no possible way by which Jews who retained any religious or patriotic feeling or national pride could become citizens of a Greek city except by belonging to a tribe set apart in which they could control the religious rites and identify them with the service of the synagogue. No Jew could become a member of the ordinary tribe because he would have been obliged to participate in a pagan ritual, which even the most degraded lew would never face. In fact, Epiphanius tells us that no Greek or Samaritan in Tarsus was allowed to live in the district of Galilee where the Jews were the strongest, so bitterly were the latter opposed to every other nationality. These Jewish colonists of Tarsus were a strongly Hebraistic body. The restoration of Hebrew nationalism by the Machabean revolt must have exercised a powerful influence upon them. Being within easy reach of Jerusalem they would revisit as often as possible the capital city at the ceremony in the month of Nisan, and thus fan into a flame their national pride.

All that we hear, therefore, about the Cilician Jews shows that they were intensely loyal, for we find a synagogue of theirs at Jerusalem mentioned in the Acts.²⁵ and that they were as capable

^{22. &}quot;Wars of the Jews," II., 18, 7; VII., 2, 3; II., 13, 7; II., 18, 5; in Whiston's: Josephus' Complete Works, pp. 638, 765, 624. (New York, 1853).

33 Epiphanius, I., pp. 411-427, Migne, Vol. 41; Rom. xvi., 7, 11, 21.

34 Acts xxi., 39. Philostratus: "The Life of Appollonius of Tyana," VI., 34; Conybeare's translation, Vol. II. (Macmillan: New York, 1912).

35 vi., 9.

as any of their brethren of repaying hate with double hatred, and scorn with double scorn. They would be the more likely to do so from the condition of things around them. The belief in paganism was more firmly rooted in the provinces than in Italy and was especially vigorous at Tarsus. Though the seat of a celebrated letter of schools, this city was the metropolis of a province so low in universal estimation that it was counted among the three most villainous K's of antiquity—Kappadokia, Kilikia, Krete. What religion there was at this period had chiefly assumed an orginstic and Oriental character. The wild, fanatical enthusiasms of the Eastern cults shook with new sensations of mad sensuality the iaded despair of Aryan paganism. What indignant loathing and patriotic disgust must have been awakened in the hearts of a people when they saw that at the main festival of this degraded cult the effeminate Sardanapalus and the masculine Semiramis were worshiped with rites which externally resembled the pure rejoicings of the feast of Tabernacles. By the gates of Tarsus, at Anchialus, Paul could see the idol of this shameless religion. There a marble statue represented Sardanapalus as a woman clad in the robe of a Lydian girl, with arms outstretched, and snapping his fingers with all a reveler's abandonment to debauchery. Underneath an inscription in the Assyrian tongue expressed the whole moral of this cult: "Drink, eat and enjoy; all else is naught," The result which such spectacles left upon the mind of St. Paul could not have been one of tolerance or blunted insensibility. He who would know what was the aspect of paganism to one who had seen it in its characteristic developments need only read that most terrible passage of all Scripture, where under the glare of holy wrath we see paganism in all its wickedness, pollution and deformity.87 There we see how pagan society in its hideous disintegration became one foul disease of unnatural depravity. Its heart was surcharged with every element of vileness, with impurity in its most abysmal degradations, with hatred in its meanest developments, with insolence culminating in the deliberate search for fresh forms of evil, with cruelty and falsity in their most repulsive features. And the worst crime of all was their devilish delight in human depravity and ruin, and a positive pleasure in those who practiced the same.

Besides this horror inspired by the lowest aspects of heathen life, St. Paul likewise derived from his acquaintance with it his deep conviction that earthly knowledge has no necessary connection with heavenly wisdom. Strabo, in giving us a glimpse of the professorial world at Tarsus in the days of pagan decadence, shows it

⁸⁴ Strabo's Geography xiv., 5, 9; J. Wolters ed. Vol. II., p. 988.
87 Rom. i., 18-32.



as it was in the days of the Poggios and Filelfos of the Renaissance. a clique of narrow, unscrupulous, impure and gossiping savants.88 In this city of great tradesmen and scholars alike, the philosophers and grammarians were more noisily active than the traffickers. Philostratus tells us how they used to sit in bands along the docks of the Cydnus, clattering like "so many water-fowl." How often St. Paul, coming out of the ghetto at Tarsus, must have drawn near one of these knots of philosophers and marveled at their trivial discussions. And how frivolous this apotheosis of pedantism must have appeared to him. It was no doubt his Tarsian reminiscences which added emphasis to his reiterated warnings that the wise men of heathendom "became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened, for professing themselves to be wise they became foolish."40 that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness For it is written: 'I will catch the wise in their own And again: 'The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the craftiness.' wise that they are vain." He reiterates again and again that the Greeks seek after wisdom and regard the Cross as foolishness, yet that the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and that God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise: and that when in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe.42

Not only was St. Paul opposed to the wisdom of the Greeks, but whenever he indulges in any autobiographical reflections never is there a trace of the Hellenist to be detected, but he is always careful in his Epistles to demonstrate the purity of his Hebrew descent and the strictness of his Judaism. In his Epistle to the Philippians,48 when enumerating his advantages according to the flesh, he makes the following significant gradation: unlike the proselyte he was circumcised the eighth day and thereby belongs to the family of Abraham; in this family he belongs to Jacob's descendants, the race of Israel; within this race he has sprung from the faithful tribe of Benjamin, which in the schism after Solomon's death united to the tribe of Juda to form the kingdom in which the great religious traditions of the Old Testament were kept in all their purity; finally among the descendants of these two Jewish tribes he belongs to the sect of the Pharisees, who, unlike the Sadducees, interpreted the Law more religiously and observed it more diligently; far from being a

³⁸ o. c. xiv., 5, 14, p. 992. 39 o. c. i., 7; Vol. I., p. 17. 40 Rom. i., 21, 22.

⁴¹ I. Cor. iii., 19, 20.

⁴² I. Cor. i., 22, 23, 25, 27; ii., 14, iv., 10. 43 iii., 4-6.

Hellenist he was a "Hebrew of the Hebrews"; as regards Judaic enthusiasm, he had even persecuted the Church, and as regards legal righteousness he proved himself above all reproach. A similar gradation he makes out in his second Epistle to the Corinthians, where he claims to be an adherent of the same nationality, a member of the same theocracy, and a sharer of the same Messianic hopes as his Judaizing opponents of later days. "Are they Hebrews [in language and tradition]? So am I. Are they Israelites [in creed and descent]? So am I. Are they of the seed of Abraham [partakers of the Messianic hopes]? So am I."44

He sprang from a family in which piety was hereditary. 45 for his forefathers were good Jews who worshiped the one true God. Hence his parents being true Israelites could have no intercourse with the schools of Tarsus and the teachers of perdition. The Jews who were accustomed to maintain one master for every twenty-five students were too numerous at Tarsus, as we have said above, not to have a school of their own. The instruction of their children began with the family and school, and was further carried on by the Josephus states that Moses already had laid down prescriptions for the education of the lewish boys. "He commanded to instruct children in the elements of knowledge (reading and writing); to teach them to walk according to the laws, and to know the deeds of their forefathers—the latter that they might imitate them, the former that growing up with the laws they might not transgress them nor have the excuse of ignorance."46 Similarly, Philo tells us that the Jews "are taught so as to speak from their swadding clothes by their parents, teachers and those who bring them up, even before instruction in the sacred laws and the unwritten customs, to believe in God, the one Father and Creator of the world."47 Moreover, in the year 64 Joshua ben Gamla, the high priest, enacted that teachers of boys should be appointed in every province and in every town—a measure which presupposes a longer existence of boys' schools-and that children of the age of six or seven years should be brought to them.48 To such a school, therefore, St. Paul was ushered after his father had taught him to stammer that most Jewish of all prayers, the Shema: "Hearken, O Israel, the Lord our God is one." The earliest instruction was in the inculcation of the text of Scripture. And since in the case of written Scripture in distinction from oral tradition great importance was attached to its actually being read, elementary instruction in the

⁴⁴ xi., 22. 45 II. Tim. i., 3.

⁴⁶ Quoted in Schurer o. c., p. 47. 47 Ibid., p. 48. 48 Ibid., p. 48.

law was necessarily combined with instruction in reading. The difficult art of writing was less general, however. In this connection it is worthy of note that the Jews in the education of their young were so scrupulous that they held concerning books of their own hagiographs, such, for instance, as the book of Esther, that they were doubtful reading. They would not allow their youth even to open the Song of Solomon before the age of twenty-one. Nothing is therefore more certain than that "a Pharisee of Pharisees," even though his boyhood was spent in heathen Tarsus, would have been allowed barely to know the existence of the soundest portion of Greek letters, if even these.

That St. Paul was to the very heart a Jew-a Jew in culture, a Jew in faith, is clear from almost every verse of his Epistles. Though he wrote in Greek, it is by no means the Greek of the schools, or the Greek which in spite of his educational antitheses and paronomasias would have been found tolerable by the rhetoricians of his native city; in fact, a Tarsian professor or a philosopher of Athens would have ridiculed his Hebraic peculiarities, awkward anacolutha, harshly mingled metaphors, strange forms and irregular constructions. He reckons time by the Hebrew calendar. He makes constant allusions to Jewish customs, Jewish laws and Jewish festivals. While, indeed, he maintains that in Christ there is neither Iew nor Greek, neither circumcision or uncircumcision, but a new creation,49 yet he by no means implies that he would be willing to barter his connection with the chosen race. When we read the numerous passages in which he vaunts his participation in the hopes of Israel, his claim to be a fruitful branch in the rich olive tree of Jewish life; when we hear him speak of their adoption, their Shekinah, their covenants, their Law, their worship, their promises, their fathers, their oracles of God, their claim of kinsmanship with the humanity of Christ,50 we can well understand that the same patriotism burned in the spirit, the same blood flowed in the veins of not only Saul the Pharisee, but also of Paul the prisoner of the Lord. Like the mourning prophet of Anathoth, who at one moment forcibly expresses his approval of the judgment pronounced upon the blood-stained city, but at the very next prays to the Lord to let the cup pass from Jerusalem, and wrestles like Jacob for a blessing upon Sion, so, too, St. Paul, though on the one hand he denounces the Jews as murderers of the Lord and of the prophets, displeasing God and the common enemies of man,⁵¹ yet on the other he declares that he could wish himself

⁴⁹ Gal. vi., 15; iii., 27, 28; II. Cor. v. 17.

⁵⁰ Rom. ix., 4-5. 51 I. Thess. ii., 15.

to be anathema from Christ for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh.52

We likewise have some traces in St. Paul's Epistles of those moral struggles and spiritual experiences through which he must have passed during the long period in which "he lived as a Pharisee." We know well the kind of life that lies behind that expression, the minute and intense scrupulosity of the observance of the law and ritual. And for Saul there was no distinction between the relative importance of the written and oral, of the moral and ceremonial law. To every precept—and they were countless—unqualified obedience was due: "Cursed is every one that abideth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them"—that certainly represents his original position. If on his accuracy of observance depended the coming of the Messias, then surely the Messias should come, for he tells the Galatians: "I made progress in the Jews' religion above many of my equals in my own nation. being more abundantly zealous for the traditions of my fathers."53 So fierce indeed was his zeal that he even broke away from the advice of his more tolerant master on the occasion of the Apostles' trial before the Sanhedrin,⁵⁴ and took a leading part in the persecution of the Way. Yet we trace in his Epistles how bitterly he felt the hollowness of outward obedience, how awful and how burdensome had been to him the "curse of the Law," and how troublesome these years were to him. Even when many years of struggling and suffering are over we still catch in his Epistles the mournful echoes of those days of stress and storm. We hear them when he talks of the "curse of the Law," a menacing bond which God had forever canceled by nailing it to the Cross,55 a feud between Jew and Gentile, hindering access to the Father. 56 We hear them when he tells us of the struggle between the flesh and the spirit, between the law of sin in his members and that law of God which though holy and just he had found unto death.⁵⁷ If after he had found Christ, after he learns that "there is no condemnation to those that are in Christ Jesus," he still felt the power and continuity of the inferior law striving to degrade his life into that captivity to the law of sin from which Christ had set him free, through what hours of anguish must he not have passed when he knew of no other dealing of God with his soul than the impossible and deathful commandment.

Never, therefore, does St. Paul in glancing at his pre-Christian

⁵² Rom. ix., 3. 53 Gal. i., 14, Acts, xxil. 54 Acts v., 38-39. 55 Col. ii., 10, 14, 15, 26. 56 Ephes. ii., 14-16.

⁵⁷ Gal. iii., 21.

career make even the faintest allusion to his life in Hellenism. Accordingly, the distinctive contributions of the Greeks to his thought need not detain us very long. In the first place, we are told that St. Paul owes to the Greeks his philosophy of history. "The will of God is the soul of history. Such is the philosophic theory of Paul. To him the process of human affairs was the gradual evolution of the Divine will,"58 says Ramsey. And he continues, "this is a thoroughly Hellenic way of expressing the truth. Greek poetry and Greek philosophy in their highest and most characteristic manifestations always picture history after this fashion, beginning from the open paragraph of the Iliad, where the confused and tangled web of the Trojan War is described as a series of steps by which the will of the Supreme God worked itself out to its consummation."59 Here, then, the same author continues, "we meet the Greek-trained Paul."60 And elsewhere he says that investigation of this kind St. Paul learned "above all at Tarsus. was the great debt that he owed to the Greeks (Rom. i., 14). The Iewish mind was content to recognize the infinite power of God and the utter powerlessness of man before Him. That is the manner in which God deals with man—the Semitic mind seemed naturally careless."61 In this connection it might be interesting to ask when exactly did this idea affect his mind? His career in Ierusalem most probably began when he was thirteen years of age, for he says that he was "brought up"62 in this city at the feet of Gamaliel. Ramsey, however, in order to make his theory more plausible, places St. Paul's departure from Tarsus at a much later date. ⁶⁸ He bases his contention on the meaning of the term "youth" found in St. Paul's statement in the Acts: "And my life indeed from my youth which was from the beginning among my own nation in Jerusalem."64 This term in the Greek language has the vaguest sort of meaning. Thirteen, however, was the age at which a Jewish boy, if he were destined for the position of a rabbi, entered the school of some great Saul could not obtain at Tarsus the course of study required for an interpreter of the sacred books, an administrator of justice and a pleader before the courts of Israel. Accordingly, scholarses are unanimously agreed that when he reached his thirteenth year, the age at which a child became a "son of the law," or,

^{58 &}quot;Teaching of Paul." p. 91.

⁸⁹ Ibid., p. 92.

⁶⁰ Ibid., p. 92. 61 "The Cities of St. Paul," pp. 78-79.

⁶² Acts xxii., 3.

^{63 &}quot;Pauline Studies," pp. 67-69 (G. H. Doran: New York, 1914).

⁶⁴ Acts xxvi., 4.
65 Prat: "La Theologie de Saint Paul," p. 26. Vol. I. (Beauchesne: aris, 1912). Jacquier: "Histoire des Livres du Nouveau Testament," Paris, 1912). Jacquier: "His p. 51. (Gabaldi: Paris, 1911).

in other words, was initiated into the numberless traditions of his ancestors, he was sent to Jerusalem to study under the famous Rabban Gamaliel, and lived probably during that time with his married sister. Was, therefore, a youth of thirteen, even a precocious one, likely to think much about such questions as the foreordained purpose of God working itself out in history? If this feature of Greek civilization influenced him at all during his visit to Tarsus subsequent to his conversion, there was here no contribution of a new element of thought, but only a confirmation and expansion of what was his already as a Christian believer. And even if we admit that St. Paul lived at Tarsus until about his twentieth year, I do not think it probable, from what has been said above, that he would have been allowed to come more under the Hellenistic influences of Tarsus. Furthermore, the idea of the "plenitudo temporis" was by no means confined to the Greeks, but was also prevalent among the Jews; in fact it was quite universal. All things pointed to the close of one great æon in the world's history, and the dawn of another which should be the last. The very heathen world yearned for a deliverer, and felt that there could be no other end to the physical misery and moral death which had spread itself over their hollow societies. The expectation that a healing light would break forth from the East is thus expressed in the "Fourth Eclogue" of Virgil:

> "The base degenerate iron offspring ends, A golden progeny from heaven descends. The jarring nations he in peace shall bind And with paternal virtues rule mankind."

The firm persuasion that it was fated for the empire of the world at that time to devolve on some one who should go forth from Judea, traceable no doubt to the propechy of Micheas v., 2, and spread through the Septuagint among the pagan nations, found echo in many writers of the time. All felt that a purifying flame would soon dispel the deep midnight brooding over the chosen people and the Gentile world. Ramsey himself admits that the Jewish way of thinking is not entirely out of keeping with the Greek idea, but that "it starts from a different point of view, picturing God as the Potter who deals at His will with His vessels and His clay, and advancing from this side toward the same ultimate truth." Further elements which St. Paul is said to have derived from Hellenism in his reorganization of society are the necessity of education in the Christian life and the idea of freedom which he

⁶⁶ Tacitus: "Hist." V. xii., 3; Suetonius: "Lives of the Cæsars." Aug. xciv. Vesp. iv. 67 "Teaching of Paul," p. 92.



champions in his Epistle to the Galatians. Freedom, we are told. is nothing but the growth of education. "If Iesus had 'freedom' and 'education' in His heart," says Ramsey, "it does not follow that His disciples caught those ideas and worked them out. How was it and in virtue of what education and character was it that Paul caught this feature in the teaching of Jesus? There had to be something in the mind of Paul to respond to the teaching of Iesus."68 Modern criticism surely is shifting grounds. Formerly we were told that the Apostles voluntarily idealized the facts of the Gospel, but here it is maintained that even St. Paul was so ignorant that he could not interpret the Master's message without an education in Greek philosophy. But I do not think that it is necessary to go to any foreign theologies to explain these contributions of St. Paul to Christianity. They were due to the reality of his Christianity, to his great spiritual power and insight. Faith, love, discipleship, all expressing his devotion to Christ as his Redeemer, was the key to all that he taught. This faith taught him what was meant by the life in Christ, namely, spiritual freedom. Through it he grasped the transitoriness of the Law; through it he received the gift of the Spirit, and so knew how imperfect was the idea of the Law, and through this faith he grasped more fully the universality of the Gospel.

Finally, it is suggested that St. Paul owed his universalism to the fact of his living as a Roman citizen amid Greek culture. But may not Paul have taken this idea from the teachings of Christ? Ramsey himself admits that "the teaching of Jesus rose high above such a narrow idea as that of Jewish exclusiveness." We must likewise not forget that the universality of salvation and the union of all nations with the one God was the teaching of the prophets of Israel, and that consequently he drew from the Old Testament those ideas of which he afterwards worked out the full development. Nay, did not the Christian salvation, as St. Paul understood it, necessarily involve universalism? Did he not persecute it just because of its dangerous latitudinarianism, because it showed signs that it would break down the exclusiveness of Judaism and interfere with the rigor and supremacy of the legal system? The Gospel and Judaism had always seemed to him absolutely and radically opposed. This antithesis existed in his mind before his conversion, and it remained there. When his conscience, however, was laid hold of by God's grace, he was violently and abruptly forced from one extreme to the other. The origin of his universalism is therefore to be found in

⁶⁸ Ibid., p. 31. 69 Ramsey: "Cities of St. Paul," pp. 46-47. 70 Ibid., p. 47.

his rigid Pharasaism. And I think that we may safely say that if Saul had been less a Jew, St. Paul the Apostle would have been superficial and his mind less unfettered. As a Pharisee he had the most complete experience of the emptiness of external ceremonies and the crushing voke of the law. There was no fear that he would ever look back, that he would be tempted to set up again what the grace of God had overthrown.

It would, however, be an exaggeration to conclude that St. Paul was quite unacquainted with Greek culture. That cannot be the case, for his mind was too open. An able man such as he was, with a keenness of sympathy and vividness of insight, traveling through the world of his day, mixing with many classes of persons, could not but be affected by what he saw and heard. Hence the life of the times, its legal, political and economic ideas, its public games, all found echoes in his writings. But while he thus draws his language and imagery from his surroundings, it is a singular fact that he was wholly uninfluenced by the scenes of beauty and majesty amid which he lived and traveled. No voices from the neighboring mountains and seas seemed to mingle with the many and varied tones of his impassioned utterance. In a nature differently constituted they would have been a continual inspiration. The scenes in which the life of David was spent were far less majestic and varied than many of those in which the lot of Paul was cast; yet the Psalms of David are a very handbook of poetic description, while in the Epistles of St. Paul we only breathe the air of the synagogues. So, too, in the discourses and conversations of our Lord we find frequent allusions to the loveliness of the flowers, the joyous carelessness of birds, the shifting winds, the red glow of the morning and evening clouds. But St. Paul's was a soul in which the burning heat of a great transfusing purpose calcined every other thought. desire and admiration. The expulsive power and paramount importance of the mighty spiritual and moral truths which it was his great mission to proclaim prevented him from showing scarcely the faintest gleam of delight in the wonders of nature.

Hence the metaphors that he draws from Hellenic life must have been especially suitable to St. Paul for winning others to Christ and for his becoming all things to all men. Adopting a figure that would have caused a shudder to any Palestinian Pharisee, he compares the transient fashion of the world to the passing scene of a theatrical display, 71 and in other places turns the whole universe into a theatre on the stage of which were displayed the sufferings of the Apostles as a spectacle to angels and to men. 72 Again we



⁷¹ I. Cor. vii., \$1. 72 I. Cor. iv., 9.

recognize a man whose thoughts have been enlarged by travel and intercourse in the apparently vivid sympathy with which St. Paul draws some of his favorite metaphors from the vigorous contests of the Grecian games, held especially at Ephesus and Corinth. He says of himself that he is like one of those charioteers of whom his guardsmen so often talked to him when they had returned from the Circus Maximus, leaning forward in his flying car, bending over the shaken rein and goaded steed, forgetting everything, every peril and every competitor as he pressed on for the goal by which sat the judges with the palm garlands that formed the prize. Again, we can well imagine how St. Paul, watching how these fair youths do so much, suffer so much, to win a poor withering wreath of pine and parsley, whose greenness had faded before the sun had set, would think of that unfading amaranthine crown of eternal glory which each and all might equally win.

Again, there are some striking resemblances between St. Paul's Epistles and the diatribe, the form of preaching used by the wandering cynic and stoic philosophers to whom the Apostle must have frequently listened in the streets and squares of Tarsus and elsewhere. The salient characteristics of the diatribe, such as the dialogistic form of argument, question and answer, objection foreseen and answered, antithesis and parallelism, appeal to the example of the Greek heroes, comparison and simile, irony, exposition and exhortation, are all to be found in St. Paul's Epistles. differences are more numerous than the similarities. method of question and answer is never developed by St. Paul, as is done in the diatribe, until the climax is reached and final conclusion is drawn. So, too, the parallel method is frequently interrupted by the interpolation of Old Testament quotations and the intrusion of fundamental Pauline doctrines. Then again, there is no approach to the carefully forged scheme of the diatribe with its descriptive and hortative sections and their scientific connections. In fact, in some of St. Paul's Epistles the expository section has no bearing on the hortatory, while in the First Epistle to the Corinthians the two elements are not kept apart at all. St. Paul also differs from the philosopher in not appealing on any large scale to the example of historical personages; his sense of power in Christ is so overwhelming that it is superfluous to set before his hearers a crowd of historical or mythical examples. Nor do we find in him the artistry of the Greek preacher, the wealth of color, the dramatic instinct, the faculty of creating pictures of delightful and degrading scenes, and the jest and the sense of humor are entirely absent. If

⁷⁸ Phil. iii., 4. 74 I. Cor. ix., 24-27.

he uses irony at times, he never pours out such vials of contempt as did the cynic on his philosophical opponent, and he seldom uses vituperation because of the consciousness of his own imperfection. And surely the most inspired of the Apostle's direct exhortations as well as those immortal passages of his of matchless grandeur and passionate emotion owe very little to the Greek address. Whenever he used the Greek form of preaching, it was because this or that point of his would the more easily reach its objective. We can well understand how St. Paul would realize the immense advantage of presenting his Gospel in a city like Corinth, for instance, in a garb which was so familiar to its citizens. And if we are to do justice to his own famous statement, "I have become all things to all men," we must recognize his willingness to put himself "en rapport" with those whom he sought to win for Christ."

But the Hellenic influences are far from being fundamental; they do not touch the life and essence of Paulinism. As I have said above, St. Paul lived in the midst of Greek learning, breathed its atmosphere, and to that extent was conscious of it and acquainted with it, but there is little in the Pauline literature that points to anything like a definite education and training in Greek letters. "The influence of Hellenism over St. Paul," says Rostron, "may have been an unconscious one—the storing in the subliminal self of impressions which in later days flashed back across the threshold."⁷⁶ And far from forgetting that St. Paul was preëminently an "Apostle of Jesus Christ," I have purposely dwelt on the Jewish side of his character, which is strongly portrayed in his Epistles. not indeed with the intention to show that he was a Jew, pure and unalloyed, but to show the impossibility of his deriving from Hellenism those ideas which especially distinguish him as the Apostle of the Gentiles. An unbiased study cannot but lead to the endorsement of Harnack's words that "notwithstanding Paul's Greek culture, his conception of Christianity in its deepest ground is independent of Hellenism."17 And if St. Paul borrowed any elements, of whatever nature they may be, he breathed a new spirit into them and brought them into captivity to Christ, whose inestimable riches it was his boast and his mission to proclaim to the Gentiles.

RUDOLPH G. BANDAS, B. A.

St. Paul, Minn.

77 Ibid., p. 17.

⁷⁵ I. Cor. ix., 22.

^{76 &}quot;Christology of St. Paul," p. 16. (Hodder & Stoughton; London, 1914).

PAYING THE PIPER POETICAL COMPLIMENTS.

AND

THE WASP AS A LITERARY WIGHT.

"And calling clear and sweet from cove to cove,
The sandpiper, the lonely rocks among,
Makes wistful music, and the singing sea
Sends its strong chorus upward solemnly."

-Celia Thaxter ("In May")

O DOUBT Celia Thaxter began the custom of saying pretty things about the sandpiper, at least on this side of the water. Wordsworth and James Hogg, on the other side, had complimented their bird on its vocal abilities, also recognized in its nicknames:

"Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song."

—William Wordsworth

"The night-wind is still, and the moon in the wane,
The river-lark sings on the verge of the plain;
So longly his plaint, by the motionless reed,
It sounds like an omen or tale of the dead."—James Hogg.

There are many poetical qualities about the bird; indeed, so many that one wonders they have not been referred to more frequently in poems dealing with beach and shore. For instance, their protective coloring, the brown earth and the gray water, sand and foam combined in their browns, grays, blacks and whites:

"Brown pipers run upon the sand Like shadows."—Charles W. Stoddard ("At Point Lobos")

"The mottled sand-bird running up and down
Amongst the creaking sedge,
Along the crusted beach."

Flizzbeth Stoddard ("The House of Your

—Elizabeth Stoddard ("The House of Youth") "Where the quick sandpipers flit

In and out the marl and grit
That seems to breed them, brown as they."

-Robert Browning ("Paracelsus")

And their light, tripping, dainty gait, a running walk at its slowest and a dancing hop at its fastest:

"The sand-snipe skim across the space
Where the old boat finds a resting-place.
—Ernest McGaffey ("The Deserted Boat")

"A thin sandpiper, wild with fright, Goes into ecstasies of flight."

-Maurice Thompson ("In the Haunts of Bass and Bream")

Probably the best description of the bird's gait is found in Lowell's occasional poem, "At the Commencement Dinner," in which it is used for illustrative purposes rather than for its own sake, yet such is the little mite's charm that the poet couldn't resist making the most of his opportunity to pay it a compliment:

"I've a notion, I think, of a good dinner speech,
Tripping light as a sandpiper over the beach,
Swerving this way and that as the wave of the moment
Washes out its slight trace with a sash of whim's foam on't,
And leaving on memory's rim just a sense
Something graceful had gone by, a live present tense."

Of course, Riley couldn't help finding a whimsical thought in the bird's long legs:

"Snipes the t'other side, where the County Ditch is Wadin' up and down the aidge like they'd rolled their britches."

—("Down Around the River")

Then there is their migrating flight, when the flocks come up from the South in the spring, musical, gay, almost living on the wing while primping for mates. That mazy coursing back and forth in circles between two points, one being the mate the bird desires to win, the other a good viewpoint directly in front of her eyes, always accompanied by a shrill cry of "Sweet, sweet," quite thrilling enough to win any piper a wife;

"The flicker of sandpipers in from sea
In gusty flocks that puffed and fled."—C. G. D. Roberts
Spring is a social time with sandpipers, and the meeting place is
usually along the seashore or some other good beach where there
is room and food for all. The humorist of course cannot avoid
letting the world know that the flocks are fond of marshy tracts
where insects are to be had in abundance:

"Where late gigantic warriors stood
As thick as pine trees in a wood
Or snipes on Jersey shore."
—Anon. ("Lines Written in Chicago")

"Wind upon the heath howling was piping,
On the heath and bog, black with many a snipe in."

—Thackeray

Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, does not always put his wisdom in prose form, and in one of his poems, "Lochwinnoch," he mentions the bird's well-known habit of forming in flocks before a storm, as gulls, swallows and other birds do:

"And long-billed snipe, that knows approaching rains."
The cry of the sandpiper race always fits in with its surroundings,

and is a musical thing whenever "Calls the gray sandpiper from the quiet shore," as Celia Thaxter heard it, or

"When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry."—Maurice Thompson Lord de Tabley, in "A Winter Sketch," includes the item "snipes are calling from the trenches," another poet locates them otherwhere: "flax where snipe calls curlew in the bog." Charles G. D. Roberts, in describing one of his outings, confesses that

> "For love of his clear pipe We've flushed the zigzag snipe."

Even the sound of the wings is music to the poet's ear: "The swamp where hums the dropping snipe," occurs in one of Tennyson's poems. Alexander Hume observes that on "A Summer's Day" this bird doesn't hesitate to join in with better songsters:

> "Which soon perceive the little larks, The lapwing and the snipe, And tune their songs, like Nature's clerks O'er meadow, muir and stripe."

Nor can the poet quite forget "the palate-pleasing snite," as Michael Drayton has it, an excellent table bit, though one can hardly bag enough to appease the appetite he works up hunting them.

When it comes to certain species, the Sanderling, or Beach-bird, leads in popularity with the poets. Whittier has two references to it, "the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun," in "The Garrison of Cape Ann," and in "The Wreck of Rivermouth":

"The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel Over a floor of burnished steel."

And indeed, it is a pretty sight, a flock of these little white-breasted birds, feeding just out of reach of the foam-capped waves that come rolling upon the sands;

> "The beach-bird on its pearly verge Follows and flies the whispering surge."—Lowell.

just as a sandpiper is so capable of doing:

"The beach-birds fleet. With twinkling feet Hurry and scurry to and fro, And sip and chat Of this and that Which you and I may never know."

—J. W. Chadwick ("By the Sea-Shore")

Sanderling is not a solitary bird, but occurs in either large or small flocks, on sandy beaches, where food is left strewn broadcast by

the waves or by the retreating tide; and, when buried, may be easily probed out again:

"By the beach border, where the breeze Comes freighted from the briny seas, By sandy bar and weedy rock, I frequent meet thy roving flock; Now hovering o'er the bending sedge, Now gathered at the ocean edge; Probing the sands for shrimps and shells Or worms marine in hidden cells, A restless and inconstant band, Forever flitting o'er the sand."

-Isaac McClellan ("The Little Beach Sanderling")

The flight is rapid and direct, and when alighting the bird runs a few feet with wings partially extended, which gives it a dainty, airy grace; this Paul B. Hayne describes prettily in the lines, "The wings of ghostly sea-birds gleam through the shimmering suft" ("By the Autumn Sea"). One poet recognizes the fact that the Sanderling is a great traveler, from Alaska to South America, from Labrador to the Hawaiian Islands:

"O, the Sanderling's lot seems a pleasant one,
When I sit by the fire, through a dreary storm,
He follows the breath of the brine with the sun,
And his year is all summer, and kind, and warm."
—Eliza Woodworth ("The Sanderling")

Nor has its sweet, clear, piping cry been neglected:

"Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea, Why takest thou its melancholy voice,

And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost fly?"

-Richard Henry Dana ("The Little Beach-Bird")

"Even those migratory bands,
The minor poets of the air,
The plover, peep and sanderling,
That hardly can be said to sing,
But pipe along the barren sands;
All these have souls akin to ours!"

-Longfellow ("Tales of a Wayside Inn")

The Peep, or Least Sandpiper, is the species supposed to be implied in Celia Thaxter's famous poem, a little bird only five or six inches in length from the tip of the slender beak to the tip of the restless tail:

"I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mourning cry,
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.

Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I."

Says John Burroughs: "Of the sandpipers there are many varieties, found upon the coast and penetrating inland along the rivers and water-courses, the smallest of the species, commonly called the 'tip-up,' going up all the mountain brooks and breeding in the sand along their bank; but the characteristics are the same in all, and the eye detects little difference except in size. The walker on the beach sees him running or flitting before him, following up the breakers and picking up the aquatic insects left on the sands; and the trout-fisher along the farthest inland stream likewise intrudes upon its privacy. Flitting along from stone to stone seeking its food, the hind part of its body 'teetering' up and down, its soft gray color blending it with the pebbles and the rocks or else skimming up or down the stream on its long convex wings, uttering its shrill cry, the sandpiper is not a bird of the sea merely and Mrs. Thaxter's poem is as much for the dweller inland as the dweller upon the coast."

The terms Tip-up and Teeter-Tail are usually applied to the Spotted Sandpiper, also called Peet-Weet and Sand-Lark in reference to its cry and its vocalizing on the wing. This bird incessantly bobs its head and jets its tail, whether standing still or on the move. On alighting, he first stands still, to look about, then seems to make a deep bow and at the same time elevates the tail in a most comical fashion, "as if in display or affectation," says Alexander Wilson. Audubon observed that "the motion seems continual; even the young, as soon as they are freed from the shell, run about constantly wagging the tail."

"Slim, unbalanced bird,
A-tip upon the sands,
Here's a friendly word,
A mental shaking-hands,
Ludicrous enough,
But not more so than I;
Of such teet'ring stuff
Is all mortality."
—John Vance Chency ("The Sandpiper")

"Unbalanced bird whose see-saw motion tells Of something feeble in thy character, Thou seemest a constant, aimless wanderer In places where no sign of beauty dwells; The sandbars, that thy shadowy feet prefer, Are spots most sadly drear and desolate, I wonder what bereavement wrought thy fate
And made thee restless as an autumn leaf?
What voice can soothe thy sorrow into cheer?
What silken wing can fan away thy grief?
A coward, too! when the big frog hops near,
Thou shiest off in ecstasy of fear
Like some thin spinster scared almost to death,
Because a man comes down her garden path!
—Maurice Thompson ("A Sandpiper")

He is a friendly little fellow, when not disturbed: I knew a flock of them to spend the summer on a golf course, and they grew so familiar with the balls that they would merely hop sidewise if one came too near. It was as Riley says in "The Days Gone By,"

"And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry."

The Purple Sandpiper is a pretty bird, of a smoky brown above tinged with purple, and white breast with ashy spots; it is found on the rocky shores of eastern North America and Europe, hence the name Rock-Snipe and Rock-Bird, and perhaps the reason why it is overlooked for less showy pipers that are more ubiquitous. Only Hartley Coleridge has mentioned it in the rather indefinite lines:

"Yes, punctual to the time, thou'rt here again,
As still thou art;—though frost and rain may vary,
And icicles blockade the rock-bird's aëry."
—("The Snowdrop")

In a "Eulogy of the New World," William Morrell includes, among "the gowles that in those bays and harbours feede":

"The turtle, eagle, partridge and the quaile, Knot, plover, pigeons, which doe never faile."

The Knot is a large handsome sandpiper, found in most parts of the world. From its colorings it is called Ash backed, Gray Backed, Red-breasted Sandpiper, and Robin Snipe. It is said to have been a great favorite with King Canute, from whose name comes the bird's common one:

"The Knot that called was Canutus' bird of old,
Of that great King of Danes, his name that still doth hold,
His appetite to please, that farre and neare was sought,
For him (as some have sayd) from Denmark hither
brought."
—Michael Drayton ("Poly-olbion")

In this same "Poly-olbion," a descriptive poem of England's legends, antiquities, productions and geography, is named

"the Stint, the palate that allure
The Miser, and do make a wasteful epicure."
certainly high praise to the table value of this European form of

the Least Sandpiper. He also describes a well-known member of the tattler tribe of the Snipe family:

> "The Redshanke, that delight Together still to be, in some small reedy bed, In which these little fowls in summer's time were bred."

Another tattler, named from the habit of uttering a shrill, loud whistle of four rapidly repeated notes at the least sign of danger, which alarms all the game birds in the locality, is the Tell-Tale Tattler or Greater Yellow-Legs, of which some anonymous rhymer says:

"I love to roam by the salt sea-foam,
Where the tell-tale tattler stands
And sounds his cry of 'Danger is nigh!'
To feeding game-bird bands."—Anon. ("In Autumn")
The Willett, a large North American tattler named from its call of pilly-will-willet, is the subject of a limerick:

"W is a wandering Willet,

Always crying of danger until it

Falls prey to some gun

Ere the season is done,

And hies on his way to some skillet."

In "The Monastery," Walter Scott quotes a bit of blank verse in which a host describes his guests in terms of the dishes:

"Nay, let me have the friends who eat my victuals
As various as my dishes. The feast's nought,
Where one huge plate predominates. John Plaintext—
He shall be mighty beef, our English staple;
The worthy Alderman, a buttered dumpling;
Yon pair of whiskered Cornets, ruffs and rees,
Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.

The "whiskered Cornets" compared to the Ruff is a clever bit of wit, for the male of this species has during the breeding season a large ruff of erectile feathers encircling the neck; he always has several females, called Reeves, in his flock, which he obtains by fighting for them, which gives the bird the name of Fighting Sandpiper, Combatant, and Gambetta. According to Arthur C. Benson, the delicacy of the bird's flesh has led to his becoming rare in England, where it was formerly very plentiful:

"The gallant Ruff deserts the shore
He trampled into paste."—("The Sparrow")

The Pectoral Sandpiper may be implied in Mrs. Sigourney's line "the humblest grass-bird's nest murmurs of gladness," as "Grass Bird" is one name for this species. "Kricker" is another name, referring to its cry. He also has the habit of puffing out his neck

to a wonderful extent, forming a swelling which hangs like a great goitre on the breast; at this time his voice takes on a depth that may be described as "the snipe's dull boom," as Charles E. Banks terms some such cry in his poem, "April Evening." One traveler tells of hearing it on the Yukon, a "low, hollow, booming note," growing more and more distinct. When he went to investigate he found a Pectoral Sandpiper, "standing in the thin grass with its throat inflated until it was as large as the rest of the bird," the author of this "too-u, too-u, too-u" repeated in deep, hollow, resonant, musical notes. Jack Snipe is another name for the bird, which is also shared by Wilson's Snipe, and either of which species may be intended in the lines:

"The jacksnipes swarm in boggy ground."—Isaac McClellan "While jacksnipes call in morning sky."—John Burroughs

"The wild rice dips, the wild rice bends,
As through the starry night
With sharp-set wing the jack-snipe trends
His migratory flight."—Ernest McGaffey ("Jack-Snipe")

To the hunter, the glory of autumn might be said to begin when the Dowitcher flocks begin to come down from the north. For this Red-Breasted Snipe, according to the gray winter plumage or the rusty spring coat, is one of the most unsuspicious of game-birds, and can easily be decoyed; it doesn't take warning though numbers of its own flock lying dead and dying cover the ground:

"Now o'er the salt and sedgy marsh
There bends the rustling reed,
In flocks the dowitcher drifts down
On marshy banks to feed."

-Anon. ("The Glory of Autumn")

The Red-Backed Sandpiper, so called in its chestnut-red summer coat, is the Dunlin, Purre, or, from its broad black stomacher, the Black-Bellied Sandpiper, common in both hemispheres on the Atlantic shores, in sandy and muddy places, and under some one of its various names has been remembered by the poet:

"The ox-birds chase the tide."—Lord De Tabley
"The sealark skims the brine."—Thomas Moore
"The brent come sailing along the wind,
The divers and dunlins flock behind."

Mary B. Whiting ("On a Flighting Night")

"The rail and dunlin drew the hem
Of lily-bonnets over them."

—Maurice Thompson ("The Death of the White Heron")

James Hogg has two ways of describing the call of the common European Snipe, which he gives its folk-name of "Bleeter":

"O'er the rank scented fern the bleeter was warping."

("The Pedlar")

"The airy bleeter's rolling howl."—("Old David")

"He'll hev some upland plover like as not" is a line Lowell inserts in "Fitz Adam's Story," which introduces into American poetry the Bartramian Sandpiper, or Bartram's Tattler, which Alexander Wilson named in honor of "my very worthy friend, near whose botanic gardens, on the banks of the river Schuylkill, I first found it." It is more plover-like in habits than sand piperish, whence its names Upland Plover, Field Plover, Grass Plover, and from its habitat, Prairie Pigeon. Its musical cry is the subject of a poem by Ernest McGaffey, that sportsman poet who was as much poet as hunter:

"A bird's clear call in a rippling whistle,
Floating by on the fitful breeze,
Light as the down from a shattered thistle,
Sweet as the murmur of swaying trees;
The fresh, free cry of a prairie rover,
The uncaged call of an upland plover."

Of course the most famous member of the Snipe Family could not be overlooked by the poet. "The wodcocke with the longe nose," as John Skelton describes it. Both the European and American species have been noted again and again:

"Woodcocks roamed the moonlight hill."—Wordsworth
"Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin."
—Third Part King Henry VI.

"And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade."—Pope
"[Man] cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey."
—Byron

"He heard the woodcock's evening hymn."-Emerson

". . . when outward springs
A bird whose arrowy, agile flight
Seems as a sudden flash of light
Borne upward on mercurial wings;
The hanging brush an instant parts,
Shrill sounds a whistle of surprise,
And meteor-like, before his eyes,
Up through the trees a woodcock darts."

-Ernest McGaffey

"the woodcock is here, He rises—his long bill thrust out like a spear."

-A. B. Street

The Curlew, too, is a most poetical bird, calling, or in flight:

"I heard the curlew calling, oh, sweet, so sweet and far!"
—Celia Thaxter

"Or to their young would curlews call and clang,
Their homeless young that down the furrows creep."

—Jean Ingelow

Jean Ingelow it is who sees "The godwits running by the water edge," and Shakespeare, in "The Tempest," mentions the bar-tailed godwit by its folk name: "and sometimes I'll get thee young scamels from the rocks."

All of which makes the Sandpiper family well represented in poetical lines.

THE WASP AS A LITERARY WIGHT.

"Now mark the whine of fretful wasps
And sanguinary hornets,
That blow their trumpets loud and shrill
As regimental cornets."

-Anon. ("A Home on Staten Island")

The Wasp is an awesome creature. even in its smallest form. and is always treated with respect. William Sharp assigns one reason:

"Where the ripe pears droop heavily
The yellow wasp hums loud and long
His hot and drowsy autumn song;
A yellow flame he seems to be
When darting suddenly from on high
He lights where fallen peaches lie;
Yellow and black, this tiny thing's
A tiger-soul on elfin wings."

—("The Wasp")

And at its greatest development, the hornet, or "little horn," as the large strong species of wasp are called in compliment to the business-like buzz that accompanies all their movements, is more than awesome:

"A Hornet zet in a hollow tree—A proper spiteful twoad was he—And a merrily zing while a did zet His stinge as zharp as a bayonet; 'Oh, who's so bowld and vierce as I? I vears not bee nor waspe nor vly.'"

—(Old Ballad)

Vespa's temper, and her efficient means for expressing it, have given her a prominent place in literature. "Vespa, the wasp, is an angrie creature," wrote John Swan in his "Speculum Mundi," and most references to her endorse the statement. According to Clau-

dius Ælianus, a Greek writer of the second century who had much to say regarding the wasp, "by nature they are great fighters, eager, boysterous, and vehemently tempestuous." And listen to Katherine:

"If I be waspish, best beware my sting."

—("Taming of the Shrew")

Another tribute is credited to James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," in those amusing papers, "Noctes Ambrosianæ": "O' a' God's creatures, the wasp is the only ane that's eternally out o' temper; there's nae sic thing as pleasin' him. . . . Amid the general dance and minstrelsy (of the garden) in comes a shower o' infuriate wasps, red hot, as if let out of a fiery furnace, picking quarrels wi' their ain shadows; then roun' and roun' the hair o' your head, bizzing against the drum o' your ear, dashing against the face o' you, who are wishin' ill to nae leevin' thing; and although you are engaged out to dinner, stickin' a lang, poishoned stang in just beloe youn ee, that afore you can run hame frae the garden swells up to a fearsome hicht, making you on that side look like a blackamoor, and on the opposite white as death; sae intolerable is the agony from the tail of the yellow imp that, according to his bulk, is stronger far than the dragon o' the desert."

"The yellow-jacket, small and full of spite,
Bedecked in livery of golden lace,
Comes with the fretful arrogance of one
Who plays the master, though himself a slave."

—T. B. Read ("The New Pastoral")

The Egyptians had a theory that wasps generated from dead crocodiles, hence their fierceness; and another ancient bit of entomology taught that while wasps in general came from the dead bodies of horses, the hornet owed its swiftness and fierceness from having originated in the body of a war-horse. Perhaps, too, in the yellow bands striping the dark brown or black body, the ancients saw a resemblance to the trappings of these steeds.

Too, wasps make an invincible "flying cavalry" when they issue forth in battle array. It is recorded in Holman's "Travels": "Eight miles from Grandie the muleteers suddenly called out 'Marambundas! Marambundas!' which indicated the approach of wasps. In a moment all the animals, whether loaded or otherwise, lay down on their backs kicking violently; while all the blacks and all persons not already attacked, ran away in different directions, all being careful, by a wide sweep, to avoid the swarms of tormentors that came forward like a cloud. I never witnessed a panic so sudden and complete, and really believe that the bursting of a water-spout could hardly have produced more commotion. However, it must be confessed that the alarm was not without good reason, for so

severe is the torture inflicted by these pigmy assailants that the bravest travelers are not ashamed to fly the instant they perceive the host approaching, which is of common occurrence in the campos."

Keats, in "The Cap and Bells," among other physical pains names "the torture of the wasp." In Drayton's "Court of Fairy" a certain warrior was well armed because

> "His rapier was a hornet's sting; It was a very dangerous thing."

In Joseph Rodman Drake's "The Culprit Fay," the insect is mentioned, first in the verdict of the fairy king that had the mortal maiden the culprit had learned to love been other than wholly virtuous,

"Fairy! had she spot or taint, Bitter had been thy punishment: Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;"

and other like torments; though on his mission of atonement the culprit was equipped for combat: acorn helmet, plumed with thistledown, a cloak of butterfly wings, a shield of a ladybug shell, a firefly steed, a bent-grass sword-blade, cockle-seed spurs,

"And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight."

But one does not need to consult fairy-lore to find the insect a useful ally. In Exodus we find it valiantly working in the interests of the Children of Israel (xxiii., 28): "And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite and the Hittite, from before thee"—a promise renewed in Deuteronomy (vii., 20): "Moreover the Lord thy God will send the hornet among them, until they that are left, and hide themselves from thee, be destroyed." A promise fulfilled, too, as the Israelites were reminded in Joshua's time (xxiv., 12): "And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites." Hundreds of years later, by the same natural means, "a Christian city, being besieged by Sapores, King of Persia, was delivered by hornets; for the elephants and beasts, being stung by them, waxed unruly, and so the whole army fled."—(Cruden's Concordance).

The Greeks, in particular, had much "personal" knowledge of Vespa's fiery ways. According to the chorus in Aristophanes' famous comedy, "The Wasps":

"And still, they say, in foreign lands, do men this language hold, There's nothing like your Attic wasp, so testy and so bold."

Even though Aristophanes' "wasps" be the dicastery of judicial

court, trying a dog for the theft of a piece of cheese, their intelligence does not neutralize their trouble-making tendencies, and so the chorus warns the public against patronizing this tribunal inordinately:

"Have a care what you do; They're a sharp, angry few, Quick as wasp's-nest When urchins molest it."

In the Iliad, Homer pays tribute to Grecian valor through the mouth of an amazed but admiring enemy:

"I did not look to see the men of Greece Stand thus before our might and our strong arms; Yet they, like pliant-bodied wasps or bees, That build their cells beside the rocky way, And quit not their abode, but, waiting there The hunger, combat for their young—so these, Although but two, withdraw not from the gates, Nor will, till they be slain or seized alive."

-Book XII. (Bryant's translation)

Of course, the humorous possibilities for the onlooker in the wasp's sting did not escape the comedy-loving Greek. So in Ovid we find a zestful account of how the blundering Silenus, a short, stout, bald-headed, flat-nosed, bearded old goat-man and mythological clown, once undertook to rob a hornet's nest for honey, in his stupidity taking it for a bees' nest. There was the general commotion, of course, for hornets were the same then as now, with the result that Silenus was well stung on the bald head before his young ward and pupil, Bacchus, could come to his rescue and apply the time-honored plaster of mud, which enabled Silenus to survive his many punctures, in spite of the old saying, current in Pliny's time, that "three times nine stings" were always fatal.

According to Claudius Ælianus, the Greeks once believed that wasps secured their poison by dipping their stings in the venom bag of a dead serpent, and that they kept their weapons in good condition by filing them frequently, like the hornet in the old English ballad already quoted. And then, as now, men retaliated on the courageous insects by burning the nests, judging from a line in Euripides' drama, "The Cyclops," whose single great eye Ulysses plans to put out with a burning-brand—to "grub out the eye of the doomed Cyclops, like a wasp's nest."

In his "Theatre of Insects," Moffet, an early English nature-writer, has many quaint comments on the wasp and her ways. For instance: "Their tayle is armed with a long, stiffe and exceedingly venomous sting," also the admission that its use is generally upon provocation: "Whosoever dare be so knack-hardy as to come near their houses or dwelling-places, and to offer any violence or hurt to the same, at the noyse of some one of them all the whole swarm.

rusheth out, being put into an amazed fear, to help their 'fellow-citizens, and do so busily bestir themselves about the ears of their molesters, as that they send them away packing with more than ordinary pace."

Ælianus finds an appreciative reader in Moffet, who cites instances from the Greek's pages: "If we will credit Ælianus, the Phasilites, in times past, were constrained to forsake their City, for all their defence, munition and Armour, all through the multitude and cruel fierceness of the Wasps, wherewith they were annoyed. . . . This manifestly proveth that they want not a hearty and fatherly affection, because with more than heroicall courage and invincible fury they set upon all persons, of what degree or quality soever, that dare attempt to lye in wait to hurt or destroy their young breed, no whit at all dreading Neoptolemus, Pyrrhus, Hector, Achilles or Agamemnon himself, the Captain General of all the whole Grecians, if he were present."

Moffet also quotes Ælianus' remarks anent the fox's ability to outwit the wasp: "Reynard the Fox, likewise, who is so full of his wiles and crafty shifting, is reported to be in wait to betray Wasps after this sort. The wily thief thrusteth his bushy tail into the Wasp's nest, there holding it so long until he perceives it to be full of them, then drawing it slily forth, he beateth and smiteth his tail full of wasps against the next stone or tree, never resting so long as he seeth any of them alive, and thus playing his fox-like parts many times together; at last he setteth upon their combs, devouring all that he can finde." All he can "finde" of luscious larvæ, no doubt.

The slender wasp-waist, once so coveted by Vespa's human sisters, is described by Moffet: "The body of the Wasp seemeth to be fastened and tyed together to the midst of the breast with a certain thin, fine thread or line, so that by this disjoyned, and not well compacted composition, they seem very feeble in their loins or rather to have none at all." And of her work-song, or battle-cry, whichever it happen to be, he says: "They make a sound as Bees do, but more fearful, hideous, terrible and whisteling, especially when they are provoked to wrath."

In his "From Cadet to Colonel," Sir Thomas Seaton gives a modern instance of an army—or at least a part of one—being put to rout by a disturbed colony: "A picket of Lord Clyde's army were amusing themselves throwing stones at an odd-looking mass of mud and straw hanging in a tree. One marksman, more successful than his comrades, sent a stone with great effect into the centre of the mysterious object, when out flew a cloud of hornets and drove Lord Clyde's invincibles into the river."

Of course, the poet has not failed to make good use of the insect's

irascible qualities, such as, in Tennyson's pathetic little story of "The First Quarrel," the wife's observation: "I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornet's nest" than to touch Harry's old dealbox full of odds and ends "an' a letter along wi' the rest." Longfellow, too, in "Hiawatha," makes two good comparisons:

"Ah! the singing, fatal arrow, Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Hard his breath came through his nostrils, Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered, Words of anger and resentment, Hot and humming, like a hornet."

Moffet finds the insect figuring, figuratively, in sermons: "Clemens Alexandrinus, when he would express and declare the foulness and abominable hurt of such sins that do lie in wait, as it were, to deceive, and watch to do displeasure to the life of man, hath these words: 'That is, these fat, dull, grosse and Olympicall enemies of ours are worser than Wasps, more cruel and displeasant, and especially sensuall and worldly pleasure." One wonders if the good Alexandrinus had some time suffered the unpleasant experience related by Ormerod, the English entomologist, in his work, "Natural History of Wasps," which Ormerod had from a Dr. King, of Penang, regarding a certain vicious Asiatic species of hornet: "No later than last Sunday one flew into the Scotch kirk, where one of the merchants was reading the service, plumped down and stung him instantly on the head, and was off again in a moment. The sting drew blood, besides being excessively painful." An incident somewhat paralleling that of old Silenus, no doubt, since Vespa usually strikes at uncovered skin, having found that she is more likely to find a nerve thereby.

Vespa has considerable fame as an oracle. For example: "For wasps, hornets and gnats to bite more eagerly than usual is a sign of rainy weather." Also "hornets flying in late autumn foretell storms at sea." And because the Queen Wasp might wish to use the nest while hibernating:

"If hornets build low,
Winter storms and snow;
If hornets build high,
Winter mild and dry."

It is bad luck ever to kill a wasp. For instance, about two hundred years before Christ, so Frank Cowan tells us in his "Curious History of Insects," "an infinite number of wasps flew into the market at Capua and sat in the temple of Mars. They were with great diligence taken and burnt solemnly. Yet they did fore-

shadow the coming of the enemy and the burning of the city." In spite of this historical warning, some people continue to say that "the first wasp seen in the season should be killed, thereby insuring good luck and freedom from enemies during the year."

"If a wasp stings you, it is a sign your foes will get the best of you," so they say. Also, "If wasps build in a house, it is a sign the occupants will come to want," and "If the first wasp of the season is seen in your house, it is a sign you are to form an unpleasant acquaintance."

Mankind must always find use for a thing that continues to exist near him, and, as Moffet records: "Pliny greatly commendeth the Solitary Wasp to be very effectual against a Quartine Ague, if you catch her with your left hand and tie or fasten her to any part of your body (always provided it must be the first wasp that you lay hold on that year)." Provided, too, that the sting be removed before applying, otherwise Vespa will be needed for a poultice, since it was once believed that wasps will cure their own stings if bruised and used as a plaster.

The vespiary itself was formerly recommended as a cure for stings, by crushing the combs with willow leaves and mallow and using as a poultice. When burned and their smoke inhaled, the insect's paper castle was esteemed as a cure for asthma or colds, and distemper in animals.

"Their use is great and singular," attests Moffet, "for besides that they serve for food to those kind of Hawks which are called Kaistrels or Fleingals, Martinets, Swallows, Owls, to Brocks or Badgers and to the Cameleon; they also do great pleasure and service to men sundry ways, for they kill the Phalangium, which is a kind of venomous spider, that hath in all his legs three knots, or joynts, whose poyson is perilous and deadly, and yet Wasps do cure their wounds." Aside from these several benefits, real and fancied, Vespa is a valuable insect scavenger, and does not stop at the ill-smelling cabbage butterfly and equally maladorous earwig, and will devour the edible parts of a carcass wherever found and however long dead.

Honey appeals to Vespa's appetite, in any form she can get it first hand, as Browning notes:

"This bloom whose best grace was the slug outside
And the wasp inside its bosom—call you 'rose'?"
—("The Ring and the Book")

or will use it second hand:

"He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then,
'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest."

—("The Winter's Tale," Act IV., Sc. 3)

Tennyson uses the wasp's plundering habits to good advantage in "Queen Mary" to indicate the disfavor with which the English people regarded their Spanish king-consort:

"I watched a hive of late; My seven-years' friend was with me, my young boy; Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm behind. 'Philip,' says he."

An insect feasting in a flower often finds its person in danger. Virgil mentions "the fierce hornets" attacking bees, a common sight to-day as in those distant times:

"And the wasp,
Dropping his long legs, like a flying crane,
Lights on the flower, and with his ready sting
Threats the intruder."

-T. B. Read ("The New Pastoral")

Sir Thomas Seaton, who saw service in India, tells of sugar warehouses in Shahjahanpur being occupied by hornets for a whole summer, during which time they consumed 3,000 pounds of this sweet army ration, in place of the intimidated soldiers, who dared not enter the buildings. Many a fruit grower knows Vespa's sweet tooth all too well:

"When the hungry yellow wasp foretells

The vintager, and mars the prosperous grape."

—Eugene Lee-Hamilton

Edward Topsell, in his "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents," says: "Whilst Pennius was at Peterborough in England, he saw in the wide and open street a Hornet pursuing a Sparrow, whom when he wounded with his sting, he fell down dead to the ground, and with the admiration of all that beheld them, he suck't out and filled himself with the blood of the slain prey. I myself, being at Duckworth in Huntingtonshire, my native soyle, I saw on a time, a great Wasp or Hornet making after and fiercely pursuing a Sparrow in the open street of the town, to the same end."

Like Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," several poets have shown interest in

"the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans;
Of the black wasp's cunning way
Mason of his walls of clay."

For the later writers have rather avoided the "fierce" side of Vespa's nature and have rather humanized her, because unbiased study of her ways proves that she is a most intelligent being with many other things to do than to lie in wait for the chance to thrust a wicked sting into some sensitive part of mankind's person:

"And humming soft,
On roof and rafter, or its log-rude sides,
Black in the sun-shot loft,
The building hornet glides."

-Madison Cawein ("The Old Barn")

Take the papier-maché of the social wasp, the first papermaker, who, fortunately, failed to take out a patent, since it is by following her plan that mankind keeps the present supply of paper equal to the demand. As Margaret Morley says, in her volume, "Wasps and Their Ways":

"When the Egyptians were laboriously cutting their records in stone, or drawing them up on the pressed pith of the papyrus, and the European theirs on the inner bark of trees, and the North American Indians were tanning the hides of animals and painting their messages upon them, the wasp folk were busy making a true paper, a paper that man finally learned to make in essentially the same way that the wasp makes it."

"The wasp, fine architect, surrounds his domes With paper foliage, and suspends his combs."

-Erasmus Darwin ("The Origin of Society")

Vespa gathers her material from a tree-trunk, stump, rail or woody stem, as a rule, so that gray is the usual color, of the weathered-wood hue:

"The rider drew his dripping rein, And then a letter, wasp-nest gray."
—Benjamin F. Taylor ("The Captain's Drum")

"A man with a face as withered and gray
As the wasp nest stowed in a loft away—
Where the hornets haunt and the mortar drops
From the loosened logs of the clapboard tops."

-Madison Cawein ("At the Lane's End")

"the wall of the little white town
That's stuck like a blaiched wasps' nest in the gap
Where the ridge of the hills breaks down."

—Jane Barlow ("The Curlew's Call")

But if man-made paper be handy, she does not hesitate to use it. Says the author of "Homes Without Hands": "I have seen a nest which was made almost entirely of the blue and white paper used for cartridges, the wasps having taken advantage of the expended papers and used them instead of taking the trouble to gnaw hard wood." Near St. Louis, where paper bags were used to protect clusters of grapes from rot, the Rust-Red Social Wasp was discovered gathering material from the bags: "stripping off, with its jaws, fibres and layers of the paper, which were rapidly gathered, by the aid of the front tarsi, into a compact packet and finally borne away," as Miss Mary E. Murtfeldt reports.

"A fig tree curled out of our cottage wall;
Cric— cric— I think I hear the wasps o'erhead,
Pricking the papers strung to flutter there
And keep off birds in fruit time—coarse long papers,
And the wasps eat them, prick them through and through."
—Robert Browning ("Pippa Passes")

The common European wasp, or hornet (Vespa crabro), usually hangs its paper cradle-combs inside hollow trees; it is a pretty black and yellow creature—a tiger-body on elfin wings, to paraphrase Mr. Sharp's closing line in the verse already given.

"Green flies and striped wasps go and come."

—George Macdonald ("The Child Mother")

"In wasp-like black and yellow foolery,"

—Robert Browning ("The Ring and the Book")

Our common "yellow-jacket," or white-faced Hornet, is Vespa maculata, the skilled architect and builder of the great Chinese-lantern palaces hung in the trees. It, too, is a striped wasp, with conspicuous white markings on body and face. Bald-faced Hornet is another name for her; she is always astir and is fond of humid, woody places:

"A white-faced hornet hurtles by,
Lags a turquoise butterfly—
One intent on prey and treasure,
One afloat on tides of pleasure."
—Maurice Thompson ("In the Haunts of Bass and Bream")
"The streaked wasps, worrying in and out,
Dart fitfully and slim."
—Madison Cawein ("Among the Knobs")

The mason, or mud-building wasp, is one of the solitary species, whose little corrugated adobe tube combs are often found in attics, under eaves and piazza porches. She has the long, slender middle-body that inspired Aristophanes to the expression "wasp-waisted wenches" as descriptive of fashionable ladies aping that style of waist. She gathers mud diligently from the edges of puddles or ponds, as Mr. Cawein notes:

"With their peevish whine,
Come mason hornets; and roll and wrestle
With balls of clay they carry and twine
In hollow nests on the joists of the trestle."
—Madison Cawein ("The Log Bridge")

Indeed, the mud-dauber seems to be Mr. Cawein's "favorite wasp," and he has mentioned it in various poems, locating it in suitable sites.

"Its cells the mud-wasp packs."

("The Haunted House")

"While, where the sun beats, drone and drawl
The mud-wasps." ("The Old Inn")
"The hornets build in plaster-dropping rooms"
("Abandoned")

She is always humming while at work, and this, with her habit of putting dead or stunned spiders into the cell with the egg before sealing up the tube, is probably the origin of the Oriental belief that she has the power to change the spider into a wasp by singing over it the miraculous incantation: "Class with me, class with me."

"And a bark for the wasp to live in," sang John Keats in one of his poems, and so paid tribute to the mining wasps that dig burrows instead of fabricating cells. Says Miss Morley: "One sees them in the hottest part of the summer, working as if the intense heat were the power that put them in motion. The hotter the day, the more fiercely they work."

An Australian poet has given us a colorful description of some species in that faraway country:

"Only there's a drowsy humming
From yon warm lagoon slow-coming,
'Tis the dragon-hornet. See!
All bedaubed resplendently
Yellow on a tawny ground—
Each rich spot not square nor round,
Rudely heart-shaped, as it were
The blurred and hasty impress there
Of a vermeil-crusted seal
Dusted o'er with golden meal."

—Charles Harper ("Midsummer Noon in the Australian Forest")

Midsummer seems the proper time for wasps, with their glowing yellow bandings and their droning song, like the hum of machinery in the field. One is quite willing to grant them a place in nature then, they seem to fill it with such grace:

"The buzz of wasp and fly makes hot
The spaces of the garden-plot."

—Madison Cawein ("Midsummer")

Indeed, the wasp is not a half-bad creature. Most of her angry passions come from having them stirred up by some intruder, and if she is left alone, her rights respected and her peace of mind is not threatened, she is as harmless a creature as most of us. No doubt Mrs. Allen was right when she thought of the fairies, or "miracle-workers," spending some of their time on Vespa, that she might show a lovely figure to the world:

"They girdle the wasp with a golden ring."
—Elizabeth Akers Allen ("The Miracle Workers")
Duluth, Minn.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.



IS THE AMERICAN INDIAN OF ASIATIC ORIGIN?

HE origin of the American Indian has been the subject of no little discussion. Many theories have been advanced, some very plausible and some indicating the "wish is father to the thought," but all, in the end, seem to sum up in the single word—conjecture.

The theory of the Asiatic origin is not without weight and is held by quite a number of students of history who have made profound research, who have studied the question in all its bearings and whose conclusions are worthy of respectful consideration, though they may not be the last word.

It was my good fortune to have spent a very pleasant evening with a gentleman who held the position of American Minister to China. He was a scholarly man and had made a careful study of this question, in which he was deeply interested. While in China he had access to important documents concerning the relations between China and America, and the result of his researches led him to the conclusion that there were many very good reasons for holding the Asiatic theory. His reasons, founded on something more than mere conjecture, called to my mind the fact that Father Emile Petitot, O. M. I., for many years a missionary among the Indians of the Athabaska-Mackenzie region of North America. was of the same opinion as the American Minister just referred to. Father Petitot made a careful study of this question with evidences before him not within the reach of the ordinary student. I determined to consult him, and learned many of the following facts: Among other things, he tells us that "according to the comparisons he has made he has been able to establish certain facts and with the aid of his early studies of the hyperborean people of America, with whom he had been so long and intimately associated, he could already begin to discern the outlines of the phases and peripatetics of the history of the Dené-Dindjie¹ and of the Innuits.

In his analysis of these phases, Father Petitot refers to a race of men, tall, with legs "nervous and bent outwards," heads small, erect and held backward, conic occiputs, receding forehead like unto the still unknown races of the Stone Age in the north of Europe—which reached America from the West by way of the Aleutian Islands, fleeing before another race which had up to

¹The Dené (men or people) an aboriginal race of North America, also called Athapascans, and known among the earlier ethnologists as Touné, or Tonnach. Dindjie (men) allied to the Denés, also of the Athabaska-Mackenzie region. They are sometimes called Loucheux or cross-eyed or squint eyes by the French missionaries.



this time held them in bondage and which followed them to this continent, which they entered with them.

These people appear to belong to a gigantic race; they have abnormally large heads which they deform by artificial means. They wear no clothing, their weapons of war are of metal; they carried shields and wore both casques and cuirass, were zealous in capturing prisoners in war, and exhibited as trophies the heads of their enemies, which they learned to preserve and dry. (In this way they resembled the Indians of Mexico and Central America, who also exhibited traces of Asiatic origin.) Like some Australian and African tribes, they made various kinds of incisions in their faces, after the fashion of the Huns. They had a certain knowledge of navigation and were expert canoemen. Their totems were the otter, the badger and the crow.

The Dené regarded this latter people as a "nation of women," a "race of dogs." Father Petitot classes them as belonging to the Caraibs, to which family likewise are affiliated the Kallouches and the Innuits, who were uncircumcised and practiced cremation or buried their dead in a crouching posture, and he associated them with the races of the Bronze Age in Europe.

The nation or tribe with the smaller heads, and which preceded the one just described, was the Dené, a people relatively moral, and having traditions of their own. Their habits and customs were of a Hebrew or Chaldean character and they practiced circumcision. Their totems were the wolf or a species of American dog of the wolf breed. They buried their dead in a recumbent position: the body either stretched out at full length or doubled in such a manner as to allow the head and feet to come together. This tribe seems to be intermingled with a foreign and uncircumcised element. They at first settled in the Arctic Zone, dwelling among their enemies, the Kallouches and the Eskimos.

A part of the Dené people appears to have remained for a longer time in Asia and to have intermingled with foreign elements, which they themselves describe as "white men, black men, yellow men, etc.," a classification borne out by an examination of their national characteristics.

This part of the Denés reached America by way of Behring Strait, which is deduced from the fact that their traditions mention only "straits and bridges of ice."

This people differs from the Dené in that it is strongly mixed with "strangers," but for all this, the Denés recognize others as belonging to the same race as themselves. They are the tribes known as the Dené-Dindjies, the Dœna, the Dnaine and the Khaitz. These

tribes are now either extinct or absorbed into other and more powerful tribes.

These people, who are supposed to have crossed over to America from Asia, brought with them wrought metals; they came in separate groups, at different times and at long intervals; they practiced circumcision to a more or less extent and their Biblical traditions read more like history than those of other races. They had large, massive heads with occiput naturally flat, and strongly resembling the Celtic types of the early Iron Age of the north of Europe.

The tribes that fled to the east after crossing the northern Cordilleras still preserved many of their primitive customs and national characteristics, and went back entirely to the use of stone.

It would appear that the date of their immigration cannot be placed earlier than the fifth or sixth century before the Christian era, because all the events recorded in the traditions of the Dené-Dindjies and which are so like those related in the Holy Scriptures, took place, according to their traditions, in a land other than America, on the "opposite side" of America "before the earth was changed." Now, as the interpretation of this Hebraic expression means the downfall of a kingdom and the captivity of its people, the traditions referred to naturally carry us back to the time of the captivity of Israel and of Judah under Salmanezer and Nabuchodonosor, five centuries before the birth of Christ.

Now, if we allow the captives two or three centuries in which to pass through Asia, it becomes evident that the first of these migrations must have taken place two or three centuries before Christ, but it is also possible that they may have occurred some centuries later.

The reader will not have failed to notice many points of contact between the migrations of the Dené-Dindjies and those of the Toltecs and other Mexican races. It is very remarkable and is further emphasized in their language and traditions.

This is the historical result presented to us by a comparative study of American traditions, and of what we can gather from careful and diligent archæological and ethnological research. The origin of the Dené-Dindjies and of the Caraibo-Inneck, is undoubtedly Asiatic, but the Denés may be traced back to the Israelites and to the tribe of Sem, while the latter are descended from Ham. Their manners, habits and customs are in most respects like those of the Phœnico-Egyptian nations. This can be readily admitted if we take account of the many foreign elements which these tribes adapted from their intercourse with Asiatic people during the long years of their passage through their country.

Learned archæologists have long since come to the conclusion that old bones and silent ruins do not, necessarily, constitute a criterion sufficiently reliable upon which to base conclusions upon the primitive inhabitants of Europe concerning which history is silent, and they have found it necessary to appeal to ethnography. Is not this an implied admission that prehistoric archæology must perforce depend upon the aid of this science?

Not only have the archæologists of France realized this fact, but those of Denmark, Sweden and other countries have done likewise. We know that at a meeting of the Swedish Archæological Society, held at Stockholm, Dr. H. Hildebrand dwelt upon the "necessity" on the part of archæologists to seek for direct proofs of the deductions made by their own body concerning European antiquities and its uncivilized races.

Studied together, archæology and ethnology cannot fail to lead the student to two important discoveries: that of the prehistoric origin of the people of Europe and that of the savage races of America and the islands of the Pacific—which is the object of the investigation of the ethnologist and the mythologist.

Now, since it is evident that archæology requires the aid of the ethnography of nations living in a savage state, so ethnography requires the aid of archæology. Thus, ethnography, after collecting all the information available from a people whose origin is unknown and whose history can be learned only through oral traditions, must, if it would rest its conclusions on a solid basis, compare the material thus obtained with the elements brought to light by ancient history and prehistoric archæology.

This comparative method, I know, will not be approved by all scholars, but, since it is only by comparison that real scholars study the origins of prehistoric peoples, it seems to me that by following the same plan in regard to the aboriginal Americans, I will not go far astray.

I have, therefore, no scruples, but rather consider it a duty to base my reasons for comparisons on the few prehistoric archæological documents available, the chief of which are the "Materiaux" of E. Cartailhiac, and the "Compte Rendu du Congres de Nancy."

Father Petitot tells us that he derived most of his ethnological and ethnographical knowledge from the Indians among whom he labored for so many years and the result of personal observation. Further information is gleaned from the reports of a recent American traveler and from old missionaries, in addition to such as may be found in the "Dictionnaire Ethnographique" of the Abbé Migne, which we shall indicate in footnotes as we go along.

In this paper it is our purpose to describe some of the manners

and customs of the Indians dwelling in the most northern regions of our continent—we may say the Arctic Zone—chiefly Athabaska-Mackenzie. Unfortunately we shall only be able to treat our subject very briefly, for a profound study of the question would lead to an endless and perhaps an unprofitable discussion—unprofitable because the means of research within the reach of the best informed, and the opportunities for making proper research are so difficult that in the end of our brief study we would be apt to have made very little progress. We shall be far from having said the last word, but if we can arouse our critics to make further and more reliable research, we shall feel that we have not labored in vain.

Then, again, we propose to treat this subject only in so far as it relates to some of the opinions recently expressed by a certain school of archæologists after a series of archæological discussions—opinions, however, that have not yet, so far as we know, received any very great support, and which are still awaiting confirmation by facts.

With these few introductory remarks, let us now proceed to examine some of the arms and utensils, first of the prehistoric races of Europe, and later on, compare them with those of the aborigines of our own country. Antiquarians distinguish between cut stone. polished stone, bronze and iron, and make each of these materials represent an age or epoch of more or less duration. In other words, they claim that the idea of polishing their arms and utensils could have occurred to men only after the long use of roughly cut and shapeless stone (the Palæontic Age). After this age of polished stone came the Neolithic Age, to be followed by the Bronze Age and finally by the Iron Age. Pottery and arms and utensils made of wood, bone or ivory are mentioned in one or the other of these four ages. According to other systems the Palæolithic and the Neolithic ages coincided with the quartenary epochs of the geologists so that the geologists designate as quarternarians the inhabitants of our planet who used cut or hewn stone as well as polished stone.

We may not enter here into a discussion of the questionable nature of these problematical ages. We prefer to let facts speak for themselves; we will allow the poor, ignorant savage to contradict, at least to a certain extent, a theory having a false premise for its starting point, namely, that man was primarily a savage and that the human race only attained civilization by gradual steps, a proposition essentially false and questioning the wisdom and omnipotence of the Creator. It degrades human nature and is advanced with the specious pretext of exalting human reason.

The arms and implements in use among the Denés and Dindjie at

the time when the Europeans entered their country a little more than a century ago, were of wood, bone and stone. Copper and iron were unknown to them save what they remembered of them through popular traditions and, even after their use for a time in America, a time more or less remote, the Indians for reasons we shall not attempt to explain, lost these metals and were naturally obliged to return to the use of stone. This last state or age continued until the advent of the "palefaces," who taught them, once more, the use of copper and even of wrought iron.

But we must notice that even in our day, stone still predominates among our Arctic Indians, in conjunction with such use as they can make of metals that are available. Among the tribes which have come in possession of metals and learned their use to a more or less extent, many objects made of stone may still be found. Among these may be mentioned arrowheads, spearheads, harpoon points, lamps, calumets, cooking utensils and even fish hooks. Moreover, many tribes, because of their distance from the forts or settlements, are unable to obtain more modern products, and consequently are obliged to resort to the use of stone. This is evident, especially among the Eskimos.

With the exception of such arms and implements as can be made only of wood, all objects now in use among the Denés have the prefix thé, stone, in their nomenclature, thus: the word calumet, the pipe of peace, is rendered: thé-ttse-altt-wii-the, which translated into English means "the sucking stone." Useless to attempt to pronounce the word.

Notwithstanding the fact that the traditions of the Denés indicate that these people at one time used metal, it has been impossible, up to the present time, to discover any traces of mining nor even the smallest object of wrought metal. On the other hand, a search of their old encampments has brought to light such objects as hatchets, knives, spearheads and arrowheads of stone.

Father Petitot tells of an old Indian woman who on one occasion took him to a deep fissure among some rocks about twelve miles from his residence near Fort Good Hope and she assured him that at the time of the establishment of the first English factories in the Mackenzie Valley, the Peaux de Liévre Indians brought all their stone arms to the place in the hope of recovering them later on, if the English traders ever went away, as the first "metal people" had done in years long gone by.

Father Petitot made two examinations of this crevasse, some seven or eight feet long, but its narrowness and the calcareous nature of the débris which had accumulated at the bottom, together with what he calls his probable lack of perseverance, resulted in nothing more than the discovery of a few human bones half calcined and evidently of more recent date.

The only conclusion to be arrived at is that judging only from appearances and declining to consult oral traditions, the Dené-Dindjie belong to the Stone Age, and that it is equally difficult to determine to which phase of the quaternary period they may be allotted, since, among the kindred and neighboring tribes we find some using implements of roughly hewn stone, while others had implements of carefully polished stone.

It is a curious as well as a noteworthy fact that the hatchets of the Dené-Dindjie are identical in form with those found in Denmark as well as those found in the copper mines of the Asturias, but, on this point archæology alone will not help us, as no implement of bronze or copper is found among the Dené-Dindjie and the classification of these weapons might be considered arbitrary if we lose sight of the tradition concerning iron and copper still preserved by the Indians of to-day.

Again, these hammer-hatchets (tomahawks) are said by Mr. Worsae to resemble in every particular the "dans hammers" of the ancient copper mines of Killarney as well as the old stone hammers of Lake Superior and Huron.

On the other hand, the absolute duration of the three epochs of prehistoric archæology may be a matter of question if it is not really problematical.

If we admit, with a large number of scientists, that the Syro-Phœnicians were the first to exploit copper mines in Europe, there is, in the perfect similarity of form and use of the "hatchet-hammers" above mentioned to those found in Denmark and Ireland; in the Mornan, France; in the Asturias, Spain; in Georgia (ancient Iberia), as well as in the Aleutian, the vast and glacial country of the Dené and the Dindjie, and finally in the regions of the great American lakes; there is, we may assume, a very strong presumption in favor of the Phœnico-Chaldean, that is, of an Asiatic or mixed origin of these weapons.

In fact, all the peoples who had these implements had some knowledge of copper, acquired at one time or another, and utilized it. Among these may be mentioned the Denés of the great Athabaska and Great Slave lakes; the Dune, of the Great Bear Lake; the Dane, of the Peace River; the Dnaine, of the Pacific: all of the Dené-Dindjie family. To these we may add the Danes or Scandinavians. Another curious fact: in Palestine and along the borders of the sea, on the coasts of the Philistines and the Phœnicians was the land of the Israelite tribe of Dan, one of those most given to

migration, as was prophesied of them long ago by Moses: "Dan catulus leonis fluet largiter de Basan."

The oldest traditions of the Denés ascribe the use of metal and of shields and spears to a people who conquered others and held them in captivity in a western country other than the one they now inhabit, but the Denés and the Dindjie do not claim the use of any but stone, wooden, bone and ivory implements before the advent of the "metal people."

The Eskimo, neighbors of the Dené-Dindie, still use stone with which to point their arrows, spears, harpoons and many other implements. Even the weights on their fishing nets are disks of stone through which holes have been bored. Wood, ivory and horn are used to a very great extent. Bows and arrows, the latter pointed with bone; ice picks for breaking the ice or making holes for their fish nets or beaver traps tipped with bone. The horn of the musk ox or the mountain goat is utilized in making spoons, while caldrons or kettles for cooking are made of willow branches so ingeniously woven together as to make them watertight. Strangely enough, these Indians use the same method of heating the water as that described by Cabeza de Vaca, in his "Relacion" concerning the Indians of Colorado.² The water was brought to a boil by heating stones which were taken up with wooden tongs and dropped into the caldron, one after another, until the water boiled from the effect of the constantly renewed heat of the stones.

Let us now pass from our effort to trace these people according to the age to which they belonged—Stone, Bronze or Iron—and study some of their manners and customs. In Europe the man of the Stone Age is said to have been a cave-dweller. The same cannot be said of the Dené, who as a type may be chronologically considered and not to be compared to the troglodytes. They were a race of nomads living by hunting reindeer, the musk ox and other animals and by fishing. They dwelt in tents made of skins or in huts of bark or other suitable materials. These were similar in form to those of the Asiatics and which they pompously designated as "houses properly so-called" (Kruni-Kowa). This would seem to indicate that these people, before leading a nomadic life, had dwelt in permanent homes.

It cannot be claimed that in the glacial portion of North America, at least, there has been a single race that dwelt in caves after the fashion of the ancient troglodytes. There has never been an Indian of that region with enough courage and little enough superstition

² See our article entitled "Some Early Explorers and Missionaries in the Territory Now Known as the United States," in a former number of the "American Catholic Quarterly Review."



to be willing to pass a night in a cave or grotto. The Denés had an idea that natural excavations—rare enough in their country because of the peculiar nature of the soil—are haunted by supernatural beings who dwell in the bowels of the earth. Hence, they never pass a cave without leaving an offering at the entrance so as to gain the favor of the presiding spirits.

If we go back to the period before the Indian came in contact with the palefaces we shall find in the land of the Denés, where they existed at all, caverns filled with no end of objects such as are generally found in the caves of prehistoric times and which afford the archæologist much food for conjecture. But if the Denés shunned caves as a habitation for the living they did not hesitate to use them as resting places for their dead, and it is their manner of sepulture that we shall proceed to examine, after a cursory glance at the habitations for the living.

The Bronze Age in Switzerland and the end of the Neolithic Age along the Baltic are characterized by Lacustrine habitations built on piles and mentioned by Herodotus, who, writing in the fifth century B. C., describes the people of Lake Prasias as "living in houses constructed on platforms supported on piles in the middle of the lake and which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge." Hippocrates, writing in the same century, says of the people of Phasis, that as their country was hot and marshy and subject to frequent inundations, they lived in houses of timber and reeds constructed in the midst of waters and used boats made of a single tree-trunk.

These lacustrine habitations have their counterparts in Asia, Oceanica and America. We have all read of the habitations built on piles along water courses and along the shores of lakes by the Chinese, the Idaons or Dyaks, of Borneo; the Malays of the great Asiatic archipelago; the Tano or Tagals, of the Philippines, and the Tenguian anthropophagi, of Lapland. Lake dwellings, as we know. are quite prevalent in South America. They are to be seen in the Gulf of Maracaibo and in the estuaries of the Orinoco and the Amazon. Indeed, it was the prevalence of these dwellings along its shores that, as every schoolboy knows, gave the name of Venezuela or Little Venice to the province of that name. But these houses were only used during the short summers, and these same Arctic people who lived in lightly constructed cabins were glad to abandon them in the winter to find shelter in what might be called half-subterranean burrows capped by domes constructed of skins and bark and made stormproof.

The Dindjies, Atnans, Knaîtzes, Kallouches and other American tribes lived in these dome-capped holes or youtes, after the manner

of the northern tribes of Asia such as the Kamtchakales and the Tehouktchis. They have changed but little in their mode of living because their frigid climate has offered very little if any inducement to the whites to settle among them. They still preserve the remembrance of their former homes built on piles. Close by their huts, or youtes, may still be seen miniature houses with angular roofs perched on piles from two to four feet in height, and suggesting designs drawn from other lands; all the same, the Dindjies no longer live in them. They have converted them into depositories in which to keep their provisions of dried reindeer and fish and their peltry.

Finally, after all our research, we can only say that we have discovered on both shores, the Asiatic and the American, and among people evidently sprung from the same stock, the simultaneous use of stone and ice galleries, of habitations built on piles like those of the Swiss lake dwellers or those found in South America; of the youtes or semi-subterranean homes of the Denés and finally, the bark lodges or wigwams. And with all this, we may well imagine that there is more than is necessary to prove that the division of prehistoric epochs is not incontestable, and that it is rather a classification made for the convenience of museums, a mere conventional order simply resting on a conformity of certain objects and useful only to chronology and history. This division may be excellently adopted for the classification of specimens, but it calls for more ample evidence to give it an indubitable value in the eyes of critics.

Let us now see whether the study of the burial places of the hyperborean people of America will reveal to us anything further concerning the origin of these prehistoric people. Prehistoric archæology presents three forms of sepulture, the burial of a body in a crouched position such as that of infants in an antenatal condition; the laying of the body at full length in the grave, and cremation in the dolmen, and incineration in the tumuli. It is claimed that the first of these methods is characteristic of the Palæolithic period of the Stone Age; the second belongs to the Neolithic as well as to the Bronze Age and the third belongs to the period of the reindeer, the close of the Stone Age as well as the Bronze Age. To these forms we may be permitted to add burial in the upright posture, in the sitting posture, sometimes facing the east and sometimes the west.

The word dolmen in this connection is intended to mean a megalithic monument of unhewn stones set on end or on edge so as to form a receptacle or small chamber and covered with a single huge stone or with several stones. The word cremation as used here, means a partial burning of the cadaver, the flesh burned off the bones. Incineration means the entire reduction of the cadaver to ashes.



These forms of burial in America come down to very recent times. Four of these modes of sepulture may be found to have been practiced simultaneously in America and at a comparatively recent date. Burial in the crouching position has been known in many parts of Europe. In France it prevailed in Var, at Vance in the Charante, where the place of deposit is generally a mortuary chamber covered by a tumulus. At Aveyron and at Lozère the same system is peculiar to dolmens as to tumuli.

In Africa "crouch burial" prevailed among the Touarags; in Asia it was in common use among the Marantras or aborigines of the Malaccan peninsula, but not to the exclusion of other modes of burial.

The Brazilian aborigines, the Guaranians and the Peruvians, buried their dead in a crouching position in womb-shaped urns—indicative of a new birth to an immortal life.

The Caribs of the continent and of the Antilles, the Hurons and the Iroquois deposited their urns in graves or in chambers somewhat suggestive of the columbaria of the pagan Romans in the Catacombs. Crantz tells us that the Greenlanders and other peoples of the northern continent followed the same custom.

Mr. A. Pinart, an intrepid Frenchman, tells us that not so very many years ago he discovered remains that had been buried in caves in the Aleutian Islands. In some cases, however, the bodies were laid on their sides, in the position of a person sleeping.

Among the Dindjies of lower Yukon we find that they buried their dead in a crouched position, but placed them in boxes resting on posts or piles, some three feet high. Several of the Eskimo tribes of the west followed this custom, such as the Malemonts, of the mouth of the Yukon River, among others. A curious fact and one well worthy of note is related by Monsignor Clut, for many years Bishop laboring in the Athabaska-Mackenzie region. The Bishop tells us that he found engraved upon the tombs of the Innuits figures that were easily recognizable as those of the elephant and the monkey. Father Le Covré, a missionary in the same field, also mentions these figures in his reports.

This enumeration of "crouch burial" could be extended indefinitely, but we have said enough to show that this mode of burial was practiced in the four quarters of the earth at the same time, but the details, as we have seen, varied with each country, thus illustrating the theory of diversity in unity.

Burial in the full length posture, as is customary among all civilized nations to-day, is the form most commonly observed in all parts of the world. It consists in laying the body on its back in a simple grave, a tomb built of stone, a tumulus or a natural cave.

In Arctic America it has been and is still practiced in conjunction with the first method above described, among tribes living in proximity to one another, or belonging to the same family or stock. This singularity exists among the Aleutians, where we find some of their dead in the crouching posture and others laid out at full length on moss-covered beds with their faces concealed by a mask. The same may be said of other Eskimo tribes. Their most common mode of burial is to lay the body on the bare ground in a sort of tomb or vault made of flat stones. In some cases, however, the body of the deceased is laid in the ground in some isolated place, and merely covered with the branches of trees and abandoned to its fate in the woods.

The custom of burying their dead in boxes (tssa) raised on poles or posts above the ground, as practiced by the Dindies, is imitated by their neighbors, the Innuits. The arms, utensils and clothing of the deceased are buried with them. Since their conversion to Christianity these Indians bury their dead under the ground after the manner of the whites. They enclose the graves with a rude fence or an enclosure of palisades. Such are the sepultures of the Christian Algonquins, while their pagan brethren continue to bury in boxes, which they hang from the branches of trees (tree burial) or place on scaffoldings or platforms (platform burial). There is a pious as well as curious practice among the Dindiies, the Innuits. the Atnans and the Knaitzes. At sunrise and sunset they go to their cemeteries or burial places to mourn over their dead and place beads and broken glass upon the graves. Glass being an object of adornment and luxury among these people, they offer it as a sacrifice or oblation to the manes of their dead; it was also used as an emblem of mourning. Pieces of amber were also scattered over the grave, but these offerings were made at the tombs of distinguished men, and were never given to women or children.

May we not see, in this custom among a people regarded as assimilated to the prehistoric man, the explanation of the masses of silex, broken designedly, and which have been found in some megalithic graves in the Caucasus of Eastern Europe? These are all votive objects, and would seem to suggest an Iberian people.

Archæologists have noticed the fact that in examining the skeletons of the prehistoric men of the Stone Age, the bones of the legs were bowed or bent outwards. This peculiarity has also been observed among the Denés and other American tribes of the Arctic regions, but the Eskimos, the Algonquins and other tribes have perfectly straight legs. Some authorities attribute this curvature of the legs to the use of snowshoes during six or seven months of the year, also to the habit of sitting cross-legged so much of the

time, but this reason is far from convincing. Many Canadians and American white men as well as all the people of the far north of our continent use snowshoes without being affected in this way. The half-breed Iroquois and Algonquins are all affected in this manner, while the half-breed Denés reared in the woods have the outward curvature of the legs as well as the pure savages, while those reared after the manner of the whites have straight legs.

It would be hard to imagine how science accounts for this curvature in man's legs during the Stone Age. Perhaps by a peculiar difference of race, but this is by no means satisfactory. The real reason for this condition among the Denés is not hard to find. By analogy we find all manner of reasons for applying it to prehistoric men. We know that the Dené women were wont to wrap their newly born offspring in a mould or coat filled with lichen, which served them in place of wraps; but, as soon as the child's body began to develop and its back became strong enough to allow it to assume a sitting posture, even with its back resting against something, or even before this, the mother makes for her child a sort of seat which supports the lower part of the body, front and back. This is constructed of strong bark; it obliges the child to sit with its legs tightly crossed. The inner part of this seat or saddle is as primitive as was the lichen receptacle from which the child was transferred. Over this heavy, broad and uncomfortable object, these little children are further dressed in the garment which includes the footgear, the breeches, the upper garment, the mittens, the cap or hood, the whole made of one piece of reindeer or Arctic hare skin, according to the season. The child's pelvis. thus enclosed, at an early age becomes broadened and its haunches assume a noticeable prominence. Now, as he is obliged to accustom himself to walking with his "saddle" about his legs, they naturally acquire an irremediable curvature. For the same reason the toes are very much turned inwards and the chest and neck are forced forward.

Here is the sole reason for the bowed formation of the legs of the Denés. A proof of this may be found among their brethren, the Dindjies. These latter make use of a chair-shaped "saddle," in which the child is literally seated with legs close together and hanging in front. This obliges the Dindjie mothers to carry their infants with their backs resting upon that of the mother, while the Dené mothers carry theirs with their breasts resting upon the mother's back. The result of this method is that the Dindjie child, instead of having his legs bowed outwards, as is the case with the Dené's, has perfectly straight legs, even a little compressed, but the knees are constantly giving under him like those of a sailor or a

mountaineer and the toes very much turned outwards. It is well known that among the tribes whose habitat is the vast prairies of our great Northwest, the papoose is placed in a sort of cradle or basket lined with soft materials and fastened to a board. When necessary, it is strapped to the back of the mother. This same custom prevails among the Iroquois, the Sioux, the Blackfeet, etc. Finally, among the Innuits, the children are carried without any clothing whatever, no clout or "saddle," and this accounts for the straightness of limbs among all the Indian tribes.

Here another problem confronts us. In the sepulchral caves of the megalites we often encounter this peculiarity: entire skeletons are found standing erect against a heap of human bones, or as in some instances, the bottom of the tomb-cave is filled with bones and an entire skeleton is found standing erect and surrounded by these bones. Archæological lore has not yet been able to account for this fact. The most plausible and the most natural explanation is to be found among the American tribes referred to above. The custom of burial in this manner was found and still prevails among the Dindjies, the Denés, the Algonquins, the Sioux-Iroquois, the Caraibo-Guaranians, who extend from the Floridas to the banks of the Rio de la Plata. How account for the universality of this custom?

In a former paper (October, 1915) I attempted to describe some rites that seemed peculiar to our own American aborigines, but which subsequent researches revealed the fact that they were practiced among uncivilized races dwelling thousands of miles apart and entirely unknown to each other. Let us now take another passing glance at some of these customs.

The "Feast of the Dead" and the "Feast of Souls" was peculiar to the Dené-Dindjie family. In my former paper I referred very briefly to the "Dance of the Dead," to the distribution of offerings and to the rites and festivities that followed. Let us note that all these peculiarities also prevailed in New Caledonia, as we learn from Father Gaguiéres, a Marist missionary who labored for many years in that far-off field. In our day our Christian Indians omit the first and last of these lugubrious scenes; they visit, but omit the stripping of the graves, the carrying of the bodies in procession and the translation of the remains to other sepulchres.

In the instance here recorded, the people went in crowds to the cemeteries on the days appointed by the chiefs. This was generally in the spring, after the imaginary return of the manes to the place of their burial. Sometimes these rites took place in the autumn before the departure of the manes, accompanied by the animal buried with them. On arriving at the cemetery, the grave was

opened and the bark coffin uncovered, and the mourners gazed upon the frightful contents in silence. The tribute of tears having been paid, the bones of the dead were carefully scraped and all remaining flesh removed. They were now enveloped in fresh skins and carried processionally through the tents and dwellings of the living, where they were accorded the place of honor, were saluted with great solemnity and received the offerings of the living.

In our day this ancient custom is religiously observed among the Sioux, the Blackfeet and various tribes of the Algonquin family. As late as 1867 the tribes known to the French missionaries (mostly Oblate Fathers) as the Flancs-de-chien (dog-ribs), and the Peaux-de-liévre (hares) assembled at the Great Bear Lake and visited the tombs and burial places in its vicinity, as related by that indefatigable missionary, Father Emile Petitot, O. M. I. The Denés, he teils us, have a superstitious fear of the dead, consequently they are satisfied with merely opening the grave, mourning over their dead for several hours and gazing in solemn silence upon the remains, without going through the ceremony of exhumation, as described above. This was followed by eulogies of the dead delivered by their orators, the silent rite and the Death Dance, during which occurred the distribution of offerings.

Curiously enough, the Scottish people of the old stock, a people of Celtic origin, have preserved something of these old-time cus-They also observed the funeral feast, as Sir Walter Scott tells us in his novel entitled "The Antiquary." We may be permitted to refer here to the anniversary feasts held in Turkish cemeteries, when the tombs of the dead and the tents of the living visitors are decorated with cypress branches. The old and the young are gathered around the tombs of the loved ones and meat and drink are spread upon them to be partaken of according to the It also appears that the customs above referred prescribed ritual. to were piously observed among the Jews, as evinced in these words of the prophet Jeremias (xvi., 6, 7): "But the great and the little shall die in this land: they shall not be buried or lamented. And they shall not break bread among them to him that mourneth to comfort him for his dead; neither shall they give them to drink of the cup to comfort them for their father and mother." We see from all this that this custom among our uncivilized aborigines really had nothing of barbarism about it, nor was there anything in it that was not purely human and full of sentiment.

We now come to the third stage of the feast, in which the bones, reduced to a small compass, were carried in procession to a common pit or grave, when they were again enveloped in additional wrappings, and the earth thrown over them, but in such a manner,

however, as not to come in immediate contact with the remains. Persons who had been dead less than a year had no share in these honors, doubtless, because the decomposition of the bodies had not proceeded far enough to permit it.

The csutoms prevalent in Asia, and referred to by Mr. E. Cartailhiac in his "Materiaux" (year 1873, p. 91), and described by him as the annual upheaval of graves, no doubt refers to the customs we have alluded to above, although differing from them in some details. On close inspection we may be able to recognize in these customs, spread over three continents, a vestige of the cult of generations long gone by, and which, in a way at least, formed the basis of the religion of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Tartars and the Polynesians or Oceanians.

In this, then, the American aborigine presents nothing very dissimilar to what is found in other lands. The custom among some of the American tribes of placing food upon the graves of the departed is likewise common in Asia and Oceania and we are not without evidence that it was practiced by the Israelites from the time of the captivity, if not prior to this, for we read in Tobias (iv., 18): "Lay thy bread and thy wine upon the burial of a just man and do not eat and drink thereof with the wicked," and the Preacher tells us (Ecclus. vii., 37), that "a gift hath grace in the sight of all living and restrain not grace from the dead"; and again (Ecclus. xxx., 18) he adds that "good things that are hidden in a mouth that is shut are as messes of meat set about a grave."

In Europe during many centuries the primitive Christians followed a similar custom, inherited from their pagan ancestors, but with the Christian it was inspired by supernatural motives. Food and even jewelry were brought to the tombs of the departed to be distributed among the poor and needy as offerings for the suffering souls and to secure the grateful prayers of the recipients in behalf of those for whom the offerings were made. In this, as in many other things, we must admit with the "Preacher" that "there is nothing new under the sun." As a third classification, we may consider the method of burial in an upright or standing position, as it is more closely related to the two methods mentioned above than is incineration, which will be considered later on.

Burial in an upright position, according to Mr. Hildebrand, belongs to the Bronze Age in Scandinavia. It was customary, in these regions, to bury the dead in an upright position, encased in the trunks of oak trees, cut in proper lengths and hollowed out ad hoc. This was possibly due to the veneration in which the oak tree was regarded by the Druids of old. The learned Danish doctor, however, ascribes it to the belief prevalent among many

nations of antiquity—notably the Egyptians and Greeks among others—that souls left the bodies they had inhabited and departed in boats. We know that the boats of the prehistoric people were simply what in our day are known as "dugouts." As an evidence of this we find a boat dug up out of the bottom of the Seine and still preserved in the museum of St. Germain, the antiquity of which is unquestioned. Boat burial, we know, was quite common in Australia, while the Denés of our Mackenzie region were content with simply placing the upturned canoe of the deceased upon his grave. We might recall the fact that in Africa, in Senegal and Gambia, if we are not mistaken, certain tribes among the blacks buried their dead in an upright position and encased in hollowed-out trunks of trees.

The Marantras, or aborigines of the Malaccan Peninsula, observed the same method of burial. Now, the Dené-Dindjie share the Egyptian belief in the departure of souls in boats so far that they have a saying by which they express the last moments of the dying, thus: "Bi ya dak'i" (his soul is going in a canoe).

The Dené-Dindjie, as we have said, sometimes bury their dead in an upright position encased in the trunk of the fir tree or of the balsamic poplar tree, first cut down and adapted to the desired use, then closed up and replanted. Father Petitot tells us that he saw two such tombs in the vicinity of Fort Good Hope, while Mr. Dall mentions others among the tribes of the Yukon River. Mention of such tombs is also met with among the traditions of the Beavers.

According to the legends of the Dené-Peaux-de-Liévre, bodies encased in the trunks of trees in time became mummified. This method was rarely used among them and cannot be regarded as general, as it never was more than due to circumstances, and was exceptional, just as was the case in Scandinavia. This would seem to indicate an additional conformity of custom between the Danes and the American Denés. This same mode of burial, on further investigation, seems to have been practiced only among the later Asiatic immigrants, those who arrived on American soil at a more recent period, for the Dené people, who are the farthest east on this continent, had no knowledge of it whatever. Thus, in 1872, when they learned that the Kalchogottines made one of these burials they were lost in astonishment. The Denés of the Rocky Mountain region, on the other hand, were acquainted with this custom, and there is mention of it among them as far back as 1866.

From what we have been able to gather so far in our researches, we may conclude that the three modes of burial, the crouching, the folded (in which the feet are brought in close contact with the head),

^{4 &}quot;Revue de Philologie," Paris, June, 1876, p. 114.

the outstretched and the upright, have existed and still exist simultaneously in North America, in caverns, in graves, in sarcophagi, in rough-hewn boxes supported on piles, under the earth and above it, and finally, in the trunks of trees hollowed out, closed, recovered and replanted.

If we examine the methods of cremation and incineration, we shall find, among the same peoples, a similar variety of forms and usages, and this not only among the same people but among their neighbors as well, just as we have noted the differences in the cases cited above. In all this we have discovered no continuity of usage, no one form generally followed, and consequently nothing that will warrant the establishment of archæological periods or ages as they are understood by the Danish savants. All we can see in this, if the methods were not the result of caprice and circumstance, is that they were customs peculiar to the people: to men of varied nations who later on became consolidated into a single people.

In a remarkable report,⁶ Prof. W. Schmidt shows and proves that the two rites, burial and incineration, were constantly in vogue, not only throughout all Scandinavia, but also in Germany, Britain, Southern Gaul, Russia, the Caucasus region and Northern Africa, and this not only during the Bronze Age, but even as far back as the end of the period of the dolmens. This would seem to be enough to open the eyes of inveterate epoch-makers. Dr. Pruniéres has likewise learnedly called attention to the fact that the dolmens, attributed to the age of polished stone and the tumuli of the Bronze Age, are close together in the department of Lozière; that the brachycephalic⁶ race that carried bronze into the land of the Gauls also introduced the rite of incinerating the bodies of the dead, and that through their influence "these same people . . . modified their sepultures."

According to Prof. W. Schmidt, Asia up to this time has revealed no traces of incineration except in India, and consequently this learned professor assumes that the starting point of this funeral rite should be Hindustan. We might remind our readers of the fact that the mortuary monuments of Asia have not received the careful study that has been bestowed upon those of Europe. Moreover, whatever may be said by the learned writer above cited, we find that among the Israelites the rite of incineration that was accorded to kings as an honor was a general custom, as we see in words of

[•] A short-headed race said to have inhabited Europe before the Celts.

"For all extremes of the varieties of cranial forms Retzius proposed the names of brachy-kephalic, or short-headed, and dollco-kephalic, or long-headed, which have come into present use." Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia.

Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia.

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⁵ Rites Funéraires des Temps Pre-historiques en Scandinavie et dans le mond entres. Matériaux, October, 1873.

the prophet Jeremias to King Sedecias: "Thou shalt not die by the sword, but thou shalt die in peace, and according to the burnings of thy fathers, the former kings that were before thee, so shall they burn thee . . . and Jeremias the prophet spoke these words to Sedecias, King of Juda in Jerusalem" (Jere. xxxiv., 4, 5, 6).

Now this rite having been practiced by the Hebrews, it would seem almost impossible that it should not have been observed by the Chaldeans and Persians, a race of fire-worshipers, and who, according to their religious dogmas, must have considered it a great blessing to be reabsorbed after death by the chief agent of light. In any case, it is evident that the Hebrews did not porrow their rites from the old Egyptians, who, as is well known, committed their dead to their final resting places only after being carefully embalmed.

Be it as it may, we can admit with Prof. Schmidt that the people that introduced incineration came from Central Asia, just as we can admit with M. Montillet that the race that introduced bronze came from the same continent. And we shall see, further on, that the rite of incineration in America is also of Asiatic origin, as was the knowledge of bronze or copper. After an examination of certain objects, Prof. Montillet discovered instruments or tools which he claims indicate a knowledge of Buddhism. Very true, and we also find vestiges of the same cult in America. Vestiges of Brahmanism have also been found in our country among the Kallouches and Matelpas of the great Northwest, tribes evangelized by the Oblate Fathers. They have also been discovered among the Mandans and the Blackfeet. Of this we have proof positive.

That the race that introduced incineration was a race of conquerors is evident, Dr. Schmidt tells us, inasmuch as the rite of cremation progressed slowly in a large part of Europe; in Italy, perhaps, but certainly in the Alps and in Gaul. It encountered considerable opposition for a long time, but a reaction was effected among the Etruscans, vanquished by the Romans. Finally, the Romans returned to ground burial in the second century (Materiaux, 1875, p. 450).

The learned doctor might have added that it was owing to the influence of Christianity that this change was brought about, as the pagans continued to burn their dead even down to the fourth century. The results obtained by the labors of archæologists in making comparative studies have proved very satisfactory. It is, however, hardly possible that the mere examination of mute tombs can tell us much more on this subject. The problem, though a little cleared up, is not yet solved in Europe. If the question still crops up as to which brachycephalic race, which race of bronze and incinera-

tion, which megalithic race of the East spread out to the bounds of the West and from the North we encounter an unsolvable enigma unless, perhaps, we seek its solution in American ethnography.

Here in America we are, in fact, more fortunate in resources than our European brethren. Through the means of comparison afforded us in the study of the monuments, the customs and rites of Asiatics and Europeans, we possess the advantage available through verbal testimony, tradition and we might add of history. a history, it is true, not found in books, but which is preserved most vividly in the memory of the aborigines. We may safely assume, then, from the means of information within our reach, that cremation or incineration were not unknown on our continent. We know that among the Dené-Dindjie, which from north to south exhibit a strong leaning towards ground burial, there were certain tribes, however, and that not so very long ago, that incincrated their dead. These were the tribes that dwelt in the valleys and along the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, such as the Carriers, the Atnans, the Barberies. The Dené-Porteurs (carriers) owe their very name, Talkkaoli, to their ancient custom of corrying the ashes of their ancestors in little pouches made of skins hanging from their necks. Widows were wont to carry the ashes of their departed lords and masters in little bags hanging down their backs. Their compound name of Dené-Carriers, or Talkkaoli, may be rendered in English as "people who carry bags or things hanging from their necks."

We may assume, as a matter of fact, that this custom among the Denés may be traced to the influence of their nearest neighbors on the West, such as the Kallouches, Tahilkat and to the Flatheads of the Pacific Zone, who, like the Eskimo-Cachomats, also deform their heads and ordinarily practice cremation. Mr. Alphonse Pinart tells us that he found on Vancouver Island, probably among the Nawates and the Mancres, tribes of the Kallouche family, the same customs that characterized the Carriers. We also know that the Kallouche people living near the source of the Yukon practiced cremation. It is a curious fact that among these people the object of cremation was to secure a comfortable temperature for the remains of their dead, which would seem to confirm the statement attributed to some missionaries that the hell of these people was a glacial region, and that they were often obliged to represent heaven to them as a place of eternal warmth so as to make it attractive.

The Kallouches, or Kagus, which may be considered as belonging to one branch of the Eskimo family, present three facts which are well worthy of careful attention: they practiced incineration; they



⁷ Matériaux, 1875, p. 411.

retained the use of copper, and they deformed their heads by artificial means. Besides this, they are of more recent date on American soil than the Dené-Dindjie. Then, too, they are identified with them to a certain extent, as their vocabulary abounds in expressions that are purely Dené. The strongest proof that the Dené-Dindjies, the Algonquins and even the great Sioux-Iroquois family have never practiced cremation as a national custom is to be found in their belief, confirmed by their acts, since they burned only their enemies and prisoners of war. In this we may detect a usage and a tradition diametrically opposite to the usages and traditions held in honor among the people of the Bronze period.

We may further conclude that these are vestiges of human sacrifices inflicted on prisoners of war as found in the sacrificial mounds in the valley of the Mississippi, and further, that sacrifices were offered to the moon, the cult of which has not yet disappeared from among some of the aboriginal tribes. It is well known that some of these customs prevailed in the West. Are we not told that the Samothenians, a race of moon worshipers, as well as the Druids of Britain, immolated upon their altars strangers, slaves and captives? And Mr. Morey tells us that even the Mexicans burned their dead.⁸ Whatever may have been the practice in the Mississippi valley, we know that "wherever cremation was one of the rites held in honor, urns to hold the ashes of the deceased were found in all the graves."

Our researches, so far, have shown us that incineration was practiced in the same lands and at the same time as were the three modes of sepulture referred to above. Another noticeable fact: the method of incineration among the Kallouches was purely Hindu. The cadaver was consumed on an elevated pyre and its ashes were placed in a leather pouch and suspended from the branches of a tree. This method is common among the Kallouches, the Naaskas, the Tongoes and the Tchilkat, but the Kallouches-Tingenans keep the ashes near their youtes, and in boxes suggestive of the mortuary cists or bronze coffins of the Himalayas, as well as those used by their ancestors.

In the Himalayas, between Assam and Sylket, according to Mr. C. B. Clarke, the Khassia, an indigenous people and an older race than the Tamoils, preserve the bodies of their dead in cists, which are placed near their dwellings after the manner of the Tongians. The ashes of the women, however, are separated from those of the men, and deposited near the door of the house. This recalls an almost similar practice among the natives of Paumoltes, described by Father Montolon, of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. Is

⁸ Congrés de Nancy, Vol. II., p. 260. ⁹Nadaillac's Prehistoric America.

it to be associated with a practice, long since abandoned by the Denés, of putting in the mouths of their deceased the words: "We sleep our last sleep; but we sleep apart"?

The Khassias erect megaliths, slabs set up in straight lines or as enclosures, oval, round or semi-circular, similar to the cromlechs of Scandinavia, the Celts, Gauls, Berbers and other peoples in various parts of the world, and almost similar ones are to be found among the Eskimo-Cacholots. As the Dené-Dindjies and the Khagu, or Kallouches, stood to one another in the various relations of conquerors and slaves, we have in them another and more modern example to add to the list of ancient peoples, who, like the Cimmerians, "while practicing grave-burial, became initiated, by reason of the advent of a new people among them who practiced incineration, into the adoption of different rites from their own" (Mat., 1875, p. 441). But, owing to the very limited number who adopted the system, we may assume that the rites and customs of the conquerors met with strong opposition on the part of the conquered before they were even partially adopted. Conditions here seem to have followed the same course as in Europe. Incineration, although it existed in America at the same time as burial, may be regarded as belonging to a race foreign to that which buried its dead. This method prevailed only in the extreme western part of North America, in the vicinity of the great peninsula of Alaska, and was confined within the limits of the narrow zone between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

We may conclude, from all this, that the mode of incinerating cadavers in America is entirely of Asiatic and Hindu origin. As to cremation, pure and simple, we see vestiges of it in the human bones found in the mounds. A people, now Asiatic, but who may at some time have occupied American territory, in all probability introduced upon this continent the customs or rites we have seen in our day, and these people we have every reason to believe, were such as the Khassias of the Himalayas, and also, not improbably, Celts of the dolmen period. We must bear in mind, however, that this was an honor rendered only to personages of distinction. The cadavers of common people and of culprits were thrown in out-of-the-way places to become the prey of wild beasts and rapacious birds, a custom observed likewise among the people of Thibet.

The Russian admiral, Van Wrangall, gives us some very interesting information concerning the Eskimo-Cacholots, information confirmed by the well-known trader, Mr. W. H. Dale. As the admiral's account is of comparatively recent date, we may well refer to it here. From this account we find among the Eskimo-Cacholots two kinds of megaliths, somewhat like the cromlechs of

Britain, and those of the Himalayas. They consist of enclosures, oval or circular, formed of dressed stones. It is here that they expose the remains of their dead, those who have received the honors of cremation. A new stone is set up for every new cadaver. We may, therefore, estimate the number of bodies in the megalith by the number of stones set up. Only men receive this honor; women are buried and culprits are thrown in out-of-the-way places and become the prey of rapacious birds and beasts.¹⁰

The "shaman," or medicine man, performs his jugglery. After laying an offering of reindeer fat on each memorial slab, he goes through a variety of shameless dances, accompanied by violent contortions, until he falls from sheer exhaustion. The spectators now proceed to roast the reindeer and devour it in common among the lithoidal efficies of their ancestors. The ceremonies close with a series of harangues. Another rite described by the same traveler and which will explain how it happens that among the megalithic slabs called cromlechs, karmacks, etc., of Western Europe, there are often found traces of fire and ashes mingled with the bones of ruminants as well as with human bones calcined and blackened. We see in this unmistakable evidence of real human sacrifices, the victims of which were either aged or useless people. The admiral goes on to describe how the victim is taken to a stone oval, the interior of which has been hollowed out to a slight depth and lined with lichen. Two large stones are set up, one at the head and the other at the feet of the victim, who is thus deprived of all power of motion. Two poles are now placed parallel to each other, under the victim, and to these two ropes are attached. A reindeer is killed and its blood poured over the stone at the head. The victim, as we see, is laid on his back, his arms and legs fastened to the stone oval and when firmly secured, he is asked whether he still persists in his desire to die, because this sacrifice must be entirely voluntary. If the answer is affirmative, his nostrils are filled with a stupefying drug, the brachial artery opened and the patient is left to bleed to death. If the victim had been an honorable man, his friends gave him the coup de grace and thus ended the sacrifice. Tallow and light lichen and small twigs are placed on and under the cadaver, the whole is then set on fire and the cadaver is burned to the point where incineration begins. This is what we understand by cremation. We may add that if the victim recoiled from the sacrifice and answered in the negative, he was immediately released and the reindeer was sacrificed in his place, after the manner of Abraham, in compensation for the disappointment ("Alaska," p. 383).

These details are very suggestive of the customs prevalent among

¹⁰ Alaska, p. 382, et seq.

the Eskimos and the Celts, who also sacrificed the aged on the tables of their dolmens to their terrible Dis, the Father of Night.¹¹ They also accord, in many respects, with the description given by Mr. Clarke of the funeral piles of the Khassias of the Himalayas. This learned traveler tells us, further, that in former times when piles were rude, oval in form and enclosed with rough stones, as they were only to be used once, after which they were permitted to fall to pieces, and they formed the artificial stone heaps scattered over the barren sands. Doll tells us the same thing about the oval piles of the Tuski or Eskimo-Cacholots. Hence we see that among the races of India, as well as among the Khagu or the Kallouches and the Denés, this rite presents features of Asiatic origin. But we can say as much of the same rite among the Scandinavians and Celts.

Father Petitot, the indefatigable Oblate missionary, to whom I am indebted for much of the material in this article, has made the most exhaustive researches and has examined the question of the Asiatic origin of the American Indian in all its phases, and I have embodied his conclusions somewhat as follows: In view of the comparisons the good father has given us, aided by his studies of the hyperborean people of America, he seems to discover the following peripatetic phases in the history of the Dené-Dindjies and that of the Innuits:

In the first place he brings before us a race with unsteady, nervous legs, bowed outwards; flat heads, thrown backwards and conic occiputs, receding foreheads and otherwise resembling the unknown race of the Stone Age of northern Europe—a people who came to America from the West by way of the chain of the Aleutian Islands, fleeing before another race which had, up to this time, held it in bondage and which it pursued relentlessly even on the continent on which it had sought refuge.

This latter is a race of gigantic proportions, with large heads, which it deforms by artificial means, as do our Flatheads. These people went entirely nude, and used metal weapons, bucklers, cuirasses and casques. They made trophies of the heads of their prisoners of war, which they preserved and dried by a process known to them. They disfigured their faces with incisions after the manner of the Huns; they had some notions of navigation and dwelt in *youtes* or structures half above and half below the ground. They had for their totems the otter, the badger and the crow.

The Denés looked upon this race with contempt and described it as a "nation of women, a race of dogs." May we not recognize

¹¹ Etudes historiques, p. 498, d'après Tertullien et Auguste.



in it the Caraib race, to which belong the Kallouches and Innuits? These people are circumcised and practice incineration as well as burial in the "crouching" position. They may be compared to the copper race of Europe.

The race with small heads that fled before them is the Dené. These people are relatively moral, possess traditions and their customs are Hebraic or Chaldean—circumcision prevailed among others. They dwell in tents or huts and their totem is the wolf and the American wolf dog, which they recognize as the offspring of the wolf. This people practices burial in the outstretched posture, the body either lying at full length or folded over so that the head and feet come together. The race is mixed with a foreign element and is uncircumcised. It settled first on the shores of the Pacific, living near its enemies, the Kallouches and the Eskimos.

Secondly, Father Petitot tells us that a part of the Dené people appears to have remained a longer time in Asia and to have amalgamated with elements which they describe as white men, black men and yellow men, a classification borne out by an examination of the national types. They came to America by way of Behring Strait, which we may credit because their traditions mention only straits and crossing from one shore to another on "bridges of ice." They differ from the Denés in that they are strongly mixed with foreign blood; the latter, however, recognize them as of the same race with themselves. They are the Dindjies, Dœna, Dnaine and the Knaitz.

Furthermore, these people brought with them wrought metal, and came by a gradual and protracted immigration. They practiced circumcision, to a certain extent, at least, and their traditions have a historical character. They have massive and broad heads, the occiput naturally flat and have every appearance of belonging to the Celtic types of the early Iron period of the North of Europe.

Thirdly, the Dené-Dindjie tribes dwelling together in the vicinity of the Copper River, near the Pacific coast, separated, owing notably to the increase of new arrivals, and separation from their associates. The Dindjies claimed that harmony prevailed between them and the Innuits until, one day, when a young Dindjie, wishing to feather his arrows, shot a crow, the protecting genius of the Innuits. This was enough to stir up a war and create a feeling of hostility that never ended. The Denés claim that this secession between the tribes was due to an act of cannibalism, that produced a feeling of horror among them.

I think I have made this article long enough to give my critics something to think about and a good opportunity to question the ground I have taken. The last word, however, has not been said,

and will not be said for a long time to come. I have tried to bring out some facts not generally found in the many books published about the American Indian. They deal largely with "adventures," interesting to the general reader but of little use to the student. Some tell in a cursory way something about the "manners and customs," and an occasional very brief mention of the existence of Catholic missions.

Yet it is to the Catholic missionary that we must go if we would know the history and traditions of uncivilized races. Hence, I have consulted Father Emile Petitot, O. M. I., the well-known historian of the giacial regions. The Oblate Fathers (O. M. I.) have had almost exclusive charge of the cold and desolate missions of the Arctic Zone for many years. The Vicariate of Athabaska-Mackenzie was detached in 1862 from the vast Diocese of St. Boniface, and in 1901 Athabaska and Mackenzie were again divided into separate Vicariates. Before this latter division the united Vicariate was bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the east by Hudson's Bay and on the south by the heights that limit the Mackenzie basin. The first Mass celebrated in this region was said by Father Taché, who later on became Archbishop of St. Boniface. During a visit of three weeks he baptized 194 natives.

The first Bishop of Athabaska-Mackenzie was Monsignor Faraud, who had as his coadjutor Monsignor Clut, both Oblate missionaries, who spent many trying years evangelizing the aborigines of that and the adjacent regions. The motto of the Oblates is "Evangelizare pauperibus misit me," and well have these good fathers lived up to it. Their motto is the same as that of the great St. Vincent de Paul, and his spirit of charity seems to have filled the souls of the missionaries of the frozen North. They have labored "in season and out of season," in hunger and cold, enduring all manner of privations. Evangelization has been their work and they have done it, and are still doing it, heroically. They are not troubled with the daily life of their Eskimo, "what he shall eat or what he shall drink or wherewithal he shall be clothed." The Eskimo knows best what is suited to his climate and his comforts. The missionary is concerned with his soul. Mr. Vilhjälmar Stefanson, in his book entitled "My Life Among the Eskimos" (p. 24), tells us that "the Church of Rome has a much stronger hold upon the people [than other missionaries] partly, no doubt, because of its earlier introduction in the country, and because also of the greater resources for doing the work. After many years of observation of the labors of missionaries, I am inclined to the view that with the other churches the excellence of the results depends primarily upon the individual at any particular place, but that the Church of Rome has a system that produces results to some degree independent of the personality of the man. One weakness of other missionaries in general is that they come from cities and other places with crystalized notions of exactly what must be done and exactly how every one must live and act under no matter what conditions. . . . The three commandments: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' 'Thou shalt keep the Sabbath holy.' and 'Thou shalt eat thy potato with a fork' impose themselves with equal vividness upon the aborigines and are likely to be considered by them to be means of grace of coordinate value. But the missionaries of the Church of Rome seem less concerned about these unessentials. They are no less concerned than the missionaries of other churches about getting the Indians to change their religious views, but they seem less inclined to waste their strength in trying to persuade him to change the color of his coat. The net result of this difference is shown entirely in favor of the Church of Rome."

If the learned writer just quoted knew a little more about the "missionaries of the Church of Rome," he would know that they do "come from cities and other places," where they are trained for the special work they are to do before they are permitted to undertake it. They must know something about the country in which they are to labor, its climate, its people, their manners and customs; they must have an idea, at least, of their language, of their diseases and how to treat them; they must be willing to go out into the wilderness to hunt up the stray sheep and they must be prepared to suffer all manner of privations and hardships in order to win souls to Christ Among these hardships is solitude—isolation from the haunts of civilized men. I once heard the late Monsignor Benson say that one of the things that most attracted him to the Catholic Church was the sight of a solitary chapel on the banks of the Nile, far away from Christian life. Beside the chapel stood a humble hut—the abode of the missionary, who dwelt here "alone with God," ministering to his black children of the vicinity.

No, the missionary of the Church of Rome is not to be found in the settlements alone. In the wilderness, "under a towering oak," may be seen "the Black Robe chief and his children, a Crucifix fastened high on the trunk." This is his "rude chapel," and here he gathers the wild children of lake and forest—his children, the sheep and the lambs he has been commanded to "find." He gathers them into the "one fold and under one Shepherd."

MARC F. VALLETTI, LL. D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



PERSONALITY IN ETHICAL THEORY.

HOSE who minimize the influence of religion in men's lives substitute "ethical" where form? "religious." Ethical has become synonymous in this transfer with the vague, the shadowy, the aspirational, the ideal in a loose sense, or, where some attempt is made to be more definite, with the "social." The notion that religion and morality covered different spheres of human activity was really due to Hobbes. Recent speculation has tended to emphasize the separation under the strong conviction that the older morality is no longer available for modern needs, because it was interpreted too much in terms of individual selfishness and too little in terms of social altruism. Of course, no one must be told that it is not in reality possible to cut off religion from morality. What we do is to give a new content to religion. If we will not have a God in the heavens, we fashion gods from our human and social institutions.

So far as we wish to give ethical personality a structure and functioning of its own, we may describe it, psychologically, as a consciousness of our relations to other persons, to the world and to God, whence emerges a system of values for the regulation of conduct. These values form the material of moral judgments. The latter are always accompanied by the psychological necessity of assuming an attitude. This is responsibility. As a still further consequence, the ethical person becomes a subject of rights and duties. Before detailing the characteristics of ethical personality, we must be clear about some introductory matter.

In the first place, it is tritely obvious that conduct, to be ethically intelligible, must be conduct directed to some end. The immediate ends of action we cannot ignore without doing violence to common The prevalent custom of viewing ends as "survivals" is distinctly misleading. Of what conceivable educative use is a beneficial survival unless it is perceived to be the term of new activity on the part of some consciousness? And we cannot say that ethical progress goes on without consciousness. Selection is no abstract process, and unless we allow for some sort of conscious selection we might as well give up all hope of moral education. In other words, full recognition must be accorded the fact that the individual himself is a determinant of variations, the results of his own peculiar interest in activity. Now, if instead of considering isolated acts. motives and judgments, we make the process extend over a whole lifetime, the same conclusion holds. Only we must then avoid supposing that the teleological aspect of conduct implies completed development. "Progress is so manifestly an act, habit or condition of the evolving subject itself that it would be absurd to think that the scholastics made no provision for a subjective final end; they expressly describe the attainment of the final end as a soul act." For the present it does not matter whether the scheme of ends lies wholly within or partly without the universe.

Granting that experience constantly reveals purposes which exercise a controlling influence over particular forms of ethical expression, the question still remains as to how the connection between ends and conduct comes to be regarded as necessary. Involved in this problem is not only the fact that some acts are good and some bad, according as they realize the end or not: but also the further fact that we are bound to perform the good acts. Naturally, "if life is an object of desire for men, all that tends to maintain and promote life becomes hypothetically necessary. These hypothetical imperatives become assertory the moment one adds: de facto man wishes to live and be happy."2 But since this hypothetical series of things that tend to promote and maintain life is not closed by the individual, but by the nature of things, we must still explain the relation of the former to the latter and the source of necessity between ends and personal conduct. A few illustrative solutions will help to clarify the situation.

Every one will remember the view, formerly very popular, that because the cosmic order is self-sufficient, man's conduct is to be iudged and governed by precisely the same principles that rule all other manifestations of natural energy. This led to the adoption of physical energy as the ideal type of natural manifestation. Conduct works on the same principles as machinery. The best way to describe it is simply to say that it happens. In the physical sciences it is sufficient, if events are interpreted according to their serial conjunctions, but on this level alone they are no more ethically intelligible than the interminable wheel of Buddha. It is only as facts are related to some consciousness with a norm of valuation that they reveal those fitnesses from which are deduced the comparative excellences of ethics. We can understand why Herbert Spencer's brave programme about determining "from the laws of life and the conditions of existence what kinds of action necessarily tend to produce happiness" is so disappointing. Where are we to start? What is existence for? Are all types of fact equally important in determining the laws of life and the conditions of existence? Shall we regard the happiness of the millionaire in the pleasures of consumption, or of the artist in the enjoyment of production, or of the philosopher in the satisfaction of contemplation as the ideal

¹ M. Cronin, "The Science of Ethics," New York, 1910, Vol. I., p. 64.

² A. Fouillée, "Les Elements Sociologiques de la Morale," second edition, pp. 21-22.



type? And if all types are valuable, what norms shall guide accurate generalizations and secure stability? Are moral laws simply compromise conclusions from the ups and downs of history? These are questions which must obviously be decided in advance.

Experience is, indeed, a stern teacher. Moreover, any moral code is effective only in proportion as it reflects the needs and the constitution of actual human nature. A moral law conceived from above or from the outside, if such were possible, without any relation to the problems and conditions of our life here in the world. could in no sense be a source of obligation to anybody. But how we can inhale or absorb morality from the facts, without any previous principles of course or direction, is a difficulty which not even E. B. Holt's dramatic vindication of the ethics of the dust can remove. There is a great deal of attractive talk about dirt and sweat, but one cannot escape the conviction that the perspiration is athletic. Every one who has really struggled for character, fought to make his conduct realize even proximate and worldly aims knows that his ideals as frequently as not fly in the teeth of what is concretely useful. For the moment the man seems isolated, out of ioint with the whole system.

A similar explanation of the relation of "oughtness" between end and act is that which reduces moral obligations to the category of biological needs. It is open to the same objections. Mr. Folsom concludes a little too hastily that the urging of the moral obligation is no more than the impulse to eat. This has meaning if duty is a physical instead of a moral necessity. It is impossible, with our mental equipment such as it is, to conceive the physical necessity of doing good, since men as a matter of fact frequently do evil. Even in cases where we do avoid wrong, and do it rather habitually. there is more to the process than simply shunning poisonous edibles. Of course, it is supposed that if man had perfect knowledge he would be in the same condition psychically as an organism fully equipped physically. So, Mr. Folsom says, man "must learn to worry more about his ignorance than about his badness of motives." This is a variation of the knowledge theory of ethics. proposed every now and again in the history of morals. Knowledge becomes a substitute for responsibility. Thus, Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, in the middle of the last century, would have made men think and act God through a knowledge of physics, astronomy and natural history. We have more refined forms of theory at present. We use now the concepts of ideo-motor action, imitation and suggestion. There is a certain confidence that an idea will be realized in behavior, if only we can get it into the mind and keep

^{3 &}quot;The Am. Jour. of Soc.," Jan., 1918, pp. 436, 490.



antithetical ideas out. There is a measure of speculative worth in all this, but we are equally aware from experience, actual and historical, that ideas of good acts do not always create good acts. To think that a knowledge of the universe will inevitably engender a desire to live the purposes of the universe has always been the dream of poets. The men who deal with life as it is, the statesmen, jurists, physicians, priests, have too often been painfully aware of a tendency to the very opposite.

The gist of all such attitudes is that moral propositions simply repeat experience, and that their urgency arises from our being parts of a universe or a humanity that is moving to some ideal end. We doubt the power of this philosophy as a practical rule of life for the individual. It is too vague. It does not satisfy certain ethical situations that any man knows to be essentially internal. It does not give definite shape to the real circumstances of any individual life, for it denies to the individual an end of his own and establishes the moral law as a contrivance for the benefit of the species. A morality that deals in worlds, the laws of which are intended for the movements of masses, cannot conveniently be made the basis of obligatory ideals, the practical application of which is binding on us through all the minute circumstances that urge to action.

Catholic philosophers have always endeavored to avoid such neglect of the individual. They asserted that the ultimate end of all human action is external, but they did not identify this end with the triumph of the species. The end is related to every agent. To put the matter in the metaphysical language of the schoolmen: "In order to form the judgment-the good ought to be done-we require to realize mentally a final necessity, i. e., a necessary connection of means with end, such that without the means the end cannot be obtained. But is this connection enough? What if the end be not itself necessary? Shall we then be compelled to admit an 'ought'? Study is necessary to science, but is science necessary? If it is not, in what sense can you say that study is necessary? Its necessity is merely hypothetical. But moral necessity is an absolute necessity—a thesis, not a hypothesis. It arises from an end to which every will tends with real necessity. . . . Moral obligation may therefore be defined as an 'ought' resulting from the necessary connection of means with a necessary end."4 Later on we may be forced to admit a personal element into the external source of responsibility and obligation. For the present it is sufficient if we remember that no necessity is valuable from our human standpoint unless it involves the individual in the scheme. We must adjust the moral order to single minds and wills. "For this beginning we

⁴ Taparelli, quoted in M. Cronin, op. cit., Vol I, p. 212.

can allow no other: no pretended interpretation of the plan of the world, from which, as if it were possible for us, the obligatory commandments of our behavior might be deduced; still less that silly and offensive custom which at present plumes itself with so great aplomb on descending into the entertaining incidents of natural history, and—out of a tendency to ascending development which is imagined to have been discovered in the animal world—construing the summit, which logically ought to form the behavior of humanity. If we could not find in our own conscience the irrevocable criterion of our moral judgment, we should certainly not get it from the beasts; for what observation of them might teach us that the series of development we suppose we find in them goes upward to the perfect, and not downwards to the bad, we could know, only if it were beforehand completely clear to us, which we should regard as the better and the worse end of this scale."

We should now be in a fairer position for constructing a positive concept of the ethical person. The latter is, first of all, one who possesses within himself rational intuitions and ideals that are surely the results of purely internal forces, that "need no other proof but their own evidence." The intuitionist is undoubtedly psychologically correct on this point. The stock of such intuitions is necessarily small, and consists only of those truths of the moral order known as fundamental and primary. But that they are rational in origin, or "inner relations," as some prefer to call them, is as true as the fact that there are no other pathways along which they could have come, or at least could have come in the final and apodictical form in which they appear in consciousness. These intellectual certitudes persuade us as principles known to be true, and it was a crime to carry them over from the domain of intuitive rational knowledge to that of blind belief or mere instinctive feeling.

All else is growth. The individual, like the race, rises step by step. Each conquest has brought into clearer view still other heights of moral achievement, and motives for further triumphs are found in past victories. But while the advocates of real personality attribute the principle of growth to the constructive power of human reason working on its native intuitions, those who reduce personality to consciousness would conceive the gradual perfecting of conduct-control as due to environmental influence. A favorite method is to build up a scheme of behavior that embraces simply a system of instinctive reactions, unattended by any concept, however obscure. No one to-day finds great difficulty in admitting that the instinctive processes are useful for explaining many forms of

⁵ Herman Lotze, quoted in W. Wallace, "Lectures and Essays on Natural Theology and Ethics," Oxford Ed., p. 508.



conduct. Formerly it was considered a fatal defect that instincts could give rise only to isolated acts, each one blind and fortuitous. Keener study has revealed the fact that even though fundamentally an instinctive tendency may be unaccompanied by any clear conception of the purpose served, instincts are always forming themselves into a network, which shows that the apprehending power of reason is not absent wholly from the process. Instincts, modified by experience, are no longer blind, and where there is memory, there should also be some expectation of consequences. This would apparently save the process from being merely mechanical and would ultimately permit of conscious development. But it falls far short of being an adequate theory of the origin and nature of morality.

It is not possible here to treat instincts exhaustively. Many will instantly object to the hasty manner in which rational processes are reduced to instinctive categories by the thinkers of our time. We may, of course, so broaden the logical content of instinct as to include all the actions which a man performs, even those carried out in response to an idea, but this is evidently an arbitrary extension of the instinctive operation. When we are told that the elementary constitution of instinctive conduct does not permit of the intrusion of idea forces, and when we remember that the conscious accommodations in instinctive tendencies constitute a region about which we are as yet poorly informed, we may be pardoned for refusing to surrender with a priori justification or conclusive experimental evidence a situation where the facts cohere with tolerable clearness for one in which the only excuse for obscurity is the dim hope that reason may finally be revealed as of the same flesh and blood as instincts. The intuitive reason is practically coextensive with all the workings of sense: an obscure concept is practically simultaneous with our first feelings and sensations. Intuitive reason acts in through and with sense in the acquisition of knowledge, even though the discursive reason acts after sense in the elaboration of data acquired by reason and sense together. Here we have the fallacy of purpose and procedure characteristic of the whole reductionist movement, the fallacy of separating the work of reason and the work of sense. It is sufficient condemnation to point it out. Furthermore, if, as William James said, instincts seem to be implanted for the sake of forming habits, the need for an accompanying authority over the result, more definite than what is provided by the workings of the instincts themselves, becomes all the more imperative. It is very well to assert that all will come out right in the end because instincts represent racial habits. But aside from the fact that some reactions

are preserved which are useless or positively disadvantageous, "instincts are often carried out in a bungling fashion and in the face of circumstances clearly fatal to the successful issue." Where are we to find the inhibitory power so essential to moral growth?

Ethically, then, instinctive action does not contain sufficient directive power, or rather clearly presupposes such power, to respond to right as against wrong. Bullying and cruelty issue just as easily and naturally from the same source that impels the justifiable acquisition of food. Collecting and hoarding, also developed in connection with food-getting tendencies, lead just as readily to miserliness. The kind of moral ideas we want demands more than the "indefinite and unpredictable susceptibility to modification from environing conditions, with an equally uncertain submission to conscious guidance." Certainly those intuitive ideals in our moral consciousness that fly in the face of experience, that are not so much summaries of the past as incentives for the future, could never have risen in that way. Progressive human behavior requires more than the mere conscious adaptation of means to ends. It demands also the capacity to abstract and generalize over a large number of situations. If self-control is to mean anything, it must imply, besides the activity of memory, reflection and inference, the directive work of intelligence, intervening to transform native reactions in accordance with the thought and volition of the individual. Popular evolution used to picture ethical progress as a passage from almost absolute moral anarchy. That such a chaotic state of affairs ever existed is now denied by most competent students. Men could never have been without the help entirely of rational interpretation, combining in no matter how small a degree deduction with induction, passing from causes to effects, from principles to consequences. Temperament, impulse, training, climate, all need to be brought down, directly or indirectly, to reason, with its evidence and intellectual justifications.

Great caution is needed to keep us from excesses. All valuable coördinations, even some commonly regarded as moral, do not have to be intellectual in origin. Parental behavior, for instance, would appear to be easily explicable on instinctive grounds. However, where we put a value on conduct, the latter should then be considered moral. The distinction between the facts of human conduct and the worth of conduct should be borne in mind. The ethical question regards what conduct should be. This may come, of course, after our experience of certain actions, but experience itself cannot originate the moral value. It does no more than present us with the facts in the case. Our moral judgments may

J. R. Angell, "Psychology," p. 342.

be efficient even when opposed to experience. Probably most men will continue to view sitting by the sick bedside as an utterly worthy act, despite the edict of modern psychologists that so to sit is an irrational relic from an original impulse, once justified as a form of mutual aid advantageous to the group's survival. The big thing about conduct is not what happens, but why it happens. To get at the answer to this query, it is necessary to turn up and down, round and about, the elements of experience. In this sense, surely, reason, and not unthinking habits, is the ground of our inner moral existence.

The reason that thus functions intuitively, constructively and purposively in moral consciousness does not rely for its superiority on any such artificial distinction as Butler would have made between the lower and higher parts of our nature. Nor is it the far-off recluse of ultra-intellectualist of the type of Cudworth, Wollaston and Clarke. It works side by side with every other manifestation of the self. It is the ever-present accompaniment of all the other faculties. The defender of the social origin of morality pictures reason, in the older thought, as occupied with a few shadowy, cognitive wants. But the scholastic concedes the interrelation, to some extent, of reason with all human activity. He admits, like everybody else, that "there is normally attached to the ethical intuition an emotional state which may be styled the moral sentiment, provided this term be properly understood. Reverence or awe in the presence of a ruling authority, admiration for the good, natural love of right and dislike of wrong, with a consequent feeling of approval or disapproval of the agent, all blend together in the constitution of the moral emotion. Instinctive impulses of benevolence and sympathy reinforce this feeling in certain directions, and judicious education and the practice of virtue may, when they cooperate, give immense force to the moral sentiment, just as, when unfavorable, they may extinguish moral sensibility even if they cannot completely pervert the moral judgment."

Here, then, is the first meaning attaching to ethical person. The latter is a creature of original action, of initiative, and yet of movement to an end. He is subjected also to laws of solidarity. He is not the air-tight individual of Leibnitz, nor the wild, unrestrained satyr of Rousseau. He is one in whom all the meaning of selection, environment and heredity must be taken up and carried on anew. Mere association, mere instinctive points of contact with the race will not suffice. It is the inner cohesions, expressed in our mental processes and recognized as moral principles, that save the ethical situation from being mere slavish

⁷ M. Maher, "Psychology," p. 416.

submission to law and custom. Moral education might perhaps be made easier if we could come to believe that conduct is at bottom a system of non-rational impulses, and that even when reason does appear, it is not essentially a principle of self-determination. But the premises adduced for this belief, namely, the essential sameness of human and animal behavior and the concept of moral judgment as idealized experience, are too slender to make of this hope anything more than crude optimism. External pressure, whether conceived as the "Fate" of the Greek dramatists, the "Absolute" of some years back, or the "Environment" of to-day, is too remote. too unmeaning, too remorseless, too humanly soulless to be the alpha and omega of that pulsating inward thing we call the moral life. A keen desire to keep the idea of morality vital is at the root of the reflections of modern psychologists. The latter wish to make certain that the windows of the soul shall be kept open for the entrance of fresh air. It is this that makes them conceive selfcontrol largely in terms of instinct-emotion processes, the formation of neutral pathways and the organization of physiological habits, for they feel that here at least every individual has assured contact with the great seething mass of his fellows. They are suspicious of a power of discrimination and origination that the older doctrine of personal morality required to be essentially intrinsic. But their fear is not warranted. Only a caricature of reason could make us agree with Balfour that rational necessity does not carry us beyond a system of mere solipsism. The fact is that the intellect does not perceive moral truths as a luxury. It is busy all the while fashioning motives for the will, seeking, as it were, to exercise itself in the field of social activities. There is in every rational judgment of ethics the moral necessity of realizing the terms of the judgment The volitional process not only supplements the in conduct. rational, but connects our moral life with the outside world. Ethical life assumes the further aspect of duty.

Passing over for the moment the question as to the ultimate base of obiigation, we may pause to point out its distinctly personal character. Without fear of future Mills, Bains and Spencers, it may be confidently asserted that external compulsion is not the original factor in the feeling of duty. Sanction is not an ultimate term, but is further restricted "by the conditions in an individual which make it right to punish him." Social needs will suppose in every case our ability to respond by laying the categorical necessity from within ourselves. Even those who believe that the self is a social creation concede that we might as well have a society of stones and trees as of men, if the latter cannot react from the urging of obligation; "for to have a stable society the idea of coöperation, of

social service, of social responsibility, if they have not grown normally into the individual's sense of self, must be incorporated into it through proper social discipline and treatment." The language of Professor Todd is here undoubtedly a reflection of the present social theories; but it is clear that he is reverting to a somewhat older doctrine and that fundamentally he agrees with Lecky that usefulness to a society is a criterion that must rest ultimately on the recognition within us of a natural sense of moral obligation.

It ought to be clear that no ethical demand has any efficiency unless the self is responsive to that demand. A sphere in which right and wrong, obligation and responsibility have any real meaning cannot be the creation of exclusively external forces. must be active cooperation of an intellect that assents and of a will capable of making the assent vital. But that there must be such a claim is equally evident, if means are ever to acquire the character of oughtness, by which responsibility can be intelligibly interpreted. The metaphysical relation of the individual to the end has already been discussed, but it was suggested at the time that metaphysics may fall short if it attempts to probe too deeply into the relation of means to end. It does not help to consider man in the abstract and to imagine that moral laws are simply deductions from this ideal order. Utopias of the sort break down before the expediently practical demands of actual life. They break down as they did in the case of the "natural law" of later Roman jurisprudence; as they did afterwards in the eighteenth century schemes of "natural rights." The ethical person is no doubt aware of a purposive element in his life, but as an individual he could hardly originate this purpose. A man may be a fool for not living up to his rational nature, as he is a fool for not living up to the laws of hygiene or for eating poisonous edibles; but he is not a fool, as moral philosophers have pointed out, for asking why he may not violate his nature and be a fool. In other words, it is senseless to say that a man is responsible to himself. In what way could he be? Reason only directs the act. It does not create the laws according to which the act should be directed. This is all that is meant by saying that the moral order of the human act is set up in the act of human reason. Categorical imperatives order because somewhere else there has already been established conviction rgarding the things that they order. The strange inconsistency of all subjectivism, ancient or modern, is that, while professing a profound trust in the separate life of the individual, it substitutes belief for rational appraisals of conduct and identifies this belief with the emotional side of life. The

⁸ A. J. Todd. "Theories of Social Progress." p. 51.

assertion of self then becomes the glorification of impulsiveness. Each man adopts a plan of life for which he has a temperamental attraction. Few men will die for the ideal order that reason sets up. Many will accept greedily, and live, a system that makes each one's thoughts and desires the norm of living.

The very fact that there are creatures like ourselves capable of making demands on our conduct forever precludes subjectivism. The mere contact of man with man is not, though, entirely sufficient. In the adjustment of neighborly relations, in the clash of right with right, of obligation with obligation, there must be some force capable of dictating "all enveloping demands." Men must be in certain essential accord regarding the general purpose of life before they can be unanimous on the value of actions as means, or reach any definite conception as to the character of perfect human happiness. It can be granted that society, or a religion of humanity, in so far as it has possibilities of impressing on men a common purpose, may provide a basis for ethics. That society is the only supreme principle of moral obligation is another matter. If there is no supra-mundane existence, if there is no God, then life in society is the ultimate term of all our cravings and activity. The question is one of fact.

To the extent, however, that the subject lends itself to a priori discussion, we may designate as an utter assumption the assertion that a world in which the highest consciousness is human offers a more solid foundation for ethics and makes conduct more virile than a world where appeal to a Divine Person is allowed. This would be true only on the supposition that an other-worldly principle so wasted all our energy as to leave us unfit for the obvious duties that we are called upon to fulfill in this world.9 But such a supposition is precisely what every theist denies. The assent, for example, that the Christian gives to God is not a mere intellectual approval, but what the logicians call a "real" assent, that is, an assent with all a man's seeing, feeling, thinking and acting. Isolation can be regarded as an aim only where many departments of life have been ignored; but this condition is evidently excluded in a plan that demands as a consequence of communion with God a better set of relations among men themselves. Absorption in God means simply that no complexus of worldly situations can ever be judged exclusively on its own merits apart from God and His law. And science or no science, the theist in arriving at this conclusion is no worse off and no more violates the laws of thought than the naturalist who supposes the supreme principle of conduct to reside in an enlarged, idealized humanity.



[•] Encyclical of Leo XIII., on the Rosary.

The importance of God in an ethical scheme is that we have a Person who is capable of making imperative demands in a directly personal way on every consciousness, who introduces harmony and regulation among all the various demands which, in a system of finite necessities, have nearly all an equal value, and which, consequently, perplex thought and render action hesitating. This order has an immeasurable ethical advantage over one dominated entirely by ideas of a perfect society, which can hardly appear to the ordinary man as anything better than an abstraction. Why must I be altruistic? Because society has given me all I have? This might be a popular reason with the upper and solid middle classes, but the millions would openly laugh. Or because it is our unavoidable duty to assist in the realization of all those superiorities that George Bernard Shaw celebrates in our remote posterity? But how can we love those creatures who seem to us so snobbishly good, who triumph on our agonies, who would probably care less for us than we do about the explorers of America or the fathers of the Revolution? If we cannot love them, what terrestrial force will ever make us work and sweat for them? It will be said, of course, that this is our selfishness, which will disappear with the development of the great Eros. But, as James said, "in a merely human world without a God, the appeal to our moral energy falls short of its maximal stimulating power. Life, to be sure, is even in such a world a genuinely ethical symphony; but it is played in a compass of a couple of poor octaves, and the infinite scale of values fails to open up."10

Radical evolutionists, be it said to the credit of their common sense, entertain no such delusions on the matter. They are aware that the perfect order of things will not come simply because a Socrates or two wish it. They are not so comfortably sure, either, that "society will ultimately grow into the ethical type, and that the ethical type will demonstrate its superior strength and its fitness to survive." There is much reason for skepticism in the statements of Boaz, minimizing the amount of progress that has taken place from the time of our remote ancestors. Hence they put forth theories like that of Sutherland, who promises general justice and affection through the elimination of the cruel, stupid and perverse individuals of the species. They would breed better men by finding out what inheritable variations tend towards greater moral capaci-Results have been attained, with similar methods, among animals and plants: why not with men? It is a little crude, perhaps, and not easy of verification; but it is far preferable to hoping that society through the exercise of some magical power over individuals

^{10 &}quot;The Will to Believe," p. 212.

will educate men to the level where they simply cannot be false to their altruism, where they would no more commit themselves to a life of theft, lying and adultery than they would think of voluntarily starving themselves.

Does the relation of ethical value to individual conscience lead to the ridiculous doctrine of the unmeaning character of external things? Not if we remember that the world is not set over against the individual as if the two were in antagonism. A subject-object relation is, of course, impossible without a subject and an object. From the angle of ethics it is often advantageous to the economic. political, religious and general social situation that the individual conscience should recognize itself as out of harmony with existing institutions if progress is to be kept moral. If we are to retain that sensitiveness to the forces of idealism which makes for advancing civilization we must make allowance, in the ethical sphere, for the possibility of diverse loyalties, much after the fashion of what the recent school of federalists would create in the political sphere. Ethical centralization in public opinion would mean the substitution of legislation for conscience and convention for personal responsibility. Morality would rather be the external observance of prescribed acts, and the spirit in which the acts were performed would matter hardly at all. We should be on the level of Rome. where "superstition" was equivalent to transgressing the bounds of immemorial custom; or of Athens, where it was dangerous, as Aristides had reason to know, for a man to take more than his share of the public virtue.

In other words, we must forego the smug Greek doctrine of collective wisdom. It is too much to say, with Mr. Gilbert Cannan, that minorities are always right; but in spite of the high authority of Aristotle, majorities are sometimes wrong. Aristotle did not have enough faith in human nature to make right a matter of individual recognition and respect. Allong legal history would seem to bear him out. At the same time, if the multitude have generally sound moral principles, this fact is satisfied as well by individual responsibility as by the belief that virtue is a cooperative institution. It is not a mathematical problem at all. We are not bound "to throw our ready caps in air" in favor of something that the majority has decided by vote, custom or selection to be right, just and binding on all. Or if we are, there is danger of a too great devotion to expediency which always confronts any social organization of which the moral purpose is not at every point instinct with the highest purpose.

But personal ethics are not selfish ethics or selfless ethics. The Christian religion, which constitutes the highest expression of personal morality yet given to the world, is proof positive of this. It is only a one-sided criticism that sees in the sense of personal guilt the desire of personal reward, the striving after personal holiness nothing but an attempt to adorn a "perfumed ego." The reckless abandon apparent in the question, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" has probably done more real good for the world than the appeal to a merely social altruism will ever be able to do. It is a concrete and real appeal.

T. B. MORONEY.

ASPECTS OF THE PINE.

"And still the pines of Ida wave aloft
Their tuneful, scented, dove-embowering shade;
And 'neath them twilight broods as gray and soft
As when of yore the shepherd Paris strayed
With glad Œnone.

-R. T. Nicholl ("Troy")

INGLY and in groups, the attitudes assumed by the pine have ever appealed to painter and poet, and rightly so, since every pose is certain to be artistic. There is something withdrawn, contemplative, ascetic about a pine, while its quiet influence is so wholesome, uplifting, ennobling that, as Emerson says:

"Who leaves the pine-tree, leaves his friend, Unnerves his strength, invites his end."—("Wood Notes")

and James Thomson observes how "o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine fills the brown shade with a religious awe." This tree is said to have inspired the Chinese pagoda, with its succession of peaked stories, and if, as Bryant tells us, "The groves were God's first temples," the poet has been quick to discover where certain places of worship may be found:

"Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones."

—Longfellow ("My Cathedral")

"I stood beneath some venerable pines
Where stately stems, like cloistered columns rose,
In wide cathedral aisles whose distant roof
Soars like the arch of heaven's protecting dome.

—H. P. ("In a Pine Grove")

"The pine is like a tall cathedral tower,

And underneath the snow-draped shrubs and briers
Seem kneeling groups of silent, white-robed friars."

—C. L. Hildreth ("Snow Sorcery")

Others have personified the trees, not as temples, but as servitors within the temple. "The pitchy mist hung moveless on the hill and hooded every pine-tree's reverend head," the Ettrick Shepherd describes it, and others have observed the same likeness:

"These are the friars of the wood,
The Brethren of the Solitude."—
Arthur Ketchum ("The Pines")

"Tall hooded monks, in solemn band,
Uplifting prayerful arms they stand,
Intoning whispered orison
And glad triumphant antiphon!"

—Zitella Cocke ("The Comfort of the Pines")

"And see, those sable pines along the steep
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep!
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge."
—Richard H. Dana ("The Ocean")

Paul Hamilton Hayne calls the pine "a swart Gitana of the woodland trees"; Eliza Cook observes the giant pine's "lofty head, like hearse plume waved about"; while its military qualities have not been missed:

"Like a soldier strictly charged
Never from his watch to yield;
Long ago was hushed the field
All his comrades long discharged."
—Charles De Kay ("The Last Pine")

"The pines upon the uplands merge from gloom
Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow
Their serried lances bright and brighter grow."
—Zitella Cocke ("Sunrise")

"Then watch the black pines low-cowering,
Or crowding upward, where they pause,
Close-phalanxed, storming some great fastness,
Or strew their slain huge trunks like straws
Upon the mountain's vastness."
—Alfred Domett

It would be difficult to find a better simile, or a better description of a fallen pine, than the couplet in Alfred B. Street's poem:

"A rounded root a prostrate pine-tree rears,
A slumbering giant's mighty shield appears."
—("Burgoyne's Fleet")

Two poets have seen in the straight trunked tree a curious likeness to the indicator on a sun-dial:

"The shadow from the gnomon of the pine Fell on the dial of the lawn, and told In intervals of sun, the passing hours."—Lloyd Mifflin

"That tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long, straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward."—William Wordsworth

The height of the tree is one characteristic the poet could not fail to notice. Tennyson tells us "The pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height," Trowbridge remarks "where grow the pine-trees tall and bland." Wordsworth sees "cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled heads," and "dark pines thrusting forth their spiky head" through morning mists. To Emerson it is

"The plant to whose creation went Sweet influence from every element; Whose living towers the years conspired to build, Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild."

The sight of some lonely pine growing upright out of a cliff is always an impressive sight, if for no other reason than the wonder how it can thrive there and maintain its footing. But Edward Roland Sill has seen more in such a hardy tree than merely a vegetable wonder, for he saw it with the eye of a poet and so traced a legendary origin in its presence there:

"A solitary pine has cleft the rock, Straight as an arrow, feathered to the tip, As if a shaft from the moon-huntress' bow Had struck and grazed the cliff's defiant lip, And stood, still quivering with the shock."

Sir Walter Scott has given us two good pine-tree sketches, one in "Rokeby," the other in "The Lady of the Lake";

"And towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire."

"And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky."

To Spenser it is "the sayling pine" in a double sense, one of which Wordsworth has hinted in his lines:

"Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear, That like to leaning masts of strained ships appear." though otherwise he sees the trunk less and the top more:

"I saw far-off the dark top of a pine

Look like a cloud, a slender stem the tie

That bound it to its native earth."

("The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome")

and again

"In solemn shapes before the admiring eye Dilated hang the misty pines on high."

(Descriptive Sketches)

Describing "Menotomy Lake," John T. Trowbridge names "the pines, tall and black, in the blue morning air." Among other aspects of the pines, Paul Hayne mentions how "tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky they rise." And Leigh Hunt pays it high tribute in the lines:

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"And still the pine, flat-topped and dark and tall In lordly right predominant o'er all."

("The Pine Forest of Ravenna")

From this sublime idea, a certain anonymous poet hit upon the odd fancy of using the following comparison to impress upon his readers the great height of a mountain he was describing: "On his brow like dandelions, nodded the pines,"—not nearly so ridiculous a phrasing as it appears at first glance, since the dandelion has a striking resemblance to a miniature pine, and tall pines, on a mountain top, are relatively dandelions on a clod.

"In the calm grandeur of a sober line We see the waving of the mountain pine,"

is an artistic principle laid down by John Keats, which explains the decided influence this tree has had on art, and particularly architecture.

That such an apparently rigid tree must give over at times some of its pride, is a didactic thought that has appealed to more than one poet:

> "As the rud'st wind, That by the top doth take the mountain pine And make him stoop to the vale,"

is a helpful little moral found in "Cymbeline," paralleled in the couplet from Pope, though in milder form:

"As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,"

Antonio, when he wishes to convince his friends of the implacability of Shylock's determination, tells them

"You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven."

And it is an apt illustration, for all the unyielding Jew is compared to the yielding pine. If you have ever seen pine branches bending under the weight of a heavy snowfall, you will approve Lowell's comparison:

"His head was bowed with gathered flakes of years
As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine."

("The Voyage to Vinland")

Two other poetical uses of the poetical idea in this yielding to necessity are

"The other, like a pine, was like to yield
But upward sprang, and heavenward pointed still."

—Hartley Coleridge

"then he raised His head again,—like a tall pine that bends Unto a sudden blast, and so keeps bent Some moments till the tempest passes by."

-C. G. D. Roberts

Though naturally straight and tall and dignified, the pine, like man, is subject to malformation and distortion, often due to accident, but as often the result of this very yielding to the gusts of heaven:

"We paused amid the pines that stood The giants of the waste, Tortured by storms to shapes as rude

—Shelley

"The pines—those old gigantic pines,
That writhe—recalling soon
The famous human group that writhes
With snakes in wild festoon—
In famous wrestlings interlaced
A forest Laocoön—
Like Titans of primeval girth
By fortunes overcome,
Their brown enormous limbs they twine,
Bedewed with tears of gum—
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,
But, like the marble, dumb."

-Thomas Hood

In its malformation the pine takes on human qualities, since it bears its misfortune with noble uncomplaining and makes the best of its lot. Lowell so sees it, and addresses it as "pine in the distance, patient through sun and rain." For if the pine has not been made the emblem of quiet patience, it should be, since this is its chief characteristic. Hence its harmony in scenes of pensive beauty:

"In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its head, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand."
—Matthew Arnold ("In Kensington Gardens")

"And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on a sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be."

-Shelley

But this calmness adapts itself to the time and the occasion, and even to the mood of the observer. So Meredith observes that "the

black pines dream of dawn." In "Indian Summer," Lucy Larcom sees

"Dark, sad pines stand breathless by, Mourners sole, and mourning that they cannot die."

Helen Hunt Jackson, on the other hand, finds them courageous even in adversity, when throughout the September woods

"All is revolt, and all
Is lost for summer. Her only stay
And comfort now, the loving pines, who wait
In solemn grief, unmoved and undismayed
By guile or threats, and to their farthest kin,
A haughty and untarnished race, will keep
Eternally inviolate and green
Their sworn allegiance to her and all her name."

"But best of all I like it for
Its soft, eternal green,
Through all the winter winds that roar
It ever blooms serene,
It strengthens souls oppressed by fears,
By troubles multiform,
To turn, amid the stress of tears

A smiling face to storm."

-John Kendrick Bangs ("The Pine")

To John T. Trowbridge, the trees are "tall and bland," and so harmonizing perfectly with a pleasant midsummer day, while as a detail of an August landscape it becomes most fitting;

"E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze,
The slightest breeze from the unrefreshing west,
Partake the general languor, and deep rest."
—William D. Gallagher

Whittier, however, sees the tree keep its poise under less favorable circumstances, which self-centred aloofness he does not recommend as a worthy example to man:

"The mountain-pine looks calmly on
The fires that scourge the plains below,
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun,
The small birds piping in the snow."

George Meredith, too, gives us a picture of the pines which is full of didactic beauty:

"A wind sways the pines
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring, and over the lines
Of the roots, here and there.

1 (F

The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes like in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so." ("Dirge in Woods")

As the eye leaps from one pine to its neighbor, and so on and on, it seems to communicate its motion to the trees, until the picture takes on life and movement;

"Aërial pines from loftier steps ascend Nor stop but where creation seems to end."

Wordsworth tells us, a procession which Browning personifies still more concretely:

"Up and up the pine-trees go, So, like black priests up, and so Down the other side again."

But on another occasion, seeing them in profile, he hit upon another apt description:

"The moon came out; like features on a face, A querulous fraternity of pines, Also came out."

Probably one of the best bits of personification, as the trees would appear to campers about an open fire, is found in Richard Watson Gilder's lines:

"And as we talked, the intense and resinous fire Lit up the towering boles, till nigh and nigher They gather round, a ghostly company, Like beasts who seek to know what men may be."

Both Browning and Richard Gilder have seen the trees as andirons or screens set between the observer and the sunset fires, though each has worded the poetical thought with characteristic modifications:

"The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts,
A secret they assemble and discuss
When the sun drops behind their trunks which glare
Like grates of hell."
—Browning

"When o're wide seas the sun declines

"When o'er wide seas the sun declines, Far off its fading glory shines, Far off, sublime, and full of fear, The pine woods bring the sunset near."

This fearful aspect of the pines, hinted in Gilder's lines, has impressed other observers:

"Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms, that seem
To waver above, in the dark."

—Owen Meredith ("Lucile")

"The March wind whistles through the sombre pines,
Whose sable crests show on the mountain ridge,
Like bands of spectres, gaunt and gray and grim,
Against the cold blue sky,"
—Anon.

But the staid pine takes on a humorous aspect, in Tennyson's whimsical idea of establishing a wooded park according to the methods of "Amphion," with his magical lute:

"'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue, Such happy intonation, Wherever he sat down and sung He left a small plantation; Wherever in a lonely grove He set up his forlorn pipes, The gouty oaks began to move, And flounder into hornpipes. The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown, And, as tradition teaches, Young ashes pirouetted down Coquetting with young beeches; Old elms came breaking from the vine, The vine stream'd out to follow; And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine From many a cloudy hollow."

The expression "cloudy hollow" is a most poetical touch, proving Tennyson such an artist that he remained so even when he waxed humorous. It fits well with similar expressions employed by his fellow-poets. Robert Browning describes "the pine-wood, blind with boughs," Hamlin Garland exclaims "Oh, the sunless deeps of northern pines," Leigh Hunt tells of "a small sweet house in a nest of pines," and other such descriptions are:

"Two craggy slopes, sheer down on either hand,
Fall to a cleft, dark and confused with pines."—E. R. Sill.

"The hoary pines—those ancients of the earth—
Brimful of legends of the early world,—
Stood thick on their own mountains undisturbed."

—Charles Mair ("Tecumseh")

And this leads us to another aspect of the pines, as they look when seen at a distance. George Eliot notes that "pine woods are black upon the heights," George Francis Savage-Armstrong lets his gaze wander "amid the tangled pines that darkly robe the gorgeous steep," Whittier reports how "Green-belted with eternal pines, the mountains stretch away," also "how the sunshine tips with fire the

needles of the pine," which found earlier expression in Shakespeare's line, "the searching eye of heaven . . . fires the proud tops of the eastern pines." According to Hamlin Garland, "the mountains stand forth wearing a time-worn cloak of purple rocks and dark-green pines." Keats remarks their indistinguishable shapes "when thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds." Also at morning and at evening appear such pictures as:

"a green Alpine stream

Border'd, each bank, with pines; the morning sun,
On the wet umbrage of their glossy tops,
On the red pinings of their forest-floor,
Drew the warm scent abroad."—Matthew Arnold
"Warming to the red sunset's splendor bright,
Their sombreness departs, and they renew
The beauty of the day."
—R. F. Batchelder ("The Pines at Intervale")

But best of all is Lowell's well-known tribute to this universally beloved tree:

"Far up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful."

H. W.

Duluth, Minn.

SOME LATIN-AMERICAN POETS.

T SEEMS almost incredible that there should be such little knowledge, among English-speaking peoples, of the achievement in letters of Latin-American writers who, since the days of Columbus and Cortez and Pizarro, have been developing a literature rich, virile and indigenous, in Mexico, Cuba and the countries of South America. Yet this, indeed, is not to be wondered at, when we consider that any knowledge of even the great masterpieces of the work of a Cervantes, a Calderon and a Lope de Vega is very rare among English scholars. It is this limited curriculum of knowledge—especially of world literature and language—that gives such a provincial stamp and mould to English scholars in the larger university of the world, where it is not so much a question of American millions, and English Oriental trade, and the mountain peaks of Shakespeare, and the "imperial power" of the English tongue, as the broad culture derived from the assimilation of world ideas in art and literature, and the gift of touching the human heart in the accents of many tongues. Roman Imperialism closed in forgetfulness of the Roman gods, and in worship of the Eagle; will the Imperialism of to-day, in its proud self-sufficiency, turn from every altar of culture to worship its own standard, and regard the races born outside its conquered territories as barbari. or, to use the words of Kipling, in his much-lauded "Recessional." "lesser breeds"?

In appraising the literature of the Latin countries of America, it would be well to remember that its seed was sown nearly a century and a half before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. It did not, therefore, spring up full blown and full grown, but dimly felt its way unaided by the intellectual forces that during the sixteenth century stirred Europe and gave to Spain a Lope de Vega and a Calderon, to France a Montaigne, a Racine and a Molière; and to England a Spenser and a Shakespeare.

It may be stated here, at the outset, in connection with the study of Spanish-American literature, that but two valuable collections of works by Spanish-American authors exist in America—one in the library of the Hispanic Society of America and the other in the library of Harvard University.

On Columbus' second voyage, thirteen monks accompanied him, and henceforth monastic establishments became an integral part of every considerable Spanish settlement. Soon after the discovery of the mainland, Mexico City and Lima became the two most important cities of civilization in America. The latter was named by its

founder, Francisco Pizarro, the Conquistador of Peru, La Ciudad de los Rayes.

As to the work of the religious in the early days of Latin America, Mr. A. Coester, in his "Literary History of Spanish America," writes: "To the honor of the monks and priests be it said, that having the natives as their special care, they made heroic efforts to protect the poor wretches from the rapacity of the seekers after gold." As regards the foundation of Catholic colleges in Latin America the earliest of which we have record is the Jesuit College of Bahia, in Brazil, which had its beginning in 1543. Then followed the University of the City of Mexico, which was founded in 1553, and the University of Lima, about the same date. The University of San Gregorio, at Quito, in 1620; the famous University of Santo Tomas, at Bogotà, in 1627, and, during the seventeenth century, the University of Chuquisaca, in Bolivia; the University of Cordoba, in Argentina, and the College of Santa Rosa, afterwards the University of Caracas, were all founded.

It should be remembered that the Golden Age of Literature in Spain—that is from 1550 to 1650—was also coeval with the age of adventure; and that a very large number of these early Spanish adventurers and explorers were also men of literary attainments. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that nearly every great Spanish author has been a soldier or adventurer—at least as familiar with the pike as with the pen. Take for instance Cervantes, who as a soldier fought against the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. He was only a man of letters by accident. Cervantes was a soldier, a man of action, who would never have taken up the pen except in moments of recreation, if a long chain of misfortunes had not closed the other avenues of life.

Among the most famous of the friars, who preserved the letters of Columbus and the reports of Cortez, was Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, whose "Historias de las Indias" was written specially for the purpose of voicing an indignant protest against the treatment of the Indians at the hands of his fellow-countrymen. Education and culture in America received their chief impetus and were fostered by the Spanish authorities, through the establishment of universities and the introduction of the printing press, both the work and care of the clergy. The first book printed in America was the "Breve y Compendiosa Doctrina Christiana en lengua Mexicana y Castellana," in 1539, by Fray Juan de Zumarraga, first Bishop of Mexico. As regards Latin-American poetry, it may for convenience be divided into the Romantic, or Period of Adventure; the Revolutionary Period and the National Period.

In Mexico the deeds of Cortez found their epic poet in Antonio

de Saavedra Guznian, who published his "Pelegrino Indiano" in twenty cantos in 1599. Perhaps no other American writer of the Colonial or Romantic Period was surrounded by such a halo of mystery and glory as Sor Ines Juana de la Cruz, who was born in 1651 and died in 1695. She was known as the Tenth Mexican Muse, and is regarded by critics as taking second rank in the world of letters after the Cuban Doña Gómez de Avellaneda. Her literary works fill three volumes. After being for many years the peerless star of the Viceregal Court of Mexico, she entered the convent and became a religious. Numerous epics, half history, half romance, were written in Latin America about the episodes of the Conquest. Of these the "Auraco Domado" is one of the earliest. Another famous epic, dealing with the episode of the Conquest, is "Lima Funda," composed by the Peruvian poet, Pedro de Peralta y Barnuevo.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century nearly all the South American colonies, together with Mexico, broke away from their parent holdings. It was a period of revolution, and one of the chief poets of this revolution was José Joaquin Olmedo, of Ecuador, who is known as the American Pindar. According to the great Spanish critic, Menendez y Pelayo, Olmedo is one of the three or four great Spanish-American poets. Olmedo's poem celebrating the success of Bolivar at the battle of Junin, was published in London and Paris, under the title "La Victoria den Iunin Canto a Bolivar." But by far the greatest revolutionary poet was José Maria Heredia, who by the way was a cousin of the great French sonneteer, Heredia. José Maria Heredia's verses were filled with burning inspiration. He was born in Cuba in 1803, was involved in the first insurrection in that country, and was banished to the United States, but was permitted to return in 1836. While in the United States, Heredia wrote an ode to Niagara Falls, which William Cullen Bryant translated. Here are the opening lines:

"Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftiest mood."

Heredia possessed an intense temperament and he reveals this intensity in his "Ode to the Hurricane":

"Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh; I know thy breath in the burning sky;

And I wait with a thrill in every vein For the coming of the hurricane!"

Esteban Echeverria, who was born in 1809 and died in 1851, may be regarded as the national poet of Argentina. After the independence of Argentina, Echeverria went to Europe. "Los Consuelos," written by Echeverria, are short poems in Byronic manner. Quite a unique and individual poet of Latin America is José Eusebio Caro, who was born in 1817 and died in 1853. Caro is regarded as the Puritan of South American literature. He possesses considerable lyrical quality and a notion of his workmanship may be obtained from the following translation of his poem, "En Boca del Ultimo Inca," by Alfred Coester:

"To-day arriving on Pinchincha's slope
The deadly cannon of the whites I flee;
Like the Sun a wanderer, like the Sun a flame,
Like the Sun free.

"O Sun, my Father, hearken! Marco's throne Lies in the dust; thy altar's sanctity Profaned; exalting thee alone I pray, Alone, but free.

"O Sun, my Father, hearken! A slave before The nations of the world: I'll not agree To bear the mark. To slay myself I come, To die, though free.

"To-day thou wilt perceive me when afar Thou dost begin to sink into the sea, Singing thy hymns on the volcano's top, Singing and free.

"To-morrow, though, alas! when once again
Thy crown throughout the East will shining be,
Its golden splendor on my tomb shall fall—
My tomb, though free.

"Upon my tomb the condor will descend From heaven: the condor, bird of liberty, And building there its nest will hatch its young, Unknown and free."

The three most eminent classical poets of Spanish America are: Bello, of Venezuela, who is better known in connection with the literature of Chile; Olmedo, of Ecuador, and Heredia, of Cuba. Reference has already been made to the work of the two latter. Don Andrés Bello, who was born in 1781 and died in 1865, was the

most consummate master of the three in poetic diction, though he lacked the brilliancy of Olmedo and the spontaneity of Heredia.

We have already made mention of two gifted Spanish-American women—Sor Ines Juana de la Cruz, of Mexico, and Doña Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, of Cuba. The latter went with her mother to Spain and in 1839 published her first volume of verse in Cadiz. A writer tells us that the brilliant Cuban was as unfortunate in love as she was successful in her literary endeavors. The reigning Cuban poetess of to-day is Doña Dulce Maria Borrero de Lujan. She is credited with the most beautiful sonnet ever written in Cuba. Here is Mr. Coester's version of it:

"Keep on, O knight! With lance uplifted ride To punish every wrong by righteous deed: For constancy at last shall gain its meed And justice ever with the law abide.

"Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride; Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed; To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed; In destiny and thy right arm confide.

"At fortune's coy reserve display no fear,
For should the Cavalier of the White Moon
With arms 'gainst thine in combat dare appear,
Although by adverse fate thou art o'erthrown,
Of Dulcinea even in death's hour swear
That she will always be the only fair.

Another Cuban poet with sustained inspiration is Rafael Maria de Mendire, who was born in 1821 and died in 1886. A Cuban critic, however, says that Mendire's lyre has but one string, and this is thought to be a just characterization of Mendire's sentimental poetry. This Cuban poet made some excellent translations from Byron and Moore. His translation of the latter's melodies earned for him the sobriquet of the Cuban Moore. Mendire's work is marked by great tenderness. His "Sourisa de la Virgen," as translated by Longfellow, is full of tenderness and delicacy.

THE VIRGIN'S SMILE.

"Purer than the early breeze
Or the faint perfume of flowers,
Maiden! through thine angel hours
Pass the thoughts of love;
Purer than the tender light
On the morning's gentle face;
On thy lips of maiden grace,
Plays thy virgin smile.

The literary revolution known as the *Modernista* movement, and dating from the publication in Buenos Aires, in 1888, of Rubén Dario's "Azul," soon found recruits among young Chileans. To the *Modernista* movement Bolivia gave Ricardo J. Freyre, who was associated with Rubén Dario.

The poet laureate of Colombia, who enlivens the brilliant society of Bogotà to-day, is Antonio José Restrepo, of whose poems the most celebrated are "Un Canto" and "El Dios Pau."

The masterpiece of Uruguayan literature is the long poem, "Tabaré." Comparison has been made between "Tabaré" and Longfellow's "Hiawatha," but there is little similarity in subject, manner or spirit. More national in character are the poems of Santiago Maciel, born in 1867. His first volume, "Auras Primaveralas," contains a notable poem on the war between Chile and Peru. In 1893 he published "El Floridel Trebol," a long poem redolent of Uruguayan fields.

The muses have not indeed forsaken the daughters of Spain in the New World, but have followed in the wake of the Conquistadores and inspired soldier, friar, scholar and peasant to fashion in epic, ode and lyric the heroic deeds of high emprise—the dreams that have filled the soul of Latin America since Spanish galleons first turned their prows from Cadiz towards the alluring shores of a western world.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH. D., LITT. D.

Toronto, Can.

Book Reviews.

"The Foundations of True Morality." By the Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J., author of a "Manual of Moral Theology," etc. 12mo., pp. 88. New York: Bensiger Bros.

"In the modern world, progress in the art and science of living has not kept pace with progress in the other arts and sciences. Man does not lead a better and a happier life than he used to do. There are many indications that human conduct is getting worse, and that men are more discontented, more miserable than they used to be. One means of moral progress would be to provide a sound and universally accepted code of ethics. The world would then have at least a moral standard by which human actions could be judged. It would go a long way towards forming a healthy public opinion on all moral questions. The Christian religion furnishes the highest moral standard ever manifested in the world. Unfortunately, there are two fundamentally different conceptions of Christian morality, the Catholic and the Protestant. Perhaps if we put them side by side the truth will appear. With this object I have written the following pages."

A laudable object, surely. The difference in regard to the Christian standard of morals, like all differences in regard to Christian truth, is most unfortunate. It not only leads many to follow a false standard, but it encourages many more to depart from all standards. In the moral field this tendency is probably stronger than in any other. The restraints put on man by the moral law are so repugnant to the tendencies of his fallen nature that he is only too glad to find an excuse to depart from it altogether. The best way to prevent this is the way chosen by Father Slater: to lay the foundation of true morality. The reverend author is no stranger in this field. His other works on morals have given him an international reputation, and are a guarantee of excellence in the present instance. The book is so brief and yet so complete that it ought to do a world of good if it can get the circulation which it deserves.

[&]quot;The Soul of Ireland." By W. J. Lockington, S. J. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. 12mo., pp. 182. New York: The Macmillan Co. In his introduction, Mr. Chesterton says: "The resurrection of Ireland, of which Father Lockington writes here with so much spirit and eloquence, is really a historical event that has the appearance of a miracle." And indeed it is true. This is a beautiful book. The Soul of Ireland is her faith, and the author shows the effect

of this faith on the people at all times. But he does it in such a manner as to make the blood boil with indignation at the persecution which tortured them while it tried to rob them of this priceless gift. Tears come unbidden to the eye that scans these pages. And the story is told in sorrow rather than in anger. For that reason it is all the more touching.

Father Lockington knows the Irish people well and he knows how to make others know them. His descriptions of the country are beautiful, especially for those who have visited Ireland. His pictures of the people practicing their faith at home, in church, publicly, privately, in joy and in sorrow, on feast days and on ordinary days, are graphic, eloquent and edifying. Nothing could prove more conclusively that "the divine gift of faith that St. Patrick threw like a white mantle over the whole land covers it to-day as pure and untarnished as when he walked the earth."

No wonder the author says: "Once let the heart of the people of England be touched by the truth regarding Ireland, their sense of justice will insure that Ireland will take her proper place as sister with sister, and no longer be the Cinderella of the Empire."

Catholics ought to be proud of two such excellent books on this burning question at this critical moment. Nothing but religion will save the day in the serious conflict between capital and labor, which is almost as old as man, but which has reached its most crucial stage in our day. But religion must speak in no uncertain tones. She must not be satisfied with vague terms, She must not rest content with warning men against false and unjust remedies for the evil, but she must be prepared to offer the only true and efficient remedy. This is what the authors of the books before us have tried to do. Father Husslein's book is more historic: Dr. Ryan's more economic. The former says: "Based on historic facts the present volume is purely constructive in its nature. It applies the acid test of experience to the great social issues and closes with a definite programme of practical social action." The author shows the position of the workingman in the world throughout the ages, beginning with Egyptian labor unions and coming down to our own time. All thoughtful men agree that the only economic bulwark to safeguard the domestic peace of the nations is the establishment of a true democracy in our industrial life. Ancient pagan

[&]quot;Democratic Industry; a Practical Study in Social History." By Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D., lecturer on Sociology at Fordham University. 12mo., pp. 862. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.
"A Living Wage." By John A. Ryan, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Moral Theology and Industrial Ethics at the Catholic University of America. Revised and abridged edition. 12mo., pp. 182. New York: The Macmillan Co.

civilization has failed in this. With the aid of the Church, labor rose from slavery to serfdom, and from serfdom to democratic industry. The author carefully traces these developments, explaining the causes which interrupted this progress, and backing up his assertions with quotations from impartial and reliable sources.

Dr. Ryan's book is a new edition little more than half the size of the former one. In the present edition, he has rewritten many passages. All material that has been retained has been carefully revised and brought up to date, so that this volume now represents the author's latest and best judgment on the present aspects of the great problem.

A timely book because the nursing ranks are extending rapidly in every direction; a necessary book because the nurse's calling has a very distinct ethical side to it.

As in the medical profession, so here, there is a constant conflict between right and expediency; and as the conscientious, God-fearing doctor must have correct standards of morality to which he clings in spite of all inducements to depart from them, so the nurse. It is not easy for the young doctor, without experience, to distinguish between the lawful and unlawful in the practice of his profession, unless he has received special instructions in its ethics. It is harder for the nurse, because her position will always be subject to the doctor, and the first rule of her calling is obedience. But there is a higher law than man's, and when the two conflict God must be obeyed. It is precisely to tell the nurse when this conflict is apt to take place that Father Spalding has written this first book on the ethics of nursing from a Catholic standpoint. Every Catholic nurse should have it, study it and keep it by her for reference. Such a course will preserve her from serious error in the practice of her profession and will add very much to her efficiency.

[&]quot;Talks to Nurses; the Ethics of Nursing." By Henry S. Spalding, S. J.,
Professor of Ethics in St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, formerly lecturer on Social Science in Loyola University, Chicago. 12mo., pp. 197.
New York: Benziger Bros.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC

QUARTERLY REVIEW

"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the Review not colding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

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THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

INETY-FOUR years ago there was born in the ancient and historic city of Granada, in Spain, a baby girl who was destined to shine as a brilliant star in a cloudless sky and then to set in almost entire oblivion. She grew in beauty, gentleness, virtue, intelligence and in all the graces and accomplishments of her station, even that of sitting on the imperial throne of one of the proudest countries of Europe. In a word she seemed to be

"a sunbeam, strayed from fairy climes
To fade upon a throne."

She was an upright queen, a noble and true woman, a faithful spouse, an affectionate mother, sorely afflicted in the loss of her only child, and withal, a model of Christian resignation under the direst affliction. No breath of scandal ever succeeded in tarnishing her fair name, though there have never been wanting envious tongues to make the attempt—a band of disappointed officeholders, supported by out-and-out princes of the old régime, and out-and-out republicans. Time and calm reflection have silenced these envious tongues.

Concerning her ancestry, various opinions are held. It is admitted by all authors that she was of noble lineage, but all do not agree upon the same line. There are writers who claim to be well informed who tell us that she was of Scottish-Spanish origin; others, again, attribute to her a descent from the Bourbons. The latter



school of writers may be classed among those who were hostile to her and who regarded her marriage with Napoleon III. as an interference with the royal aspirations of the Bourbon dynasty. Perhaps it may be safer for us to accept the Scottish-Spanish claim.

In his "History of the Burgh of Dunfries," Mr. William Mc-Donal tells us that the Empress Eugénie was connected with the Kirkpatricks, an old Scot-Irish or Scot-Saxon family belonging to "the population of that country." Tradition tells us that they descended from the giant Finn McCual, King of the Fenians, about A. D. 210. We lose trace of the Kirkpatricks for many years, until we come across a later generation which figures in the records of Malaga, Spain. Henri Baron de Grevignée we are told was "a wealthy merchant whose family settled in the Netherlands. While yet a young man, this baron went to Spain, and being a man of wealth and noble ancestry, won the affection and, in due time married Doña Antonia de Gallegas. This marriage was blessed with two daughters. Francisca and Catalina, who became the mother of an illustrious progeny. Catalina married M. Matthieu de Lesseps, father of the world-renowned diplomatist and engineer, best known as identified with the construction of the Suez Canal. Francisca married William Kirkpatrick. The genealogical table is given as follows:

Henri de Grevignée married Antonia de Gallegas.

Francisca de Grevignée married
William Kirkpatrick
Matthieu de Lesseps

Manuela, Countess de Montijo

Eugénie, Empress, France

There is a house in the old city of Granada, nearly opposite the Church of Santa Maria Magdalena, on which there is a tablet telling us that Eugénia de Guzenan y Portocarrero, wife of Napoleon III., was born in 1826. This tablet was erected by the municipality in 1867, "to the Empress of the French, its noble compatriot."

Maria Eugénia Ignacia Agostina was born May 26, 1826. This is the date given in the official Almanach de Gotha, and this is the date accepted by impartial authorities. Eugénie's father, the Count de Montijo, was a member of the Spanish Senate, and in 1834, owing to the troubled condition of the country following the death of Ferdinand VII., found it necessary to remove his family from Spain, although he remained at his post until the time of his death, in March, 1839. In the meantime his Countess had removed to Paris, and had placed her daughter, Eugénie,

under the care of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, for her education. In a pamphlet published in 1877 and entitled "L'Imperatrice: Notes et Documents," we find, copied from the Spanish registers, a record of the date of the marriage of the Countess of Montijo, the baptism of her two daughters and the death of her husband, the Count de Montijo. Eugénie's sister, Paca, married the Duke of Alva. While at school and after her entrance into society, the future Empress manifested a decided talent for drawing, and her crayon work in the way of portraits was greatly admired, and later in life she is said to have contributed a design for the decoration of the Grand Opera House, opened during the reign of Napoleon III.

On leaving school, Eugénie was introduced into the upper circles of Parisian society, where her beauty, attainments and refined manners did not fail to attract attention as well as suitors, not only in Paris, but at the Spanish capital, on her visits to her native country. Among her suitors we find the name of the Duke Ossuna. With her mother she was a frequent guest at French court entertainments, and during parties held at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, in the spring of 1852, the Countess de Montijo and her accomplished daughter were the guests of the French Emperor. While at school in England, Eugénie had become an expert horsewoman, and her skill and daring in horsemanship in the forests of Fontainebleau attracted universal admiration, and among her most enthusiastic admirers was no less a person than the Emperor himself. There is a story to the effect that at a ball given by the Princess Mathilde, and at which the future Empress was a guest, "the Emperor was very visibly impressed by a very beautiful young lady, who is very elegant, very amiable. clever and witty." He is said to have spent more than an hour in her company, and there were not wanting envious tongues that ventured the opinion that the Emperor could never think of offering her anything beyond a morganatic marriage. They little knew the resolute courage of a well-grounded, convent-bred girl, for when the subject of their relationship was broached by the Emperor, her answer was prompt and to the point: "Sire, Imperatrice vu rien du tout." This reply may have startled the Emperor, but from that moment he realized the character of the woman with whom he had to deal and he respected it. The climax came, so the chroniclers of the time tell us, when at a ball at the Tuilleries, on New Year's Eve, 1852, the wife of an officer of high rank made a rude and offensive remark to the young Countess de Teba, who had accidentally stepped on her gown while dancing. The Countess immediately informed the Emperor

that her self-respect would not permit her to remain at the Court in which she had been treated with such rudeness and disrespect, and she asked to be excused if she retired at once. "Ne vous inquietez pas, je vous vengerez," was the Emperor's prompt and decided reply. On the following day the Countess de Montijo was surprised by the receipt of an official request for the hand of her daughter in marriage.

It was to be expected that this step on the part of the Emperor would excite the ire of his relatives and of a certain coterie of statesmen who preferred a dynastic succession. The Princess Mathilde was beside herself when she heard the news and left no effort untried to turn the Emperor from his purpose, and Prince Jerome Napoleon, who had been selected by royal matchmakers because of her fortune and her beauty as her future husband, were doomed to woeful disappointment. The Prince felt this disappointment most keenly and in after years made himself Eugénie's most cruel enemy.

No fault could be found with the young fiancée's position in life. She was the Countess de Teba, and connected through her father, the Count de Montijo, with the house of the Dukes of Farias and Fyars and others of the highest rank, including the descendants of the Kings of Aragon.

While his affection for his fiancée was at its height, it is but just to the Emperor to point out that this affection was not devoid of prudence, and he was honest enough to warn her of the dangers she might expect if she became his wife. "It is fair," he told her, "that you should be fully aware of the true condition of things," and he frankly referred to his lack of popularity with the aristocracy, the concealed hostility of the greater powers, and the danger in which he stood from plotters and assassins. It is true that at the time of the marriage the Emperor enjoyed the good will of his subjects, but that was a very uncertain quantity to count upon from one month to another, and the moment disaffection began, if it reached the army there was no knowing what the result would be. Eugénie listened to all this with calmness and composure. Her convent training again came to her aid: she had learned the duties of a wife to her husband and she appreciated them at their full value. She assured the Emperor that these fears for the future had no terrors for her so long as she could meet them by the side of her husband.

One of the fatalities of a marriage in high life is that it is considered as everybody's business, and everybody feels at liberty to comment upon it. The marriage of Eugénie was not an exception. Thus we find Lord Palmerston, one-time Prime Minister

of Great Britain, gave it as his opinion that "Napoleon's marriage seems to be a most sensible one. He had no chance of a political alliance of any value or of sufficient importance to counterbalance the annoyance of an ugly or epileptic wife, whom he had never seen till she was presented to him as a bride, and he was quite right to take a wife whom he knew and liked. I admire the frankness with which he declared himself a parvenu, and the mention of that fact, however it may shock the prejudices of Vienna and St. Petersburg, will endear him to the bulk of the French nation."

At a meeting of the Senate and the Corps Legislatif, with the Conseil d'État, convened by the Emperor in the Tuilleries, on January 22, he announced his coming marriage officially. In a straightforward manner he expressed his lack of faith in royal alliances in which it often happened that family interests predominate those of the nation. He spoke of the lady of his choice as of lofty birth; she was French by education and by the memory of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the French empire, and moreover, as a daughter of Spain she had the advantage of having no family in France to whom honors and titles would have to be given. "As a devout Catholic," he added, "she will join her prayers to mine for the walfare of France." After referring to the grace and virtues of his fiancée, he concluded with these words: "I come, then, messieurs, to say this to France: I have preferred a wife whom I love and respect to an unknown consort through whom I might have gained advantages not unmingled with sacrifice. Soon I shall go to Notre Dame and there present the future Empress to the people and the army. The confidence with which they honor me will secure this affection for the spouse I have chosen, and you, messieurs, will be convinced that I have been inspired by Providence in the choice I have made."

This speech, listened to with respectful attention, was received favorably, and the slight importance he seemed to attach to the question of ancient lineage set the newspaper reporters to work overhauling the records of heraldic titles. They discovered only what we have already stated, that the bride-elect was three times a grandee of Spain by the names of Teba, Baños and Mora, and that through her mother she was descended from the most illustrious Scottish houses.

M. Adolphe Thiers, who after the Franco-Prussian War became President of France, and who had no illustrious lineage to boast of, his father having been a "working locksmith" of Marseilles, and who never wasted much admiration on the Emperor, sneeringly intimated that the Emperor "had secured himself

against the chances of the future, for if he lost his throne he would at least be a grandee of Spain."

M. Alphonse de Lamartine, poet and statesman, defeated by Napoleon at the election for the Presidency of the French Republic, had an opinion to give on the approaching marriage. When informed of the engagement, Lamartine said that the Emperor "had realized the most beautiful dream possible to man: to raise the woman he loved above all other women."

The future Empress, if she heard any of these remarks, seemed to ignore them and passed through this difficult period with dignified modesty. An event like the marriage of an Emperor could not fail to give rise to many stories, especially in a city like Paris. Many were imaginary, but there was one which is worthy of reproduction. It tells more than all legends, good and bad, can The city of Paris had voted 600,000 francs for a set of diamonds as a wedding gift. Eugénie was deeply touched by this evidence of generosity and good will on the part of the municipality, and in a letter to the prefect, full of sympathy and pathos, begged that the money be donated to charity. "I feel deeply," she wrote, "the generous decision of the Municipal Council of Paris which thus manifests its sympathetic adhesion to the union which I nevertheless experience a painful the Emperor contracts. feeling when I realize that the first public act connected with my marriage becomes a heavy burden to the city of Paris. Permit me, therefore, not to accept your gift, however flattering it may be for me. You will give me much greater pleasure by devoting to charities the sum you have appropriated for the purchase of ornaments which the Municipal Council wishes to present to me. My desire is that my marriage shall not be the occasion of any additional charge for the country to which I henceforth belong, and the only thing to which I aspire is to share with the Emperor the love and esteem of the French people."

Needless to say that the hearts of the French people were deeply moved by these noble sentiments. It was at once decided to devote the 600,000 francs towards the endowment of a school for the education of young girls of the poorer classes, said institution to be named in honor of the Empress. When the people of Bordeaux heard of this action on the part of the Empress, they immediately voted 50,000 francs to be devoted to a similar purpose and their school was placed under the patronage of the Empress.

Perhaps no bride-elect was ever watched with more critical eyes than was Eugénie. In a city like Paris where good and bad, faith and infidelity walk side by side, it is to be expected to hear

the voice of calumny, but there are other voices in that gay capital that do not shrink from defending and from showing their appreciation of virtue and virtuous deeds. One who knew the Empress well describes her as "pious without narrowness, well informed, but not pedantic, and able to talk on all subjects with perfect unrestraint."

January 30, 1853, was a remarkable day in the history of the city of Paris. It was the day of the marriage of "Napoleon III., Emperor of France, and Doña Eugénia de Guzman y Porta Carrero, Countess of Teba, daughter of Count de Montijo, grandee of Spain of the first class." The civil contract, which French law makes imperative for high and low, took place on the evening of January 29. After this ceremony the bride accompanied her mother to her home to await the marriage at the Cathedral of Notre Dame on the following day.

The marriage of the Emperor Napoleon in the venerable Cathedral of Notre Dame was one of those great national solemnities that remain impressed upon the memory of the people. From one end of the country to the other the entire population of France joined with the citizens of the capital in manifestations of joy and congratulation to the Emperor and his distinguished bride. that tide of population anxious to get a glimpse at the features of their new sovereign there was something more than mere curiosity, the spontaneous shouts of applause that greeted her on every side came from the heart. That noble and graceful form in which gentleness and modesty only heightened her beauty, produced an irresistible charm upon the people. The working classes were not the only ones to discover how much the heart of the Empress went out to them in sympathy and devotion. Great preparations had been made to render the féte worthy of the great imperial capital and the popular enthusiasm was greater still. This is the characteristic side of national solemnities. We have seen it displayed in the enthusiastic receptions recently given to "our boys" as they marched through our flag-bedecked streets and avenues on their return from "over there."

From early morning a vast mass of human beings such as Paris had never seen before gathered from all parts of the city and from adjoining departments and poured into the public squares and lined the streets along which the procession was to pass. The workingmen's societies of Paris and vicinity with their banners held aloft; the veteran soldiers of the Empire; deputations of young girls dressed in white, were ranged along the way their majesties were to pass; the National Guard and the army formed a double line from the palace of the Tuilleries to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The

Place du Louvre, the Rue de Rivoli, the Hotel de Ville and the Quay were decorated with flags, streamers and bunting of every kind and designs bearing the initials of the imperial pair.

The Place du Carrousel, now occupied by the troops that were to form the cortége, presented an imposing spectacle. In the Court of the Tuilleries might be seen two squadrons of guards whose fine appearance and brilliant uniforms attracted universal attention. In the Place du Carrousel, beside the imperial cortége, were drawn up in close order a brigade of cuirassiers, a brigade of carabiniers, a squadron of gendarmes of the Seine, and a squadron of Paris Home Guards. Finally, in the extension of the Place du Carrousel as far as the Louvre exit, were grouped other bodies that were to form the cortége, while the spaces in the vicinity of the Louvre were filled by a vast crowd of anxious spectators

At 11.30 A. M. two carriages were sent to the Elysée for the Empress. In the first of these carriages were the Princess d'Essoling, grand mistress of Her Majesty's household; the Duchess of Bassano, lady of honor, and Count Charles Tascher de la Pagerie, first chamberlain. In the second carriage were Her Majesty, the Empress; the Countess de Montijo, her mother; Count Tascher de la Pagerie, Grand Master; while Baron des Pierres, master of the horse, rode at the side of the royal carriage.

As the bells of the Cathedral of Notre Dame rang out the hour of noon, the cannon of the Invalides announced the arrival of the Empress. At this moment the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Emperor entered the Tuilleries by way of the Place du Carrousel, through the Flora Pavillon greeted with the shouts of "Vive l'Empreur!" In compliance with the prescribed ceremonial, the grand chamberlain, the grand squire, four chamberlains, and the ordnance officers on duty, received the Empress at the gate of the Pavillon de l'Horloge.

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde awaited the Imperial bride at the foot of the grand staircase and escorted her to the salon of the Emperor. The Emperor advanced to meet his bride, and taking her hand, led her through the apartment and appeared with her on the balcony. Loud cries of "Vive l'Empreur, Vive l'Imperatrice!" greeted their majesties and continued long after they had withdrawn from the balcony.

The carriages now arrived and took the places assigned to them near the entrance of the Pavillon de l'Horloge. A squadron of "guides" led the march of the cortége. Then followed the carriage from the house of the Princess Mathilde; the carriages of the ladies of honor to the Empress; a carriage drawn by two horses in which sat the first chamberlain to the Empress; the carriage of

the civil officer of the Empress' household; four carriages in which were the Minister's Secretaries of State; three court carriages drawn by six horses each; in the first, the Marshal of France, grand marshal of the Emperor's palace; the Emperor's grand chamberlain; the grand master of ceremonies. The second carriage was occupied by Her Imperial Highness the Princess Mathilde; Her Excellency the Countess de Montijo and the grand master of the Invalides. In the third carriage were Prince Jerome Bonaparte and Prince Napoleon.

In the imperial carriage, drawn by eight horses, were the Emperor and the Empress, alone, the Emperor being seated at the right of To the right of the carriage rode the Marshal of the Empress. France, grand esquire to the Emperor, and the general commanding the National Guard of Paris. On the Emperor's left rode the master of the chase and the first esquire. grand Emperor's aides-de-camp, the general staff of the army of Paris; the Emperor's esquires, the esquire of the Empress and the imperial ordnance officers, all mounted, escorted the imperial car-These were followed by generals and their aides, esquires, ordnance officers, a second squadron of "guides," while a heavy division of cavalry brought up the rear. The royal carriages had hardly left the Tuilleries when the most enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Imperatrice!" broke forth from the army.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the carriages and the brilliant silver trappings of the harness; they were the same as had done service at the coronation of Napoleon I. and the Empress Josephine, and looked like carriages of gold, surmounted by the imperial crown. As the cortége left the Louvre and turned into the Rue des Fossés—St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, their majesties were again greeted with cries of "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Imperatrice!" and these cries were repeated again and again all along the route of the procession, all the way to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The Emperor availed himself of this occasion to solemnly inaugurate the new Rue de Rivoli, a magnificent thoroughfare that leads to the Hotel de Ville.

Houses, windows, balconies, every available space, was crowded with masses of human beings, anxious to get a view of the royal pair. The women waved their handkerchiefs or threw flowers, the military "presented arms," one universal sentiment seemed to fill every bosom; one same cry, or rather one same wish was proclaimed by every tongue: "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Imperatrice!" and this continued until the arrival at Notre Dame.

The decorations of the Cathedral, of great richness and in keeping with the style and proportions of the building, produced a marvelous effect and were a credit to the talent and good taste of the skillful

architects who had carried them out under direction of the grand master of ceremonies. In front of the main portal a Gothic porch was erected, the panels of which were made to match the tints of the tapestry, representing the saints and kings of France. On the two main pilasters were the equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Napoleon. Along the balustrade that crowns the gallery of the kings was a frieze of eagles alternated by garlands. Nine green banners, adorned with bees forming the monogram of their majesties, floated from the great windows and from the famous central rose window. The grand exterior gallery was decorated with green hangings covered with bees; the flags of the twenty-four departments floated over the balustrade. Large cloths of gold entirely concealed the base of the belfry, while on the summit of the towers appeared four imperial eagles and two immense flags (tricolors). In the tribune or gallery a grandstand was erected for the accommodation of the five hundred musicians that composed the orchestra. The columns in the interior of the building were covered, up to the very capitals, with crimson velvet bordered with golden palms. On each side of the nave and from each tribune hung cloths of red velvet trimmed with ermine and bearing the imperial escutcheon and held together with garlands and flowers. The top of the arches were ornamented with green hangings bedecked with golden bees. At the two inner corners of the transept were displayed hunting scenes in forests, and altarpieces, largely designed after the school of Giotto and Cimabue covered two extremes of the Latin Cross under the great rosaces.

In the centre of the transept and on a platform, under a canopy of ermine were placed the two chairs of honor for the Emperor and Empress; the backs of these chairs bore the imperial coat-of-arms, which was also displayed on the prie-dieu and cushions. On the platform was a magnificent crimson velvet dais bedecked with bees and surmounted by a golden eagle with outspread wings. Banners bearing the names of the principal departments of France hung from the vault above and completed the wonderful decorations.

Finally the altar, raised seven steps above the floor of the church, in style grand and severe, stood out marvelously amid the dazzling mass of lights which illumined the sanctuary. Fifteen thousand candles lighted the vast Cathedral; indeed, nothing can convey an idea of the imposing spectacle presented by the spacious stalls occupied by the Diplomatic Corps, the Senators, the Corps Legislatif, the Conseil d'État, the wives of the Ministers, the marshals, admirals and élite of France, together with the distinguished visitors from abroad. The Diplomatic Corps was complete. Lord Cowley, absent on account of illness, was represented by the entire personnel of

the British Embassy. On the Epistle side of the sanctuary were seated the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, the Metropolitan Chapter, the canons titular of St. Denis and the honorary canons of Paris.

At I o'clock the rolling of drums and the acclamations of the people announced the arrival of the cortége. Immediately Archbishop Sibour, in full pontificals, preceded and followed by the clergy, moved in procession to the main door of the Cathedral. As it opened the Emperor advanced, leading the Empress by the hand. and entered the basilica. His Majesty wore the uniform of a lieutenant-general with the cordon of the Legion of Honor, the same collar worn by the Emperor Napoleon I. at his coronation. He also wore the collar of the Golden Fleece at one time worn by Charles V. The Empress was attired in a long white silk gown, trimmed with point lace, with a diadem and cincture of diamonds. To the diadem was attached a long voile d'Angleterre, surmounted by orange blossoms. The entire assembly seemed affected with profound emotion in beholding that countenance, which reflected so much grace, distinction and goodness. The imperial couple, bowing right and left, advanced slowly under a crimson velvet canopy lined with white satin, while the orchestra played an appropriate march.

After receiving holy water and incense, their majesties took their places on the estrade, the Empress on the left of the Emperor. Below the estrade and to the right of the Emperor, three chairs had been reserved for Prince Jerome Napoleon and Prince Napoleon, as also for the Princess Mathilde. The Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress, with the members of her family occupied seats in the left of the Empress. The Ministers were ranged along the right transept in front of the Senators' tribune. The grand masters to the Empress, her lady of honor, and her ladies of the palace were seated behind the Empress. The grand officers and officers of the Emperor's household remained standing during the entire ceremony.

As soon as all present had taken the places assigned for them, the Most Reverend Archbishop Sebour, celebrant, being notified by the grand master of ceremonies, saluted their majesties, who advanced to the foot of the altar and stood there holding each other's right hands. Addressing the imperial couple, the Archbishop asked:

"You present yourselves here to contract a marriage according to the rites of the Holy Catholic Church?"

The Emperor and Empress each answered, "I do."

The first chaplain to the Emperor, preceded by the master of ceremonies, presented on a silver tray the pieces of gold and the wedding ring, which the Archbishop blessed. His Grace then addressed the Emperor as follows:

"Sire, you hereby declare and acknowledge before God and before His Holy Church, that you now take for your wife and lawful spouse, Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, here present?"

"I do," returned the Emperor.

The celebrant continued:

"You promise and swear to be faithful to her in all things, as a faithful husband should be to his wife, according to God's ordinance?"

"I do," replied the Emperor.

The celebrant now addressed the Empress:

"Madame, you declare, acknowledge and swear before God and His Holy Church, that you hereby take for your husband and lawful spouse, the Emperor Napoleon III., here present?"

"I do," replied the Empress.

The celebrant then said:

"You promise and swear to be faithful to him in all things as a faithful wife should be to her husband, according to God's ordinance?"

"I do," replied the Empress.

The celebrant now presented the pieces of gold and the ring to the Emperor, who presented the pieces of gold to the Empress, saying: "Receive this sign of the matrimonial contract made between you and me." The Emperor next placed the ring on the finger of the Empress, saying: "I give thee this ring as a token of the marriage we are here contracting."

The Emperor and Empress now knelt before the celebrant, who, holding his hands over the spouses, pronounced the prayer, Deus Abraham, Deus Isaac, etc. After the prayer the spouses returned to their thrones, and assisted at the Mass. The choir with orchestral accompaniment sang the Credo and O Salutaris by Cherubini; the Sanctus of Adolphe Adam and the Domine Salvum fac Imperatorum arranged by Auber. Monseigneur Menjau, Bishop of Nancy, and first almoner to the Emperor, and Monseigneur Gros, Bishop of Versailles, supported the canopy over their majesties. Mass and while the orchestra was performing Lesueur's Te Deum, the Most Reverend Archbishop, accompanied by the curé of St. Gervais-l'Auxerrois, approached their majesties and presented the duly signed certificate of the religious marriage. The witnesses were: For the Emperor, Prince Jerome Napoleon and Prince Napoleon. For the Empress, the Marquis de Valdegamas, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Majesty the Queen of the Spains; the Duke of Ossuna, the Marquis de Bedmar, grandee of Spain; Count de Galve and General Alvarez Toledo.

Finally the Archbishop and his Metropolitan Chapter escorted

their Majesties to the door of the Cathedral, while the orchestra performed the *Urbs beata* of Lesueur. The appearance of the imperial couple as they passed out from the sacred edifice elicited from the vast crowd assembled on the plaza enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Imperatrice!"

The cortége returned to the Tuilleries by the same route it had left it, but passing through the Place de la Concorde. Here their majesties were greeted by deputations from the workingmen's associations and young women's societies with their banners. They showered the royal pair with flowers and greeted them with loud and enthusiastic cheers.

On returning to the palace by the Pavillon de l'Horloge, their majesties made a tour of the Place du Carrousel, where the troops were drawn up to receive them and where they were greeted with the most hearty cheers. Their majesties now returned to their apartments with the same ceremonial that had been observed on the arrival of the Empress before going to the Cathedral. The Emperor and his bride showed themselves repeatedly on the balcony overlooking the court garden, and were each time greeted by the troops and the civilians with loud and prolonged cheers.

The weather was all that could be desired for a fête day like this and owing to the wise measures taken in regulating the proceedings of the day no accident occurred to mar the pleasant memories of the day in the minds of the delighted Parisians. Five Cardinals and ten Bishops assisted at the Imperial wedding. We might add that the Emperor, faithful to his promise to present his bride to the army and to the people, rode several times along the lines of the military. It was the Emperor's wish that the entire expenses of the wedding be met from the liste civile. The Emperor also pardoned and set at liberty a very large number of political prisoners. The twenty gold franc pieces encrusted in each of the two candles, presented, according to an old French custom, during the marriage ceremony, were afterwards sent by order of the Archbishop, to the curés of Notre Dame and of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, to be distributed among the poor of their parishes.

The vast crowds that joyfully greeted the new Empress as she rode beside her imperial spouse in the gorgeous procession to and from Notre Dame was greatly and favorably impressed by her personal appearance and modest deportment, and the papers of the day were lavish in their descriptions of her "dazzling beauty." Let us quote one or two. Le Conte d'Hérisson, in his Souvenir, says: "No words can adequately describe the charm, the beauty, the grace of the new sovereign. Nothing that has been written about her can possibly be exaggerated. I was literally fascinated." Imbert de

Saint-Armand, in his "Louis Napoleon et Madame de Montijo," expresses his admiration in these words: "While in the crowd that filled the Court of the Louvre, I saw the procession pass. Seen through the windows of the glittering carriage, the Empress appeared an ideal being. Her pallor enhanced the beauty of her sculptured profile. I shall never forget the impression produced on me by this sweet and radiant image. An indescribable presentiment told me that like all incomparably beautiful women . . . she was doomed to calamities as exceptional as her fortune and beauty."

Her gentleness and careful training, as well as her natural impulses were evidenced by a consideration for all who came in contact with her, whether they belonged to the nobility or to the plain bourgeoisie. On one occasion, as she was leaving the palace, she was obliged to walk a few steps to the carriage in waiting. A number of passers-by gathered along the path she was to follow. Among this number were several Hispano-American students. As the Empress appeared, one of the students exclaimed: "Aqui viene la Emperatriz?" "Viva la Emperatriz!" cried the students, hat in The Empress recognized her own language, and as she passed them, gave them a gracious smile and a "Gracias caballeros" in the sweetest tone imaginable; though an Empress, she was human. When in April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress visited Queen Victoria, at Windsor Palace, the English sovereign was impressed with the modest, yet dignified gentleness of her guest. In her "Journal" she tells us: "I embraced the very gentle, graceful and, evidently, very nervous Empress." During this visit a friendship was formed between the two sovereigns which lasted throughout the life of Queen Victoria. In the midst of all her troubles Eugénie found a loyal friend and heartfelt sympathizer in the British Queen.

On Sunday morning, March 16, 1856, all Paris was awakened by the artillery quartered at the Hotel des Invalides as they thundered forth the news that the Napoleonic succession was secured by the birth of an heir to the throne. The people counted the volleys one by one and after the twenty-first had been fired and continued until the customary 101 had been fired, they knew that the little stranger was a boy. The certainty that a male heir had been born evoked the wildest outburst of applause and of universal joy among the people, nor was this joy confined to the people, but it was felt by the Bonapartes as well as by the friends of public order. It meant, according to a statesman of that day, that a continuance of the empire was assured, and it meant the "setting aside of Prince Napoleon," and this last advantage was considered by many as valuable as the first.

The next great event was the baptism of the new-born Prince.

The ondoinent, or private baptism, took place in the private chapel in the Tuilleries, while the public ceremony, or court function, did not take place until June 14, owing to the slow recovery of the child's mother. The public ceremony took place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, on which occasion His Eminence Cardinal Patrizzi, as the representative of His Holiness Pope Pius IX., officiated. The little Prince received the names of Napoleon, Eugène, Louis, Jean, Joseph, but to his devoted mother he was always le petit Loulou. On the occasion of the public baptism the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., sent to the Empress, as a token of his high regard and esteem, the Golden Rose (a rose of gold set with precious stones and solemnly blessed by the Pope on Laetare Sunday. It is usually presented by him to royal and illustrious personages). This gift Eugénie prized most highly until the end of her official life. In presenting it to her, Cardinal Patrizzi said: "This rose signifies the joys of the two Ierusalems—that of the Church triumphant and the Church militant. The rose represents in the eyes of all the faithful that most magnificent flower, the joy of the saints. Accept this rose, beloved and noble daughter, puissant and adorned with many gracious qualities, in order that thou mayest be still more ennobled by all the virtues in Jesus Christ, like as a rose planted by the banks of a full-flowing May this favor be granted to thee through the everabundant grace of Him who to all eternity is Three in One."

Never, we may say, was the birth of a child attended with more magnificent preparation. Three rooms of the palace were filled with his twelve dozen embroidered robes and other wearing apparel. Paris sent a rosewood cradle in the form of a ship, with an eagle of precious stones at the prow, and at the stern a figure in gold representing the city. The city voted \$20,000 for poor infants, and the peasants made the imperial babe a present of \$150,000, no person being allowed to contribute over five cents. As a thank-offering the Emperor founded a society to aid respectable poor, which in five years loaned over a million dollars. Three hundred balloons filled with bonbons went up into the air to break for the delight of the children, and the Emperor and Empress stood as sponsors, by proxy, of course, to some three thousand babies born on the same day as their son. It would require a large volume to record the many touching incidents which crowded into these happy days in the life of the Empress, but "the head that wears a crown," fair though it be, is only human after all; it has its sorrows as well as its joys, and these sorrows were not far away.

When the Italian War of 1859 broke out, the Emperor hastened to the scene of action, and the Empress became Regent. She presided each week over three Councils, and to her active, energetic

nature the cares of State came as a respite from the pleasure and not infrequently, the hollowness of court life. She even intimated, in a playful tone, that she would miss the work on the return of the Emperor. We can only add that, despite hostile criticism that is never silent in high places, her decisions as Regent commanded respect.

The summer of 1860 found the Emperor and Empress among the highlands of Auvergne, and here her sympathetic nature was reawakened by her visits to the poor and suffering. Clermont claimed a great portion of her time. She loved to visit the hospital and the asile for children. In the latter place she inquired minutely about the health and education of the little ones, and chatted in the most familiar manner with the Sisters and nurses. In an address made to the Empress, while at Clermont, she was most agreeably impressed by these words: "The sweetest words of the Gospel-those that go straight to the heart of a mother—is that gracious invitation of our Blessed Saviour: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Following the example of that Blessed Saviour, your Majesty has understood and appreciated the charm of childhood. Like Him. you love to gather around you the poorest children among your people." In her visits to the hospital she visited every bed. One day a wounded soldier attracted her attention and her deepest interest: "Monsieur le docteur," she said, turning to the surgeon in charge, "promise me that you will not let that man die." As she passed on, she paused before another poor fellow, who seemed to be suffering greatly. He was a young father, and the kind-hearted Empress asked about him. She learned that if he could afford to take the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault, he might recover. "Mon pauvre ami," said the Empress, in a tone half of sorrow and half of reproach, "why did you not write to me long ago? Am I not the mother of all who suffer for France? General Fleury. kindly take the name of this young man, and you, mon ami," turning to the patient, "you will go to the watering place; you will come back cured and you will be restored to your dear children."

We next find the tender-hearted Empress looking down upon a poor fellow in the last stages of consumption. "Oh, messieurs," she said to the doctors, in a pitiful tone, "can nothing be done to cure this terrible disease?" More than once her eyes were suffused with tears as she bent over the suffering patients and tried to cheer them with words of comfort. Again, in 1866, when the cholera broke out in France and counted its victims by the thousand, the noble courage of the Empress manifested itself, as she went from cot to cot in the hospital at Amiens. She had a kind and encouraging word for every sufferer, and her anxiety seemed to be for the safety of every

one but herself. To the Bishop who accompanied her on her rounds of mercy, she turned with affectionate solicitude and said: "Monseigneur, soignez vous bien" (Monseigneur, take good care of yourself). It was this oft-repeated devotion to the poor, the suffering and the unfortunate that brought her so near to the hearts of the French people. A medal was struck to commemorate this visit, which made such a deep impression on the people of that city. To an eminent general who expressed admiration for this act of courage on the part of the Empress, she promptly relied: "General, this is the way we women go to the front." This is the same spirit that animated the women of Philadelphia during the recent epidemic; the same spirit that took the American Red Cross women into the recent world's war. Eugénie's visit to this hospital was not forgotten by the people, not merely of Amiens, but of all of France, for even months afterwards the Empress, when she appeared in public, was greeted with: "Vive la Sœur de Charité!" "Vive l'héroine d'Amiens!"

The Empress was not at all elated by these demonstrations; she appreciated the spirit that prompted them, but her early convent education told her that she could not have done otherwise. She did not hesitate to say so. "There was no courage or merit in what I did. I was merely performing one of the simple duties of my position, and I rejoice that I was able to do it. Please say no more about heroism. I did not save a single life; I even fear that more than one poor sufferer may have been disturbed by the preparations made to receive me. Let us keep big words for big things, such, for example, as the noble devotion of the good Sisters, who are not content to visit the sufferers for an hour, but who tend them till health returns or until death sends relief."

During the Franco-Prussian War, Eugénie was again called upon to take the reins of government as Regent, during the absence of the Emperor at the front. Her solicitude for the sick and wounded remained unabated. The Salons of the Tuilleries, once the scene of royal festivities, were transformed into hospital wards, and such times as found the Empress at all free from the cares of State found her at the bedside of the sick and wounded and dying.

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of Napoleon III. (and they were long enough at times), it must be admitted that his ears were not deaf to the call of charity. It is well known that he and his consort were ever ready to give relief where it was most needed. During the floods that devastated parts of France in 1856, and rendered thousands of people homeless, the Emperor contributed \$20,000 towards their relief, while the tender-hearted Empress headed a subscription with a gift of \$40,000 in her own name, and

\$2,000 in the name of her son, recently born. On the occasion of her visit to Dieppe, in 1853, she gave an offering of \$8,000 to the Sisters of Charity to help them in their good work. In addition to this she gave \$3,000 to the home for infirm sailors. The welfare and education of the children were not forgotten, and she contributed quite a large amount for the erection of schools for their benefit. The "Sainte Eugénie's Children's Hospital" was erected in 1854, and in this same year the two sovereigns contributed \$120,000 towards a home for indigent workmen. Several seaside hospitals and homes were established under the auspices of the Empress, all generously endowed from her private purse.

Eugénie was a true woman and her sympathy for those of her own sex was most touching. During the war with Italy she started a fund for the women and children of fallen soldiers which realized over a million dollars. What a valuable acquisition she would have been to the Red Cross of to-day!

By an imperial decree, in 1862, all homes and asylums for children were placed under the patronage and direction of the kind-hearted Empress and all shared in her generous charities. In the hard winter of 1867, when the poor of Paris felt its rigors, public kitchens were opened in various parts of the city, all supported from the imperial private purse. Many touching stories are told about Eugénie's visits to the hospitals and many of us remember the one about the sick woman who mistook the dark-robed lady leaning over her bed and ministering to her for a Sister, and addressed her as "Ma Sœur." The attendant upon her Majesty apologized, but the noble woman checked her. "Do not correct her; it is the most beautiful name I could have." Scenes like these could not fail to call forth from the lips of the suffering the benediction so beautifully expressed by Victor Hugo in these words: "Oh, qui que vous soyez, benissez-la, c'est elle! La Sœur visible aux yeux de mon ame immortelle! Mon urqueil, mon espoir, mon abri, mon recours."

Even in her declining years, during the world war just closed, with the weight of over ninety years bearing upon her, her heart still warmed towards suffering humanity. In the peace and quietness of her English home at Farnborough, she could interest herself in nursing scores of English soldiers convalescing beneath her hospitable roof and in the enjoyment of the universal regard and veneration of her neighbors.

We now come to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, which the unscrupulous enemies of the Empress have not hesitated to charge her with having instigated. We regret that we must deal with it so briefly. It is freely admitted to-day that the Empress was not responsible for bringing on that war, as some unscrupulous writers have endeavored to show. It stands to reason that she was too far-

sighted to inaugurate a movement so disastrous to France and so dangerous to the imperial dynasty. Bismarck's own "Recollections" supply the refutation of the charge made by him in the Reichstag on December 5, 1874, that the Empress and the Jesuits had desired the war and driven him into it. M. de la Gorce, another pacifist, did not scruple to assert that "from all private papers, one very clear impression stands out: it was she, who the side of France, was the principal maker of the war." Yet this same M. de la Gorce, in his own previous writings, said: "As I read the provocative dispatches of the Duc de Grumont to M. Bernadetti, the French Ambassador to Berlin; the boastful, lying statements of Lebœuf about the army; the passionate harangues at the Palais Bourbon. I cannot understand why the blame for the war should be laid on the shoulders of one woman. Her responsibility, if she must bear it, was partial and divided. Nor can we forget that it was Bismarck who at the last moment forced France into the struggle." "Can history," asks Mr. Stoddard, in his "Life of Eugénie," "hold the Empress responsible for the horrors of 1870? Surely a large part must fall to the Duc de Grumont, whose aggressive diplomacy lighted the flame in Prussia; on Marshal Lebœuf, who again and again assured his fellow Ministers that the army was ready; on the fierce instigators of war in the Corps Legislatif; on the feeble, vacillating Emperor, and on the populace of Paris, which was athirst for blood and glory."

When the storm had burst over Paris, there were those whose cool heads saw the danger that threatened the Regent, but when the subject was broached to her she quietly answered: "I need no troops for my own protection. We must send to the front the last battalion left us." In her appeal to the people on August 8, the Empress-Regent said: "Let there be but one party among us—the party of France; let us follow but one standard—that of honor. I will be in your midst; you will see me faithful to my duty and position; the first where danger threatens, the first to guard the honor of the Empire."

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the Franco-Prussian War. The sad story is too well known. All manner of stories were set afloat about the Empress. She may have seen the hour of her husband's abdication not far away, and if she clung to the throne we must not blame her for her anxiety to save the dynasty. We cannot forget that for seventeen years she had been a faithful and loving wife, and, if like his great uncle, her husband had been forced into exile, she knew her place was by his side in that exile.

Finally the fatal day came when she must leave France, and the voices of the calumniators had full freedom, but they found no fault they could advance. General Trochu, her bitterest enemy in her last hours as Regent, was obliged to admit that "Neither the public notoriety of the Emperor's lapses from conjugal fidelity, nor the example and seduction of that brilliant court over which she presided in the splendor of her incomparable beauty, had succeeded in luring her for a moment from the straightest and most honorable path in her personal conduct. The most insolent and daring opponents of the Empire have never been able to 'breathe upon her' with their calumnies."

On September 4 the Cabinet Council decided that the time had come for requesting her resignation. Her answer was dignified and characteristic. "I cannot leave my post in the midst of the danger that besets it, for that would be desertion. . . . If resistance is impossible, might not my intervention be valuable in obtaining less rigorous conditions of peace? I accept deposition, but I refuse to be a deserter. If the continuance of my power is considered an obstacle to the defense, would it be too much for a woman, who of her own free will descended from the throne, to ask the Chambres to grant her the right to remain in Paris? It matters not to me where I live, or what rank I hold, if any. I only ask to share the suffering, the peril, the anguish of our besieged capital." Whatever may have been the effect of this appeal upon the minds and hearts of those who heard it, no response was possible, and a painful silence followed.

The day soon came, however, when the Empress was obliged to leave Paris. It was reserved for Count Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and Signor Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, to aid the Empress at this crucial moment. It is not for us now to enter into the motives which actuated these diplomats. Suffice it to say that they did assist her. They were joined in this charitable work by Madame Lebreton, the only one of all the ladies of the imperial court to follow the Empress in her flight. friends hurried the Empress from the palace. A closed, ordinary cab was called, in the hope of escaping attention, but a street gamin standing by recognized the group and shouted. "Voila l'Imperatrice!" He was promptly silenced by Signor di Nigra, before his cry was noticed by the crowd. Count Metternich gave a hurried address to the "cocher," who drove rapidly away. The party knocked at several doors, which they had reason to believe would be opened to the unfortunate Empress, who in the days of her prosperity had befriended those within, but they knocked in vain. Meeting with such ingratitude on the part of those from whom she had reason to expect better things, the royal fugitive decided to appeal to Dr. Evans, the well-known American dentist—the court dentist. His door was at once opened to his former patient. He gave her a home in his house, and made all the arrangements for her leaving Paris. When all was ready, Eugénie, with her faithful attendant, Madame Lebreton, Dr. Evans and Dr. Crane started at an early hour, one morning, for the Channel coast.

The Empress, in order to avoid detection, traveled as an invalid, accompanied by her brother (Dr. Evans), her medical attendant (Dr. Crane) and her nurse (Mme. Lebreton). The party reached Deauville without any trouble and were met there by Mrs. Evans,² whose kind attention and tender care did much to comfort the fugitive. As soon as she realized that all immediate danger was over, she sank into a chair, saying: "Mon Dieu je suis sauvée." Sir John Bourgogne's yacht Gazelle was lying in the harbor of Trouville. While pacing the deck, he tells us that two gentlemen came alongside and asked him if he was going to England. One of them gave him his card. It read: "Dr. Thomas W. Evans, Rue de la Paix, Paris." Sir John continues: "He told me that the Empress Eugénie was at Deauville, in great distress and danger, and begged me to take her on board my yacht and place her under the protection of the British flag."

The times were disjointed, and Sir John was not inclined to believe the story. His wife, whom he consulted, assured him that Dr. Evans was a well known and highly respected dentist in Paris, and the doctor, finding Sir John still obdurate, said to him: "Sir John, I am an American, and in our country no man will hesitate at any risk to help a woman, especially a lady whose life is in danger. I, therefore, when her Majesty applied to me for help, left my house in Paris, and all that it contains, not taking the least thought of the consequences my act might bring upon me, or calculating the losses I might suffer."

Sir John relented, his good wife adding her pleadings to the doctor's. Sir John tells the rest in these words: "At midnight I met, by appointment, two ladies closely veiled, one of whom introduced herself as the Empress. I took them on board the yacht, and her only remark was: 'I know I am safe now, under the protection of England.'" A moment later, as she gazed tearfully on the shores of her once happy home, she sobbed: "Pauvre France!" and then came a nervous attack.

² Mrs. Evans, née Annie McDonnald, was a native of Baltimore, and in her young days, was the leading contralto in the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where the writer of this article knew her for many years. After going to France, she became the Countess D'Oyle, a title she inherited from her ancestors.



Needless to say, she received every care and attention her kind hosts could bestow upon her, and she soon recovered. The passage across the Channel was stormy, but was accomplished in safety, and at 6 o'clock the next morning the Empress was landed at Hastings. On Sunday, September 25, just three weeks after the fatal 4th of September, the Empress and her beloved son were united and found themselves in what was to be their future home at Chiselhurst. Her devoted friend made all the arrangements necessary for securing Camden Place, furnished, and the Empress made it her home for the next ten years. The owner of the property, Mr. Stroude, reluctantly, and at the earnest insistence of the Empress, accepted a rental, but devoted the amount received to improving the property.

We can hardly be expected, in a brief magazine article, to enter into the details of the life of Eugénie in her exile. Suffice it to say that it was marked by the careful educating of her son and by the two great sorrows which befell her within nine years after her departure from Paris, where she had resigned as an Empress and the mother of the heir to the throne, and now had become the childless widow mourning in a foreign land. No child was ever more idolized by his parents than young Prince Louis, and no son ever returned it with more obedience, purity of character and devotion. After his death, among his private papers were found these words: "In France the true order of things is reversed. Children no longer respect their parents, and when parental authority is abrogated, that of the law follows. I intend to set the example of honoring and respecting my mother." Such sentiments as these are sadly missing in the youth of to-day!

The young prince was generous to the poor, never failing to empty his purse when he saw a person in need. His general education began first under a private tutor and then for a brief time at King's College, London, from which he passed at Woolwich. In October, 1871, when near his sixteenth year, he became a cadet at the Royal Military Academy. When summoned to Camden House by the illness of his father, as he entered the house, he said to an attendant: "Tell me the worst; I can bear it." His mother fell on his neck sobbing: "Je n'ai plus que toi mon Louis."

At the tender age of fourteen, the young Louis accompanied his father to the Franco-Prussian War, and at the memorable battle of Saarbruck he received his "baptism of fire." While his conduct on this occasion was in keeping with his high position, the impression made upon him by the sight of suffering was great indeed. It is said that for months after he would start in his sleep, dreaming of the horrors of war and exclaiming: "Ah les pauvre soldats!"

The Prince was seventeen years of age when he was called upon to mourn the death of his father. He did not reach Camden House in time to see him alive. After embracing his mother and again and again the body of his father, he motioned all to kneel, and the boy still in his 'teens prayed earnestly, as he had been taught to do by his Christian mother. After the funeral, and as he was about to enter his home, some men who had followed the mourners cried out: "Vive Napoleon IV.!" He raised his hand to request silence, and said, in a firm voice: "My friends, I thank you, but the Emperor is dead. Let me join you in the cry of 'Vive la France!'" and it was taken up by all.

On his eighteenth birthday, when by his father's will, he attained his majority, Chiselhurst was filled with admirers, no less than 8,000 having come from one station in Paris. A branch of chestnut, brought from the Tuilleries garden, the Prince laid reverently on his father's tomb. In his address he said: "United to my mother by the most tender and grateful affection, I shall unceasingly strive to acquire knowledge, and thus forestall the march of time. If the hour ever comes when another government shall accord me the majority of my country's votes, I shall be ready to bow with respect to the decision of France. My courage and my life belong to her. May God watch over her and restore to her once more her prosperity and her greatness."

When the Zulu War broke out the young Prince found his opportunity to show his appreciation of the kindness shown him by offering his services to the land which had opened its doors to him and to his mother in the hour of their sorest need. It is true that the mother's heart rebelled against a separation from the son she loved so well. She may have had a presentiment of the fatal outcome of this step on the part of her only child, but she finally consented. When it became known in France that the Prince was going to Africa, thousands of telegrams poured in upon him, and, of course, some from the very people who had called his courage in question. The night before his departure was spent in answering letters and in making his will. He sought a few hours of rest, retiring at 2 o'clock in the morning, but at 7.30 he was hearing Mass in St. Mary's Church, where he also received Holy Communion. After Mass he visited his father's tomb, and remained so long in prayer that a messenger was sent to hasten him. His devoted mother accompanied him to Southampton and parted with him with the deepest anxiety and sorrow. Perhaps she felt that she would never see him again alive.

The story of the Prince's tragic death is too well known to be told in detail here. Suffice it to say that on the morning of June

1. 1870, the Prince rode out from the camp with a British officer and six Colonial troopers, on a sketching expedition. When near some native huts the party alighted to partake of a light lunch. As he gave the order to mount a volley rang out on the air and the Zulus were upon them. The horse of the Prince took fright, but he sprang after him, grasped the pommel, when the girth gave way. The brave young soldier turned to meet his foes face to face, using his revolver and then his sword. His comrades had fled for their lives, and the Prince was alone. These two circumstances—the giving way of the girth and the hurried flight of his comrades—have been commented upon by various writers. The fact remains that the Prince fell, pierced by eighteen assegais. All night long the Prince, so tenderly reared, lay in his blood in the rank African grass, near the Ityatosi River. When found, on the following morning, he was lying on his back, his arms crossed on his breast, one of his mild blue eyes was open, the other was put out by an assegai. His clothes were gone, but around his neck, untouched by his savage despoilers, was fastened a locket containing the picture of the mother he loved so well, and a medal of the Blessed Virgin. The slight form was wrapped in blankets, embalmed as well as could be done in such a place, and sent to his broken-hearted mother at Camden House.

It may be that the Prince himself had a presentiment, as well as his mother, that he would never return alive from Africa, for, on the eve of his departure for the Cape he wrote to Monsignor Goddard, his chaplain at St. Mary's Church, Chiselhurst: "I hope you will not imagine that I am so occupied with the preparations for my departure as to have forgotten my duties as a Christian. Tomorrow I shall come to you at 7.30 A. M. to make my confession and receive Holy Communion for the last time in the church at Chiselhurst, in which I wish to be buried when I die."

The whole world, we may say, mourned with the sorely afflicted mother, around the coffin that came from Zululand. All night long Eugénie sat or knelt beside it. She now realized the full force of the prayer composed by that dead son and found in his prayerbook after his death. The opening words were as follows: "Mon Dieu, je vous donne mon cœur, mais vous, donnez moi la foi. Sans foi il n'est point d'autres prières, et prier est un besoin de mon âme, etc." Yes, prayer was that mother's need at that hour. "I cannot even die," she moaned when told of her son's heroic death, "and God, in His infinite mercy will give me a hundred years to live. His holy will be done!"

The funeral of the young Prince was most imposing. Thousands gathered at Camden House. We are told that Queen Victoria "came

and knelt and prayed at the foot of the coffin," and laid on it a wreath of gold laurel leaves tied with a white satin ribbon, and a card, in French, in her own handwriting. Princess Beatrice brought an exquisite porcelain wreath, that it might last forever. Albert Edward and Alexandra, "in their own handwriting," gave a wreath of purple violets and white clematis, "in token of affectionate regard for the Prince who lived the most spotless of lives and died a soldier's death fighting for our cause in Zululand." Hundreds of other wreaths, the gift of loving friends, lay by and around the catafalque. After the Solemn Mass of Requiem in St. Marv's Church, the purple velvet coffin covered with the Union Jack and the tri-color and the hat and sword of the deceased, was placed on a gun carriage drawn by six horses. Then followed the royal pallbearers, the Prince's favorite horse, "Stag," in crepe and riderless, and the vast concourse of people. Muffled drums were beaten. minute guns were fired, bells were tolled, and then the casket, borne on the shoulders of cadets who loved him in life, was laid in St. Mary's crypt, opposite the Scotch granite sarcophagus of his imperial father.

The sorrows of the Empress Eugénie found an echo in the hearts of the most exalted personages as well as in those of the humblest. The virtues of her unfortunate son were recognized and appreciated by the nobility of Europe and, indeed, of the whole world. When Queen Victoria heard the news of his death, she exclaimed: "This is awful; so fearful that one is stunned before so dreadful a calamity. . . . I shall go and see his desolate mother as soon as possible. . . . Hers is a dreadful lot. God alone can comfort and sustain her."

The Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII.) among other things, said: "Speaking personally of him, I can say that a more charming young man, and one having more promise, never existed. If Providence had designed that he should succeed his father as a sovereign of that great country, our neighbor, he would have made an admirable Emperor." The Duke of Cambridge said that "everybody in England will render homage to the noble qualities of the young Prince. . . . Why has a life so precious been so unfortunately lost?" Queen Alexandra wrote of him: "He died a hero's death wearing our uniform."

The Duc de Nemours considered the Prince's death "one of the most hideous tragedies of modern times," while the Conte de Chambord could only exclaim: "Pauvre jeune homme, he was indeed a hero and a Christian. His prayer touched me greatly; it is a proof to those who doubt it that our religion is still fervent and alive in the hearts of the best and the greatest." These words of the Conte

de Chambord were verified by the fact that the first words uttered by the bereaved youth when brought into the presence of his dead father were: "Thy will be done."

It was with the Empress as with all other human beings: time mellowed the first pangs of her sorrow, but her mother-love for her lost son was unabated. In less than a year after his death she stood near the Ilyatosi River, in Africa, gazing with loving eyes upon the spot where her son, abandoned by his companions, fell under the cruel spears of the savage Zulus. This, to her, sacred spot, was indicated by a Cross, erected by Eugénie's ever-faithful friend and sympathizer, Queen Victoria of England. Upon it the afflicted mother read the simple, but eloquent inscription: "He fell with his face to the foe." A Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the nearest chapel, and after a night spent in prayer the devoted mother gathered up a heap of grass from the spot reddened by the blood of her son, and carried it home with her. She had it woven into a Cross and placed it at the head of his casket in the crypt in the little church at Chiselhurst.

On her return to England, she began to make preparations for leaving the home in which she had spent the first ten years of her exile. Despite the many sad associations connected with the place, she encountered no little difficulty in securing a suitable and permanent location for the tombs she desired to erect for her beloved dead. She first thought of securing a space back of St. Mary's on which she could accomplish her desire, but the land had once belonged to a certain Mr. Ellman, who, in his will directed that "no part of his estate should be disposed of for the purpose of enlarging St. Mary's Catholic Church or for the use of any other Catholic church, chapel or institution." The present proprietor was thus unable to accept the generous price offered for the property, and the Empress was obliged to seek elsewhere. Farnborough Hill was, fortunately, in the market, and she at once secured it. Here the Empress erected a series of buildings, and she immediately leased the church and abbey to a colony of Benedictine Fathers in perpetuity. In the crypt of this new foundation repose the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince, which were transferred with becoming honors from Chiselhurst on June 9, 1888. Here, too, after an exile of half a century, Eugénie now reposes in a special vault prepared under her own supervision.

After the death of her son the world had no longer any attraction for Eugénie, and she sought more than ever the seclusion and veiled life which her position, even in exile, as the wife of the ex-Emperor, or the mother of a possible future sovereign denied her. But since she became, in 1880, only the sorrowing widow and the childless mother

of the last of the imperial Napoleons, she had every reason to believe that now no untoward attempt would be made to invade her privacy. But it must not be supposed that the Empress gave herself up to melancholy during her many years at Farnborough Hill. She was too good a Christian for that. We have accounts of her visits to Oueen Victoria in the Scottish Highlands; we hear of her in Paris, unobtrusively wandering through the scenes of her days of glory and picking a few withered autumnal leaves from plants that once gladdened her eve with their beauty; again we hear of her in different parts of Europe, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and even as far away as Ceylon, but always appearing as a lady in private life and avoiding all show and display. At Farnborough Hill she entertained her friends with characteristic courtesy, and spent her days in useful and intellectual pursuits. She was, indeed, what she asserted herself on one occasion to a French census enumerator. "une veuve passagére" (a widow passing along). She was not only a broken-hearted widow and a childless mother passing through France, but she was on her long and longed-for journey from time to eternity. It took her ninety-four years to reach that goal, but the answer to her prayer came at last.

In July, 1020, she visited her native land, and while in Madrid, at the palace of one of her kinsfolk, she was seized with intestinal pains, which terminated her long life. On July 10 the first symptoms of her illness manifested themselves. Up to this time her health had been unusually good. On the morning before her death she partook of a hearty breakfast. Shortly after this she was seized with abdominal pains, and Dr. Gumada, King Alfonso's physician. was hastily summoned. Finding her condition serious, he called to his aid a specialist, Dr. Moreno, of Zancudo, and two other doctors. Their efforts to relieve the patient were ineffectual. When later in the day her condition became alarming, such relatives of the Empress as were in Spain were notified. The Duchess de Santoria and her husband arrived, also the Duke de Penerando, the Dower-Duchess Tamames and the Count and Countess Mora. The last sacraments were administered in due time, the distinguished patient lost consciousness, and on Sunday morning, July 11, she gave her soul to God and slept in peace. She passed over to that shore "where tears flow not forever more."

The body was embalmed and lay in state in the Chapelle Ardente of the Duke of Alva's palace. King Alfonso, who was in London at the time of the death of the Empress, on hearing the news, telegraphed to the Prime Minister to have the court put in mourning for twenty-one days in her honor. A delegation of members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of the nobility of Spain visited

the remains. On July 18, the remains of the "Lady of Sorrows," as she was sometimes justly styled, arrived, and we are told that "thousands of British soldiers, under the command of General Lord Rawlinson" escorted the body from the station to the abbey church of St. Michael, at Farnborough—the church that she had built to be the final resting-place of her loved ones, and in which she now lies beside them. The procession was attended with marked military ceremonial. Cavalry with drawn swords lined the route, and the paths through the abbey grounds were guarded with infantry at reverse arms, the same military and naval honors the body received on its arrival at Southampton.

Prince Victor Napoleon, Princess Clementine, of Belgium, and the Spanish Ambassador were among those assembled on the platform to meet the special train which brought the remains. Draped in the Union Jack, the casket was placed on a gun carriage, surrounded by a staff of officers. The Right Reverend Abbot of the Benedictine Abbey was there, too, and after asperging the casket with holy water, the procession moved with slow and solemn steps towards St. Michael's Abbey, the military band playing the "Dead March" from Saul. On reaching the church the casket was borne by eight sergeants of the Royal Horse Artillery and deposited on a catafalque in front of the main altar. The customary six wax candles were placed around the catafalque, and two Benedictine Fathers knelt near by as prayerful watchers. They were relieved from time to time until the hour for the final obsequies.

On Tuesday, July 20, all that remained of the one-time Empress of France was consigned to its last resting-place in St. Michael's Abbey Church. Grouped around the catafalque were King George and Queen Mary, of Great Britain; King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, of Spain; the Duke of Connaught and the Prince of Monaco; ex-King Manuel, of Portugal and ex-Queen Amelia, together with members of the British royal family; French, Italian and Spanish Ambassadors and the members of the Corps Diplomatique.

The chief mourners were Prince Victor Napoleon and the Princess Clementine. His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, presided at the Solemn Mass of Requiem, which was celebrated by the Right Reverend Bishop of Portsmouth, in whose diocese Farnborough is situated. A large number of the reverend clergy were also present. The absolution was performed by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. The pall which covered the casket was the same used at the funeral of the Prince Imperial. At the conclusion of the services the kings and queens left the church. The procession, headed by cross-bearer and acolytes, now moved with solemn steps towards the crypt. In this procession walked the

Cardinal Archbishop, the Bishop of Portsmouth, the Right Reverend Abbot, and the reverend clergy. The casket was borne on the shoulders of eight non-commissioned officers of the British Artillery. On reaching the crypt the casket was placed on a purple-covered trestle in front of the altar. The final prayers were recited, the final blessing was given by the Bishop of Portsmouth, and then all that remained of the once beautiful Empress Eugénie was left to sleep in peace. So may she rest.

Before leaving the crypt, the Princess Clementine, who was the last to depart, approached the casket, knelt for a moment in silent prayer and then rising kissed the head of the casket as her last affectionate farewell, and followed the departing mourners.

We have seen, in the life of the Empress Eugénie a life in which lights and shadows were singularly intermingled. She enjoyed all the pleasures and honors that brilliant and unsullied life upon the proudest throne in Europe could afford and she also tasted the bitterest dregs in the cup of sorrow. In her days of prosperity she never forgot that there were suffering souls that could be relieved by her aid, and the orphan, the sick in the hospital wards, and the wounded soldiers, many of whom found refuge in her own home, became the objects of her most tender solicitude. As a wife she was true, devoted and irreproachable. As a mother, it has been said of her that "mothers may be taught to love as much, while children may be taught to love still more." Her great affection for her son, her only child, may be judged from her heart-breaking cries when she learned the sad news of his tragic death: "O mon Dieu! O, mon fils!"

"Who can sound the depth of woe?

Homeless, throneless, crownless—now

She bows her sorrow-wreathed brow"

with Christian resignation and murmurs through her tears: "Que la volonte de Dieu soit faite." As a sovereign she gave evidence of wisdom and prudence. As we have already shown, she has been falsely charged with bringing on the Franco-Prussian War. This charge even Bismarck ridiculed. Then, again, no sane mind could fail to see that the perpetuity of her dynasty depended upon peace, and mother-like she hoped some day to see her son upon the throne, which would have been impossible, as subsequent events have demonstrated, in the event of war.

Once the Empress had retired into private life she shunned all notoriety; she sought absolute seclusion, and enforced it so far as circumstances and good breeding permitted. In her journeys away from home she always traveled incognito. She frequently sought

the soothing stillness of chapel or church, and "chaplet" in hand, prayed for those she loved in life, and with whom, let us hope, she is now reunited.

Finally, though in her day she presided over the most brilliant court of modern Europe, no breath of scandal ever rested upon her name. Let us hope that at her death angels conducted her soul to the gates of Paradise.

MARC F. VALLETTI, LL. D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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AGNELLUS OF RAVENNA.

GNELLUS of Ravenna, the author of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Ravenna," * was not a great saint nor a great author, nor was he a great man, but his claim to our notice is that he was a very interesting character, he lived in an interesting city and he wrote a fairly interesting book. He was so exceedingly human that, although he lived over a thousand years ago, his faults and foibles cannot fail to amuse us, even if they do not endear him to us. He was happy, too, in his choice of a subject for his book; for to begin with, Ravenna itself was a most interesting city; the Church of Ravenna had a great name and a great history (into which we do not here propose to penetrate). The lives of its Archbishops throw many sidelights on the manners and customs and history of the times they lived in, remote enough from Agnellus himself in the ninth century, still further removed from one of his editors, Bacchinus, in the eighteenth, and furthest from us in the twentieth century.

He has been very much edited and very severely criticized, both by L. A. Muratori and the learned Benedictine, Bacchinus. According to Muratori, Agnellus or Andrew of Ravenna seems to have been born about 805, for in the course of his Pontifical he mentions with characteristic self-importance a certain day as his birthday, and adds that his age was then forty-four years and five months. He was well born, and does not forget to mention that his great grandfather was the celebrated scribe of the Emperor of Constantinople. He was educated by the Cathedral clergy of Ravenna and afterwards was ordained priest. It was the custom in those days to bestow benefices on mere boys, and when he was only twelve years old he received the benefice of the monastery of St. Mary ad Blachernas from Archbishop Martin, and later that of the monastery of St. Bartholomew, in the same city of Ravenna. This probably accounts for his being sometimes styled abbot of both these monasteries, but he was apparently only the titular abbot. Many of the details of his own life are gathered from his own statements in his "Lives of the Archbishops"; for example, in writing the life of Archbishop Felix and mentioning his trials when he was abbot of this monastery of St. Bartholomew he says, "and thus it happened to me in this same monastery, for I was deprived of it after a few years by George, Archbishop of Ravenna."

Muratori criticizes Agnellus severely, saying he was guilty of barbarisms and solecisms, part of which in editing him he means

^{*}Liber Pontificalis. Agnelli Abbatis. Migne Patrologia Latina, Tom. CVI.

to suppress; he also says that intolerable anachronisms occur in the text, and that he relates fables, which the age in which he wrote easily accepted, but which a later age either derides or accepts with difficulty. Another true bill of Muratori's is that Agnellus is fond of padding and sermonizing when matter fails him, and "that he detains the reader with foolish sermons and fills up vacant places lest some of his 'Lives' should appear barren."

On the other hand, he is never badly disposed to the Archbishops of his time; on the contrary he gives the title of saint to some of the Ravannese prelates who were tainted with schism, or were even of loose character. He sometimes so applauds their actions that he rages against the Roman Pontiffs and their antique laws. "But," adds Muratori, "these things in no way frightened the most illustrious writer, Benedict Bacchinus, from editing the book which was never before given to the public." But although Agnellus may be called rude and barbarous, nevertheless since Italy can show so few historians of the illiterate ages, Muratori considers "that this book may be embraced with both arms, and we may congratulate ourselves that the whole has not been lost."

This tragedy very nearly occurred, for we learn from Jerome Rubeus in his history of the MS. of Agnellus that it was for a long time in the Archæological Library, but after many years it could not be found and much has certainly been thrown away. Fortunately a parchment copy had been preserved by the Librarian of the Duke of Este, and about 1510 this was copied by hand. In 1708 the learned abbot, Benedict Bacchinus, edited and published the MS. and dedicated it to the Duke of Este. Quite recently Muratori published it in Latin just as it came from Bacchinus, and it is from this copy that we shall now quote in this article.

Bacchinus wrote a long preface in which he is even less complimentary to the style of Agnellus than Muratori; he describes it as horrible, squalid and barbarous, and says "he observes no grammatical rules; he confuses times, peoples and things; he introduces vain, unlikely and puerile circumstances; he tells us of his bad memory; he joins boots to heads and the square to the round most ineptly. He mixes up what he has seen, heard and read without discrimination and confuses the idle stories of ignorant people with the truth. Although he was brought up from childhood in the monastery of Ursi, he seems to be as ignorant of sacred as of profane subjects. When he can find nothing to tell about the Archbishops whose lives he is writing, he fills in his pages with meditations, from which it is as difficult to derive any good as it is to get water out of flint. Sometimes he struggles to expound places of Scripture in such a ridiculous way that the gravest reader can hardly refrain

from laughing. At the same time he so rages with anger against the prelates of his time for simony and vice, that one can scarcely believe there could have been such infamous Bishops. But a true occasion being given (either from nobility of race, from the offices conferred, from the excellence of the arts), greedy of a little glory, he does not once commend them, but laboring with an insane self-love, he pretends to dismiss them with himself in a few modest words."

Poor Agnellus! The learned Benedictine has hardly a good word to say for him, but he justifies himself for his severe criticisms in the following passage: "It was necessary to advise the reader in the first place of the value of the work, that he may understand the detestable vice of this Agnellus, and that he may know what trust a writer of this kind deserves when he inveighs against the most holy Roman Pontiffs, because his great grandfather with others had plotted abominable things in the time of Paul and was taken to Rome and put into prison, where he died."

Bacchinus anticipates the question most of his readers will certainly ask, namely: Why take the trouble to edit this Agnellus, if he be as unreliable as he is here described? To this question he replies that in spite of all his many faults, poor Agnellus has some redeeming qualities and these induced him, apparently very much against the grain, to undertake the none too easy task of editing him. In this connection we are glad to learn from Bacchinus that as far as Ravenna is concerned, no sincerer nor more fitting writer than Agnellus can be found, and when he forgets himself, there is no danger of deception, "for those vices which most frequently infect the writer will be ignored by prudent men." We may add, especially when they have had the benefit of the criticisms of Bacchinus, for they will then certainly be aware that they must take Agnellus with a very large "grano salis."

Poor dear Agnellus! He had yet another critic in one Jerome Rubeus, described by Bacchinus as a most illustrious writer whose Latin was to be compared to Livy's for the purity of its style. He wrote a delightful history of Ravenna, but he, too, had his faults (we are rather relieved to hear); "he was a controversialist and in chronology and the criticisms of writers and things, he more often than not so added to the truth that he disguised it." And what is worse in the eyes of Bacchinus, he mixes up the true and the false things told by Agnellus, so that the reader cannot discover which are the true and which are the false. Also he appears to have praised Agnellus more than Bacchinus approved.

The celebrated story concerning the supremacy exercised by the Emperor Valentinian III. holds the first place in this sort of error,

in which it was said that the Emperor of Ravenna had deposed twelve Bishops and had given the Pallium to be used in Mass. Baronius says that this Pallium granted by Valentinian was not that which the Pope only gives, but a certain military or princely garment, not an ecclesiastical one. An endless controversy ensued on this point, then Cardinal Baronius stepped in and castigated Rubeus severely, rejecting the apocryphal document quoted by Rubeus, who makes Agnellus responsible for it, saving that he himself took it from the book of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Ravenna," by Agnellus, and that as Agnellus was not only in Ravenna, but had charge of this document, he must know the truth about it. Bacchinus waxes very tedious on this subject. Agnellus in his life of Archbishop Felix mentions his father and mother and his family, showing that he was born at Ravenna of good family and brought up from his earliest years in the monastery of Ursi and that he is not to be confused, as sometimes happened, with Archbishop Agnellus, who flourished in the latter years of the Emperor Justinian. Vossius was guilty of this mistake.

The Church of St. Mary ad Blachernas, of which Agnellus was titular abbot, was outside the walls of the city of Ravenna, where the palace of King Odo had once stood, and had lasted into later times under the name of the Little Palace. Agnellus chose out materials from the rubbish of this old building to make himself a house at Ravenna, on the foundation of his old father's former residence. In the tenth century this Church of St. Maria of Palaiolo was the light of the abbot and monks of St. Paolo de Urbe: in the time of Bacchinus all these things were ruins in a wood round the monastery of the Benedictines of St. Vitalis.

There were two churches at Ravenna, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, one inside and one outside the city, and Agnellus was titular abbot of the one inside.

To return to Bacchinus, who says he has prefaced certain of Agnellus' "Lives of the Archbishops" by seven dissertations, which are to prepare the reader for what follows, and to point out some of the errors of the erring Agnellus. Bacchinus has divided the work into two parts: the first goes down to Archbishop Ecclesius from Apollinarius, the second takes us from Ecclesius to George, during whose lifetime Agnellus died and, let us hope, rests in peace, for he has had a sorry time with his critics.

Bacchinus further has divided the "Lives" into chapters and put the argument before each chapter, he has explained the more difficut passages and amended others. He describes the Codex as being by an ignorant amanuensis, made from a mutilated copy in the beginning of the fifteenth century. This amanuensis seems to have made the incongruities of Agnellus more obscure than they originally were by his own mistakes. In short the learned Bacchinus has done his utmost, and taken infinite pains to preserve what was worth preserving in the work of Agnellus, and where he was in doubt as to his meaning has added original notes in the margin.

Agnellus prefixed some of his "Lives" with Latin verses, on which, as we might anticipate, Bacchinus makes observations. For example, in one verse Agnellus says the Ravennese had left the Lives and acts of their prelates, who had ruled the Church for 800 years in oblivion, and neglected to write their history, but now "in the evening, that is in later times he, Agnellus, called the Witty, undertakes to write this little work on the Patriarchs." Down comes Bacchinus upon him, for the Archbishops, as he says, were not Patriarchs, but only Metropolitans.

In another verse Agnellus asks what priest at Ravenna was wiser than all the others, and answers, with a singular lack of modesty, that it was "Agnellus, so called from a boy; and Andrew, a youth well-born and descended from a proud race, second to none in beauty of face, loquacious in speech, brilliant in conversation, small in body, great in mind like St. Paul. As a nightingale in springtime, singing sweet melodies in the woods sitting under a green branch, charms the traveler, shepherds and knights, filling heaven with her song, so will Agnellus, sitting under the roofs of the proud in the suburbs of Ravenna, weave the long neglected story of the Archbishops in honor of the Mother of God, our Lady Mary."

After this we cannot feel surprised that Bacchinus was sometimes severe in his criticisms of his subject, whose trumpeter was certainly dead and buried. Lepidus, or witty, was the nickname of Agnellus, and he generally calls himself by it. As it also means conceited it suits him exceedingly well, as his best friends must concede. He is really delightful when he gets on the topic of himself. In his prologue to the lives he asserts, "that he, Agnellus, who is also called Andrew, which, by the way, would appear to be his baptismal name (Agnellus being a nickname), has followed the example of the most holy Moses in consulting his elders, for Moses said 'Ask thy fathers and they shall inform thee, thy seniors and they shall tell thee,' and Job, who consulted the earlier generations. In the lives of the fathers also this method was followed, for constantly it is said that a certain old man told me so." Accordingly, with these literary examples before him, Agnellus went about Ravenna and its neighborhood, consulting the old inhabitants, for which he has been blamed by some of his critics, who say he repeats the superstitious stories of ignorant peasants. At the same time there is a good deal to be said for Agnellus' method of following

oral tradition, for even in these days much may be learned of the past from old countrymen, who have often preserved traditions, old songs and folk-lore for many generations, especially in remote country villages.

Agnellus goes on to say that as a star placed in the light of the sun is obscured, so his pages are darkened in the light of so many philosophers. He feels like travelers in dark woods, who, seeing only dense thickets and brambles, do not know which way to turn, as he attempts to follow the history of these Ravannese Archbishops. But as his brother clergy have asked him to undertake the task, he does so, God being with him, who is blessed forever."

In spite of all the trouble Agnellus took in searching Ravenna for materials for his work, with the exception of St. Apollinarius, and he has not much that is new to tell us of him, he has very little to say of the first Archbishops, until we come to Severus (316-301), the twelfth. Besides consulting the old inhabitants, Agnellus used to go about Ravenna and the neighborhood examining the churches and tombstones of the Archbishops and deciphering the inscriptions thereon, and those round the portraits of them in the walls of the churches and other buildings where they were sculptured in stone. He explored the ruins in which Ravenna was rich, and collected every scrap of information he could gather from them; in fact, he left literally no stone unturned which could add to his stock of materials for his book. Ravenna was a very beautiful city, rich in sculpture and mosaics, in which media many of the Archbishops were portrayed; rich in art of every kind, and it was from its art treasures that he had to dig out most of his material.

Nearly all the Archbishops are called saints and no doubt some of them merited the title. St. Apollinarius certainly did, and Agnellus begins his book by telling us that he was the disciple of St. Peter, that he was born at Antioch and came to Rome with St. Peter, by whom he was ordained. He was learned in Greek and Latin. He accompanied St. Peter to the Janiculum Hill and afterwards to a place called Ulm, where in Agnellus' time there was a monastery dedicated to St. Peter. At this place the two saints slept and left the traces of their bodies on the stones, which in the time of Agnellus were, he says, still to be seen. Apollinarius then went on alone to Ravenna, and before he entered the city he restored the sight of the blind daughter of Herenus. He found the city given up to idolatry; he overturned the temples of the gods and smashed their images. Then he ordained priests and deacons, healed the sick, and cast out devils, cleansed lepers and baptized many in the sea and in the river Beccante. In the basilica of St. Euphemia he baptized his first convert and left the print of

his feet in the place where he stood. He raised from the dead the daughter of a patrician named Rufinus, who became a Christian. Theodoricus, Bishop of Bologna, took away the stone on which was the print of the feet of Apollinarius, and placed it in his church at Bologna, and when he died, if his intentions had been carried out, he should have been buried under it. "But," says Agnellus, "what good did it do him who turned others out, and after all was not placed there himself, because he had caused this stone to be so firmly flixed that there was difficulty in removing it?" Apollinarius is said to have demolished by his prayers a temple of Apollo. which stood by the Golden Gate at Ravenna, near the amphitheatre. The saint was ordained in A. D. 50 and died in A. D. 78. The materials which Agnellus, in spite of all his diligence in searching, found for the lives of the first twelve Archbishops were very scanty; he is always careful to mention where they were buried, when he knows, but it is not until we come to St. Severus (401-408) that he is able to give any detailed information, but we are more concerned here with Agnellus himself and the times he lived in and the manners and customs, he mentions, than with these early Rayannese Pontiffs.

For example, St. Severus was a married man with one daughter; his election took place about A. D. 346, just twenty-one years after the first Council of Nicea, at which an attempt was unsuccessfully made to impose celibacy on the clergy. Agnellus describes a miracle which took place at the election of St. Severus, and a second which happened at the death of his daughter, but he confesses that he is here writing from oral tradition, which he had picked up by talking with some old Ravannese men; he had here no documentary evidence to go upon. He tells us that one day when Severus and his wife were busy spinning wool, which seems to have been their original occupation, he said to his wife that he was going for a little while, for it was the day of the election of a new Archbishop, and he would see a wonderful vision, in which a dove would descend upon the head of the elected Bishop. His wife laughed at him and told him with conjugal frankness not to be lazy, but to go on with his spinning, for whether he went to the election that day or not, the people most certainly would not choose him for their Archbishop. It is the unexpected, however, that sometimes happens. Severus begged his wife, who would seem to have been the senior partner, to let him go, and he hastened to the place where all the clergy and people were assembled for the election, but as he was wearing his working clothes, he was ashamed to appear before so many, so he hid himself behind the place where they were all praying, and when the prayer was finished a dove which was whiter than snow descended upon the head of Severus, and although driven off two or three times returned and settled there. The people, astounded at the miracle, declared he was elected by the Holy Spirit, and he was chosen. When he returned home with the astounding news, his wife, who had before laughed at him, now congratulated him.

On another occasion after his election, when he entered the pulpit to preach, while celebrating Mass, he was accompanied by two deacons, and during the sermon he fell into an ecstasy, and when the people were getting tired of waiting for him to continue, the deacons, thinking he was asleep, nudged him, and when he recovered consciousness he reproved them for disturbing him, saying he was not there with them, but he had been in the Church of Modena and was celebrating the funeral of St. Geminianus the Bishop, whose soul he had commended to God. The Ravannese people, desiring to know if this was true, sent horsemen post-haste to Modena, and learned that at the very hour in which Severus had been in his ecstasy, he had stood by the body of St. Geminianus, and as soon as the tomb was closed, he had disappeared; and from that day forth he was venerated in Ravenna for his sanctity. Another miracle recorded of him is a gruesome one: his wife appears to have died some years before his daughter, and on the day of the latter's funeral, when they opened the grave of Vicentia, his wife, there was not room for the body of Innocent, their daughter. Thereupon Severus expostulated with his wife, and told her to make room for the child she had borne him, and immediately her body turned on its side, and made room, as Agnellus was told by some of his gossips.

When St. Severus himself was about to depart this life, he celebrated Mass and then, clad in his pontificals, he commanded the tomb of his wife and daughter to be opened, and lying down in it, he commended his soul to God and ordered the tomb to be closed.

Agnellus' comment on this courageous act is "in such peace and tranquillity did he die." We can but hope that the bystanders ventured to wait until the good Bishop was actually dead before they closed the grave. Apparently from these incidents coffins were not used in Ravenna at this time.

Agnellus, although an interesting writer, is not an ideal biographer. He has no idea of writing a concise account of St. Severus or any one else, but rambles on without any regard for the sequence of events; he begins with the middle of a life and ends with the beginning, and in this particular case moralizes as a finale on the wisdom of the serpent and the dove, without showing very much of either himself.

The sixteenth Archbishop was St. Ursus, who built the beautiful

church at Ravenna known as the Ursine Church. Before this was built Agnellus says the Ravannese Christians wandered about worshiping in cottages, but as he describes Severus, who died nine years before the consecration of St. Ursus or Orsus, as preaching in a pulpit in a church, we must presume that he meant that the Ursinian Church, which is really the Cathedral, was the first one built at Ravenna worthy of the name of a church.

St. Ursus, who was a most holy man, did his utmost to raise a beautiful building to the glory of God. Agnellus says that he inlaid the walls with most precious stones, meaning probably malachite and marble and lapis lazuli, and he designed various figures in colored tiles in the roof, and all the people worked joyfully to beautify the church. Agnellus gives a list of the names of the principal laborers, which Bacchinus says is most probably incorrect, so it need not trouble us. Incidentally we learn that the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other, for on the men's side, he says, the wall was decorated here and there with allegorical figures of men and animals cut in metal, possibly medallions inserted in the wall.

This Cathedral is still one of the sights of Ravenna, and has been enriched from time to time by paintings by celebrated artists. One of the most celebrated of Guido's paintings, "The Fall of the Manna," is here, and there is a fine painting by Camuccini of the consecration of the church by St. Urso, evidently a very grand function. The chapel of the Madonna del Sudore contains an urn in which are the ashes of St. Barbatian. In the vestibule is another beautiful painting by Guido, the subject of which is the angel offering bread and wine to Elijah. Here is kept the Paschal Calendar, which is very remarkable as throwing light on the astronomical knowledge of the early centuries of Christianity. There was a celebrated door of vinewood, some fragments of which are still preserved behind the grand door. In the sacristy is also kept the pastoral chair of St. Maximinian.

The life of the Archbishop St. Peter contains an incident in Agnellus' career as an author which shows his methods of obtaining information were occasionally somewhat drastic. One day when he was in his monastery of St. Mary ad Blachernas, hesitating, as he tells us, about the tomb of this holy Pontiff St. Peter, whose life he was writing, and wondering where he was buried, when one of the boys of the monastery, whose duty it was to be at hand daily, announced that George, Bishop of Classis, had called. After the Bishop was seated, Agnellus asked him if he knew anything about the tomb of St. Peter, either from hearsay or from some of the old inhabitants or from anything he might have seen on old inscrip-

tions. The Bishop at once joyfully exclaimed: "Come with me and I will show you where this precious treasure rests."

Accordingly they ordered their horses to ride to Classis, and when they reached the place, they ordered their grooms to go away into the town while they entered the crypt below the monastery of St. James, which stands lower than the church of Classis. There they found a tomb cut out of precious marble, and with difficulty they raised the lid a little way, and found below a coffin of cypresswood, and when they had lifted up the cloth with which the body was covered, they saw the holy body lying as if it had been buried that very hour. "It was," says Agnellus, "that of a tall man, and the skin was pale and all the limbs and the rest of the body were all intact; nothing was wanting except a small pillow for the head."

The odor from the spices with which the body had been embalmed was so strong that they could not get it out of their nostrils for a week!

They were seized with such terror and such sadness that they were hardly able to close the tomb, which they had opened with such joy! Seeing that St. Peter had been dead about four hundred years, their emotion must be rather attributed to fright than grief. The inscription upon the coffin of "Dominus Petrus Archiepiscopus," made assurance doubly sure, but Agnellus was an enthusiastic historian. Sad to say, Rubeus doubts whether, after all, this body was that of the Archbishop Peter I., but believes it was that of Peter III., who lived one hundred years later.

How Agnellus would have argued the point with Rubeus could he have met him! Bacchinus, however, inclines to think that Agnellus was right in this instance, because an image of Peter I., placed by the Empress Placida Galla in the Church of St. John the Evangelist at Ravenna, represents him with a long beard, which, as the Church of Ravenna was then under Greek influence, was permissible to a Bishop, whereas in the day of Peter III. the bearded portrait would have been an anachronism; moreover it could not have been made by the command of the Empress Placida Galla, who had long been dead when Peter III. lived. We do not quite see the force of this argument, unless the body they found intact had a beard.

That Agnellus erred in the sequence of the Archbishops Bacchinus agrees with Rubeus in thinking. This St. Peter I. of Ravenna and all his predecessors were Syrians.

St. Peter I. was succeeded by St. Neon, who finished and decorated the Petrine Church at Ravenna, the foundations of which Peter I. had laid and Neon had decorated with tesselated tiles. He

also built below the Cathedral at Ursi a place called the "triclinium." a sort of dining-room with reclining places and some wonderful windows, and he enriched and embellished the pavement of this place with various stones. He commanded the deluge to be painted on one side of the wall of the church, and a river on the other side. and the miracle of feeding the five thousand people with five loaves and two small fishes to be depicted. Agnellus calls this diningroom a "Dagubita," which Bacchinus explains to be a corrupt Latin word meaning an "accubito," or reclining-place. It seems that the Eastern custom in the time of Our Lord of reclining during meals prevailed also in the early middle ages in Ravenna, or at any rate at the time this church was built. It also seems that in the early Church on great feasts it was the custom in Ravenna for the Archbishop to entertain at dinner some of the dignitaries who had been present at the function in the church in a room adjoining or forming part of the church and there they rested.

It is not very clear whether this dining-room ("triclinium") and the "Dagubita" were one apartment or two; probably one only, and the "dagubita" were reclining-places round the table of the dining-room. Bacchinus says that Ducange in his Glossary mentions a similar place at St. John Lateran in Rome, which is used by the Cardinals on Easter-day.

Agnellus has not much else to tell us about St. Neon, except that he was a most holy man with a beautiful face, so he fills up his account of him with a long legend or story picked up from some old Ravannese men of a place called the Strong Arm, whither the body of St. Neon was translated in the time of Agnellus, so he would be sure to tell the story, which is too long to quote here in full, but one or two incidents in it are interesting as showing how strong the faith was in those days, and how highly they valued the sacrament of baptism and of spiritual relationships. Two men were great friends and one of them had an infant son and the other begged to be the child's godfather, and was accepted by his friend, and, says Agnellus, "thus they both became fathers, one according to the flesh and the other according to the spirit, and from the time the godfather received the child from the font, he was the greater father, as you know, because the child was born in sin of the first father, whereas the spiritual father received him washed from the devil and his pomps, and born of the Spirit."

Later a cloud overshadowed this friendship and money, the root of all evil, was the cause of the misunderstanding. It appears that one of the fathers, which we are not told, borrowed a large sum of money of the other, and at this place of the Strong Arm made the

picture of Our Lord the surety for the borrower, who went abroad and made his fortune, and did not return to Ravenna until the other had made many prayers at the shrine. However, it all ended happily, for after the absconding father had had several visions and warnings, he finally returned, and we are glad to learn repaid the money, and his friend refused to take any interest, considering that to do so would, according to the mediæval idea, be usury.

The next Archbishop rejoiced in the name of Exuperantius. probably only a name given him in reference to his preëminent virtues. He was a very old man and meek and humble. He built but he did not finish the palace of Tricoli. In his time the Church of St. Agnes was built by Gemello, sub-deacon of the church at Ravenna. He seems to have been a very rich man, for he built the city of Argenta, which lasted till the time of Agnellus. In another place Agnellus calls this city of Argenta Rus, and Bacchinus inclines to think that was its name, for no other writer mentions a place called Argenta. The Empress Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Valentinian III., began to reign about this time, and came to Ravenna in A. D. 457. This is about all Agnellus could find to tell us about Exuperantius, so he says he had not a memorable history, and fills up his life by writing a chapter, lecturing his hearers on his methods of obtaining information. It seems that Agnellus had the habit of reading his MS, to his brother clergy and other friends, and when they pressed him for further information, he gets so angry with them when he has no more to give them. and asks if it is not sufficient that he has searched all the walls and pavements, the arcades and churches of Ravenna. the old palaces. and the church-treasures, the chalices for inscriptions, the crismatories and the covers of the Gospels, all the archives of the Cathedral and the churches; and, having done all this, they ask him for more details! Having no more to give them, he quotes the old prophets to them, Ezekiel, David and Samuel, till they are weary of listening. He was evidently an exceedingly vain man and sometimes bored his audience to distraction.

Exuperantius was succeeded by John I., surnamed Angeloptes, described as a small man, thin and emaciated from fasting, with black hair and very few gray ones; he was most charitable to the poor and orphans. Agnellus has written a long account of this Archbishop, but Bacchinus says he has mixed up events which happened in the life of John II. with those which occurred in the time of this John Angeloptes. For instance, Agnellus describes the invasion of Italy by Attila and his Huns as happening in the time of John I., but it did not happen till the time of his successor, the Archbishop Peter Chrysologus. The chief event in the reign

of John Angeloptes seems to have been the building of the basilica of St. Laurence the Martyr at Cæsaria, by the architect Lauricius, who got into hot water with the Emperor Honorius (384-423 A. D.), because when he ordered him to build a palace he built a church. However, when Honorius saw the magnificent building he was pacified, and Lauricius fell into an ecstasy at the Emperor's feet and was pardoned.

The battle between Odoacer and Theodoric, described by Agnellus, took place at Ravenna, where he had besieged Odoacer for three years (A. D. 493), but our author gives a very much confused account of it, and it belongs to the reign of John II., not to that of John Angeloptes, where he places it. He concludes this "Life" by describing a vision which was seen by a catechumen at the last Mass celebrated by this Pontiff shortly before his death. As the Archbishop John was about to make the sign of the Cross over the host, an angel descended from heaven and stood on the other side of the altar in full sight of the Pontiff, and when the deacon could not reach the chalice to hold to him, the angel pushed him aside and held it to the lips of the Archbishop.

It seems from this to have been the custom for the deacon to hold the chalice for the Archbishop, when he communicated himself. The priests and people present were all terrified when they saw the chalice raised to the lips of the Archbishop, and afterwards he himself was raised in the air above the altar. And the angel stood by the holy man for a long while. Some people said the deacon was not worthy to hold the chalice and so an angel came to do so, others more charitably said that it was a visitation from Heaven.

Soon after this vision had taken place, "the Pontiff blessed his sons and died happily and cheerfully as if he were going to a feast." He was called Angeloptes because he had the grace of seeing his guardian angel.

We must pause a moment here to explain that the marshes round Ravenna made it very strong as a fortress; as long ago as the time of the Emperor Augustus it was made the headquarters of his Adriatic fleet, and from that time it became one of the chief cities of Italy. The Emperor Honorius in 404 came to live here, and it was then considered the capital of Italy until the middle of the eighth century.

From 589 when it was taken by Belisarius it became the seat of the Ravannese exarchs, who were the viceroys of the Emperors of the west, but before the time of Agnellus the exarchs also had disappeared, and the city had been seized by the Lombards.

The Empress Placida Galla mentioned above was the daughter of Theodosius I., and the sister of Arcadius and Honorius. In the year 409 she was taken prisoner by Alaric, King of the Goths, and married a Gothic prince. Her second husband was the Emperor Constantine III., by whom she had one son, Valentinian. She was an ambitious woman, very greedy of power, and it was really she who governed under the reign of her brother Honorius, and also under that of her son Valentinian. She died in 450 A. D. She built the Church of St. Nazario e Celso at Ravenna, where she is buried with the three Emperors, her husband, her brother and her son.

To return to Agnellus and his Archbishops, he tells us that the Archbishop John Angeloptes was succeeded by Peter Chrysologus, so called on account of his oratorical gifts, for he was a great preacher, and according to Agnellus none of the Archbishops before or after him ever were so wise as he. He began to reign in 429, so he was a contemporary of Placida Galla; he is described by Agnellus as being a handsome man with a fine figure. He was the author of many books. He lived in the time of Pope Leo I. and Eutyches, and by the request of the Pope opposed the Eutychean heresy, and wrote many letters to Eutyches on the subject, but according to Bacchinus, Agnellus misrepresents the part taken by the Archbishop in this matter, magnifying it as usual to glorify the Ravannese Church and its Archbishops at the expense of Rome.

Little is known by Agnellus or any one else of the successor of Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop Aurelian, so Agnellus takes occasion to write a long description of the psalm "Tu dirupisti," so that, as he says, his readers should not be disappointed. We trust our readers will not be disappointed if we pass over this homily, which concludes the first part of the Liber Pontificalis. We learn from the appendix to the work in Migne's "Patrologia Latina" that Archbishop Aurelian died young; but that although he was young in years he was old in wisdom.

PART II.

Before we continue the "Liber Pontificalis," it may be as well to explain that the city of Classis sometimes alluded to was a sort of suburb of Ravenna, a town which sprung up near the sea when the Emperor established his fleet there, hence its name. It was here that the beautiful Church of St. Apollinarius, so often mentioned, was built. Between the two towns of Classis and Ravenna was a road called the Via Cæsaria, and as houses soon sprung

up on each side of this road, another town or suburb arose which was called Cæsaria. In the year 404 the Emperor Honorius took up his abode at Ravenna. The best mosaics now in Ravenna are in the mausoleum of the Empress Galla Placida in the Church of SS. Nazarius and Celso. In Agnellus' days Ravenna was on the coast; the sea formed lagoons and canals and real rivers, so it resembles Venice. Aurelian was succeeded by St. Ecclesius, who was consecrated in 524. Agnellus has evidently very little to tell us about this Archbishop, so he spins out that little and fills up his life by quoting a long letter from Pope Felix to the Archbishop. He begins his account by calling Ecclesius a holy vessel, and then says he was of middle stature, neither tall nor short. He had a fine head of hair and he had white eyebrows and a handsome face. In his time the Church of St. Vitalis the Martyr was founded by Ecclesius and Julian, the banker and money-lender. And Ecclesius also built with his own money a church dedicated to the "holy and ever Virgin Mary." "This church," says Agnellus, "was very large, as you may see, and in a chapel with a vaulted roof was an image of the Mother of God the like of which no human eye ever beheld. If any one dared to look for a long time on this image he would see at the foot of it these metrical verses"—which he proceeds to quote.

Bacchinus adds a note to say that there was no church in all Italy like this one of St. Vitalis, and in a chapel therein is a chapel called the Holy of Holies, with a Greek inscription, which. as few people could understand it, he translated in full. It was the tomb of one Strategus, a defender of Rome. Agnellus says the building of this church was begun by Julian after Ecclesius returned from Constantinople with Pope John, whither he had been sent with a legation by King Theodoric. He continued the building of the palace of Tricoli, but did not finish it. Agnellus fills up his space by improving the occasion and telling his listeners, the clergy of Ravenna, what pastors those were in those days, and how different they themselves are: those old ones were true lights in the Church, which shone daily, etc. He then goes back to the Church of St. Vitalis, and says as Bacchinus does also, that there was no church in Italy like it for architecture and mechanical work, and it cost 2,600 golden coins. Ecclesius was buried in this church before the altar, and his two immediate successors were buried on either side of him.

During his pontificate a quarrel arose between him and his clergy, and they all went to Rome to Pope Felix for him to adjust their quarrel, which, from the Pope's letter quoted by Agnellus, appears to have been about money, but the Pope made peace

successfully. Agnellus, to fill up his chapter, gives us not only the letter of Pope Felix in full, but also a long list of the names and ecclesiastical rank of all the clergy who accompanied Ecclesius to Rome. The judgment of Felix appears to have been in favor of the clerics, for though he upheld the authority of the Bishop most strictly Agnellus says that Ecclesius ruled in peace afterwards, and never was a word of anything but praise heard of him afterwards from his clergy, whom he ruled as a father rules his sons. He died in 534, and was succeeded by St. Ursinius or Ursicinius.

He is described as a humble, holy man with a ruddy countenance and large eyes, tall and thin. He also is mentioned as a builder of this wonderful palace called Tricoli, but he did not finish it. Agnellus evidently knew little or nothing about this Pontiff, so he gives us a little secular history of his time, which Bacchinus contradicts. After this historical digression he says he must return to Ursicinius, and unfold his life, but all he has to unfold is that he ordered Julian the money-lender to finish the Church of St. Apollinarius at Classis, and saw that he did it. This church was built of Italian marbles, some very precious, and he says that no church was like it, because by night it could be lighted almost as well as by day. He then tells us that Ursicinius said Mass daily, as we should expect a holy Archbishop would do, and he concludes his account with a long sermon on Mass and Holy Communion.

Ursicinius was succeeded in 540 by St. Victor. His name, we learn from our author, was given him by his parents, as we should imagine would be the case, but it was merited by himself for his victories gained by prayer and fasting over the devil. He had a beautiful face and a cheerful countenance. He is the fourth Archbishop who is said to have built Tricoli but did not finish it. He made a silver ciborium over the altar in the Ursinian church, that is, the Cathedral; he took away the old wooden tabernacle and had a new one made with twenty pounds of silver. He also made a golden "endothim" above the altar in this church with silk cloth-of-gold, exceedingly heavy, having a scarlet centre, and among the five figures embroidered upon it his own is to be noticed, and under the feet of Our Saviour woven in purple are these words, "Victor Bishop, servant of God, offers this ornament on the day of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the year of his ordination."

Ducange tells us that this "endothim" was probably a kind of veil for the altar, as the Greeks called a cloth covering the altar an "endoten," and he adds that the one described by Agnellus was no doubt a covering for the front of the altar, in which opinion Bacchinus agrees with him.

St. Maximian succeeded St. Victor. He was a Pole and was ordained deacon by his own Bishop. Agnellus describes him as tall and thin, with a thin face, bald head, and blue eves and adorned with every grace. But he asks, why should a foreigner be chosen as a Ravannese Archbishop? He will not hide the reason, he will make it publicly known, and there is no doubt of the truth of the story, which is briefly as follows: One day Maximian was digging before sowing some cereal, he found a large vessel full of gold and many other kinds of riches. After due consideration he ordered an ox to be brought and killed, and, its insides removed, he then filled the carcase with the golden coins, but as it would not hold them all, he sent for a cobbler and ordered him to make certain garments out of goatskins, and these he also filled with the gold, and what remained over he took with him, when he set out for Constantinople, and offered this surplus to the Emperor Justinian, who asked him if he had any more. Maximian swore that he had no more except what was in the carcase and these leathern garments, and the Emperor thought he meant food in his own body and his own clothes, but he meant what he had hidden. Justinian was so touched by his apparent generosity to himself, that he offered him the Archbishopric of Ravenna, Victor having just died. According to Agnellus the Ravannese clergy came to Constantinople, and asked the Emperor for an Archbishop and the Pallium, but Bacchinus warns the reader to beware of this statement, because the Pallium could not be given by the Emperor, but only by the Pope. Agnellus does say that Maximian was consecrated by Pope Vigilius, but he adds by the consent of the Emperor in Patras. The Ravannese people "with atrocious pride were unwilling to accept him, but he conciliated them, sending a faithful messenger to invite the principal citizens and clergy to dine with him, and then he offered them gifts of the gold which he had hidden from the Emperor, and he did this several times and succeeded in winning their loyalty." His craftiness does not strike us as worthy of the title of saint, which Agnellus gives him.

He built the Church of St. Stephen and the monastery by the side of it, the materials for which, according to Agnellus, were all miraculously provided in one night. This monastery of St. Stephen, Bacchinus says, was inhabited by nuns in his time. In Maximian's days, we are glad to learn, this palace of Tricoli was at long last finished. He also built a church dedicated to Our Lady, called the Beautiful, in Pola, and a house for the priest; he gave all his

riches to the Ravannese, who in our author's days still possessed them.

He restored the Church of St. Andrew in Ravenna, and attempted to bring back the body of the Apostle with him to Ravenna from Constantinople. It seems certain that the body of the Apostle Andrew, who is believed to have suffered martyrdom at Patras in Achai, was translated to Constantinople by the authority of the Pope, and was ultimately translated again to Amalfi, in Italy, in the thirteenth century, where it now is. Maximian found the Emperor was unwilling to part with this precious relic, but at the Archbishop's request he allowed him and some of his clergy to visit the tomb one night and say prayers there. The Archbishop craftily took advantage of this privilege to seize the opportunity of opening the tomb and cutting off the Apostle's beard, and bringing it back with other relics to Ravenna. On this action Agnellus says: "And truly, brothers, the body of the Apostle ought to have been buried here, if the Roman Pontiffs had not put us so under their voke." Bacchinus is very angry at this schismatical remark and characterizes it as "savoring of the horror of the darkness of schism," and asks by what new law of the Ravannese Church could Maximian have arrived at Ravenna with the body of St. Andrew, which by the authority of the Pope had been sent to Constantinople?

In this reign the Manichæan heresy broke out in Ravenna, but the orthodox Christians cast the heretics out of the city and stoned them near the river. Agnellus quite approved of this drastic treatment of heresy, and says 'they died in their sins and the evil was removed." Maximian enriched the churches of Ravenna with many ornaments and treasures. He died in A. D. 552 and was buried in the Church of St. Andrew near the altar, where the Apostle's beard had been buried. Agnellus with his usual disregard of dates here gives an account of the translation of this Archbishop's body, which took place in his own lifetime and in which he played an important part. He describes the scene with characteristic vanity. It took place in the fifteenth year of the reign of Archbishop Petronacius, who on a certain day had the body taken up from the grave to be put in a higher place. "He went thither himself," says our author, "and commanded all of us priests to go with him to St. Andrew's Church, and we having prayed silently, he told the masons to lift up the stone, but they acting incautiously, it was broken, and the Archbishop, being angry, threatened the masons. Then he said to the tenth priest in order of his seat, by name Agnellus, who was called Andrew (for he was at that time capable exceedingly in all kinds of workmanship): 'Come here and teach these workmen what they ought to do, lest they break the coffin and the stone placed over it.' The workmen then removed the stone and did everything according to this priest's orders, and when the lid of the coffin was taken off the Archbishop's bones appeared under water and the coffin was full of water, and as we looked we began to weep loudly together with our Archbishop, and weeping we said to each other: "Where are thy sheep, O Pastor Maximian, where is thy flock, where is thy people, where thy counsels, thy sweet eloquence, thy holy preaching, thy doctrine? If we call thee our pastor do we undervalue our present one? Behold, you are both pastors, thou who liest here and he who weeps, and it behooves us to obey him."

After more and bitter weeping and lamentation they took the vessel, which, says Agnellus, is commonly called a pail and emptied the water out of the coffin which was above the bones of B. Maximianus. "I myself counted the bones aloud before them all with my own mouth, and the number was 116. They wrapped the bones in a winding-sheet and the Archbishop sealed it with his ring, and then they carefully placed them in the coffin and moved it to a higher position. They then examined the coffin and found all the bones, which were thin and long, arranged in their joints as if the flesh had only just been taken from the bones. And they who saw this were terrified, and for several days it seemed to them as if B. Maximianus had stood before them." We have dwelt rather long on this Archbishop, because this scene of his translation happened in Agnellus' own time, and he was, as we have seen, one of the chief actors in it.

Maximianus was succeeded by the namesake of Agnellus, with whom he has sometimes been confused. He was consecrated in 553. He was previously a soldier and a married man, but when he became a widower, he left the army and was ordained deacon in the days of Archbishop Ecclesius, who began to reign in 524, when this Agnellus was forty-four years old. According to Bacchinus he was ordained deacon in 527, when he was forty-four, consequently he must have been an old man of seventy when he was consecrated Archbishop, but there is a good deal of discrepancy about his age. Agnellus tells us he was eighty-three when he died, Rubeus says he was ninety-four, and Bacchinus keeps an open mind on the point. At any rate, whatever his age, he appears to have been a fine old man, hale and hearty, with a ruddy complexion and a double chin under his beard; he was bald with a handsome face and haughty eyes. He was a very rich man of high birth; he left his wealth to his daughter. Agnellus says his granddaughter, but Bacchinus, as usual, corrects him.

The Emperor in Archbishop Agnellus' time gave a great many churches of the Goths to the Ravannese Church, not only those in the city but in the villages and towns; he gave altars and temples and slaves also, and as some of the churches had been Arian, the Archbishop reconciled them to the Church. Among these churches was that of St. Mary in Cosmedin. This gives our Agnellus an opportunity of explaining the word Cosmedin, and, as he thinks, of showing his own learning. He says it may be a Latin word, but it is derived from the Greek word "cosmos" (the world): and therefore it means ornamented. Not knowing very much about his namesake, but anxious to spin out his life, he enters into a long mystical interpretation of the pictures in the Church of St. Martin, with which we need not trouble ourselves. More interesting is an extraordinary hurricane, which he says occurred in Ravenna and swept through the Church of St. Martin, making a terrific howling, and there was an earthquake the next day, after which it was found the marbles in it were broken to pieces, as if they had been smashed with a hammer.

Peter Senior was the next Archbishop, but Agnellus, knowing but little about him, fills up his account with secular history, and the story of Rosmunda, wife of the King of Lombardy, who caused her husband to be slain, and incidentally gave Agnellus occasion to preach a sermon on Jael, Vashti and Herodias. This Peter IV. was an old man and was consecrated in Rome "without fasting." Bacchinus explains that this means he was consecrated just before Holy Cross day, when fasting-time begins; in this year of his consecration it fell upon a Sunday. Mabillon tells us that it was the custom for Bishops to be consecrated at night, so Bacchinus concludes Peter Senior was consecrated after Vespers on the Saturday preceding Holy Cross day.

John Romanus, the next Archbishop, was, as his name suggests, a Roman. Agnellus, with his usual attention to details of personal appearance, says he had curly hair, but white, that he was of middle stature, neither stout nor thin. He completed the building of the Church of St. Severus, which his predecessor began, and took away the saint's body from the monastery of St. Rufinus and placed it in the church dedicated to him. A comet appeared morning and evening in the month of January, and John died in the same month, and that was all Agnellus knew about him, but Rubeus had much more to say.

He was succeeded by Marinianus. Here we may say that after Archbishop St. Agnellus, none of the Archbishops are honored with the title of Saint till we get to St. Felix. Marinianus had been a monk and a priest, and accepted the Archbishopric very unwil-

lingly from Pope Gregory the Great, who consecrated him in Rome, and sent him to Ravenna and wrote him a consoling letter, which Agnellus quotes. Bacchinus gives extracts from a series of letters by this Pope to Marinianus and his successors, John II. and John III. There is some doubt whether John II. and John III. were not the same person. Rubeus thought they were not; Bacchinus is inclined to agree with Agnellus for once, in thinking they were the same. They were succeeded by Bonus, and as there was nothing worthy of remark in his life, Agnellus lectures his audience on the vices of his own times. In the next life of Maurus, the schismatic, Bacchinus turns the tables on Agnellus, and "warns the pious reader to detest the abominable wickedness of the Ravannese Archbishops, than which nothing in all history is wickeder, and see the kind of language which Agnellus uses with regard to it, showing himself to be a schismatic."

The truth is that the Ravannese people and the Archbishops were great supporters of the Emperors, who had made Ravenna their capital, and they all sided with them against the Papacy. Maurus was one who was nominated by the Emperor, and received the so-called Pallium from him, and was consecrated in Ravenna instead of in Rome, and it was then decided that the Ravannese Archbishops should never go to Rome for consecration, but should be consecrated at Ravenna by three Bishops and receive the Pallium from the Emperor at Constantinople. Agnellus says he should waste paper and ink if he were to record all the altercations, storms, struggles and vexations Maurus had with the Pope on this subject.

His successor, Reparatus, was consecrated by three suffragans at Ravenna, as, says Agnellus, is the custom of the Roman Pontiffs in Rome. He was originally abbot of the monastery of St. Apollinarius in Classis. He went to Constantinople and obtained many favors from the Emperor Constantine; among others, a decree that the Ravannese Archbishops should be consecrated in Ravenna and receive the Pallium from the Emperor. Agnellus says that he never submitted to the Roman See. On his return to Ravenna he placed statues of the Emperor and himself in the Church of St. Apollinarius in Classis, where he was afterwards buried.

Theodoric, the next Archbishop, was consecrated in Ravenna, but afterwards submitted to the Pope, and for this reason was calumniated by Agnellus, who is positively spiteful in his remarks. He describes him as a young man, terrible in appearance, with a horrid countenance and full of falsehood. He endeavored to reform

the manners of the Ravannese clergy, but Bacchinus says Agnellus launchs forth in a fury against him, but Rubeus vindicated him from the calumnies in which our author indulged against him.

Damianus, who succeeded him, was consecrated in Rome. He is said to have recalled a child to life at the beginning of his episcopate. The story is very naïvely told by Agnellus, who says a certain woman brought the dying child to be confirmed, and the Bishop's attendants told her she must wait till the Bishop had finished shaving, "What, madmen!" said the woman, "the boy is dying and you are unwilling to call the Archbishop, and shall I be silent? Run and tell the Lord Bishop to come at once, and confirm the boy who is dying, or he will have to be buried with maimed rites." The Bishop's servants delayed, not liking to interrupt him; meanwhile the child died. The woman then began to scream and cry with a loud voice, and spread abroad the news on the trumpet which was used at funerals. The Archbishop, hearing this, asked what was the matter, and his attendants, fearing his anger, were afraid to tell him, but the mother told him she had been waiting for him to confirm the child for hours, but that the attendants would not fetch him, and now the child was dead and how could he confirm a dead boy?

The Bishop began to weep, and, taking the child in his arms, went inside the apse, and, prostrating himself, prayed, and the soul of the child returned, and the Archbishop confirmed him, and he died again immediately. Rebeus says that a similar story is told of John Angeloptes.

The next Archbishop, St. Felix, was abbot of the monastery of St. Bartholomew, when Agnellus was abbot in the time of Archbishop George, and he begins his life of St. Felix by telling us how Archbishop George deprived him of the monastery for no reason, and how before George had reached this high dignity they were like brothers, but after he became Archbishop he offended God, and removed all the priests from their benefices and occupied their monasteries, and spent all the ecclesiastical riches which his predecessors had acquired on vestments (reatus) for his own body.

Felix was consecrated at Rome, but Bacchinus complains that Agnellus omits to tell us this, and he also says nothing concerning the quarrels the Archbishop had with the Holy See at the beginning of his reign. He tells us that the soldiers of the Emperor Justinian II. revolted against him on account of his cruelty and cut off his nostrils and ears and deposed him, and how, later on, with the assistance of the Bulgarians, he returned and conquered the Ravannese, and behaved with the most atrocious cruelty, mur-

dering, massacring and mutilating many of the citizens. He was warned in a vision or a dream to spare this holy man, Felix the Archbishop from the sword, so he blinded him instead of murdering him.

Agnellus thus describes his method: He commanded a dish of some precious metal to be heated in the hottest fire, and then the strongest vinegar or other acid to be poured upon it, and he then forced the Archbishop to gaze upon it until he lost the sight of both his eyes. Felix had written many homilies and other works which appear to have been schismatical, for after his blindness he repented of all his sins, and commanded his writings to be burnt, saying perhaps now that he was blind his amanuensis might deceive him by not deleting the parts that he wished to retract.

Agnellus has a good deal to say here about one George, the son of Joannicus, an ancestor of his, who in this reign died of tortures inflicted by the fiend in human form, Justinian, and when dying he prophesied that the Emperor would be murdered himself shortly, and on the day he foretold the soldiers rose and put Justinian to death.

After Justinian's death the new Emperor, Philip, recalled Felix from exile, and restored all the ecclesiastical treasures his predecessor had stolen from the churches, and he did this so thoroughly that Agnellus says that only one candlestick was missing. St. Felix collected the writings of St. Peter Chrysologus. He reigned eight years and was succeeded by John V., a most patient, humble, meek man. In this reign the Petrine church at Ravenna fell in an earthquake, which took place one Sunday just after Mass.

The city was taken by the Lombards under Luitbrand, during this pontificate, and the Archbishop was calumniated and afterwards exiled to Venice for a year, when Epiphanius, keeper of the treasures, recalled him, or rather induced the exarch of Ravenna to do so. The exarch was the viceroy of the Emperor, and the exarchate was established about 540 and lasted till A. D. 752.

Sergius succeeded John V. He was a young married man and a layman, but after he received the government of the Ravannese Church he consecrated his wife a deaconess, and she remained in that state. He was consecrated himself at Rome, but the Ravannese clergy despised him and separated themselves from him, so that there was not one to serve his Mass. Agnellus supposes they were angry at having a married man for their Archbishop. Sergius, finding the old clergy would not receive him, or work with

him, created new priests and deacons, and the old clergy, hearing that he had done so, came to Mass with him on the following Sunday and pushed aside the newly created clergy, who thought they ought to go first. The Archbishop spoke gently to the old priests and calmed their anger and restored them to their position. Peace was then established on condition that the newly ordained deacons should wear the dalmatic superhumeral in the Greek fashion, and assist round the altar.

Pope Zacharias came to Ravenna and celebrated Mass when he had been to France to anoint King Pepin. The next Pope, Stephen, was, according to Agnellus, very angry with Sergius because he did not go to meet him when he was visiting a certain monastery, and declared that his ordination was illegal, and deprived him of his bishopric, but the next Pope, Paul, when he visited Ravenna, restored him. Agnellus gives a garbled account of this action of Pope Stephen, colored by his schismatic tendencies. Of the succeeding Archbishop, Leo, nothing interesting is recorded, and the first part of the life of John VI. is missing: He was abbot of St. Donatus, a monastery, "not far from the monastery of St. Maria ad Blachernas, where I am abbot. Deo volente." From Rubeus we learn that Leo was a holy man, but Agnellus' account of him does not exactly agree with Rubeus, but as Deodatus was a connection of our author, his version of the story we are about to tell is probably a prejudiced one. It seems that this Deodatus was the son of a very rich man, Peter the Tribune, an uncle of Agnellus' mother, and the owner of the monastery of St. Martin. After the death of Peter the Tribune, the abbot John tried by every means to get possession of this monastery, and because he could not, cursed and slew Deodatus with the sword of his tongue, and refused the offering which the boy brought him, and also refused to give him Holy Communion, saying, "After this curse, I shall see your death, and then I shall die." Shortly after Deodatus was taken ill and died, says Agnellus, by divine command in a town twelve miles from Ravenna, and Agnellus gives in barbarous language a long account of his funeral and of the grief of his mother, and the sudden and suspicious death of the Archbishop. When a messenger brought him the news of the death of Deodatus, as he sat at table, he raised his eyes to the Crucifix and thanked God for hearing his prayer. He then ordered his butler to mix him some wine, and the butler, taking a cup from a place, called by Agnellus the "calicodinio," and explained by Bacchinus to be the place where the wine cups were kept, filled it with pure wine(?) and handed it to the Archbishop, who drank half of it, and was immediately seized with violent pain in his side, and returned the cup to his servant quickly, and commanded them to clear away, "and the joy of the feast turned into mourning." The Archbishop went to bed and died a week later. And the mother of Deodatus rejoiced as greatly over the Archbishop's death as he had done over her son's, so neither of them exactly qualified for canonization. Agnellus' comment on this not very edifying story is "Behold the divine vengeance."

Gratiosus was the next Archbishop. He was a humble, meek man, small in stature and very simple, but very eloquent. He was formerly abbot of the famous monastery of St. Apollinarius in Classis. Of his simplicity there is not any doubt, for the only incident recorded of him savors of his simplicity more than of his eloquence. We are told that when King Charles came to Ravenna, the Archbishop invited him to dinner, and before he came the clergy warned the Archbishop to retain his simplicity, and be very careful what he said. Gratiosus told them not to fear, and all he said to the King was "Pappa, Domini mi Rex, Pappa?" The King naturally asked the other guests what their Archbishop meant, and they assured him that he meant no disrespect; all he intended to do was to honor the King, who replied, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile."

Agnellus fills up another long chapter with a disquisition on prophecy, and some prophecies concerning the Ravannese, but, as Bacchinus says, it is not clear whether the prophecies were his own or whether they were the Archbishops', but as they were in no sense real prophecies it does not matter whose they were.

Agnellus omits the next Archbishop altogether (one Valerian). He was followed by Martin, an old man, nearly eighty when he became Archbishop. He was formerly archdeacon of the monastery of St. Andrew. He was ordained at Rome; he conferred on Agnellus the monastery of St. Maria ad Blachernas while he was still a boy, as our author does not fail to tell us, calling himself Andrew. He also gave him gold for his church. He offended Pope Sergius, who ordered him to come to Rome with John, Bishop of Arles, and Martin sent word that he was ill and could not ride, and partly he feigned illness; eventually the Pope permitted him to return to Ravenna. Pope Leo was succeeded by Stephen, who went to Ravenna and celebrated Mass there, and showed the sandals of Our Lord to the people. Much of this Life has been lost.

Of the next Archbishop, Petronacius, there are no details, but of his successor, George, Agnellus, who died during his reign, gives some short account. We have already been told that originally Agnellus and George were like brothers, and how completely George changed when he was raised to the episcopate. He was consecrated by Pope Gregory IV.; he seized and wasted the riches of the Church, broke open the crypts of the churches and squandered the ecclesias-

tical treasures of his predecessors, and spent vast sums of money on the baptism of Ermengilde, daughter of King Louis the Pious, of France, which was a tremendous function. The spite of Agnellus comes out in relating an incident which occurred at this august ceremony. George was very thirsty, for it was very long and he drank water from the pilgrims' bottles, and afterwards celebrated Mass, although he had thus broken his fast.

On King Louis' death, war broke out between his sons, and George obtained leave from the Pope to go to France to make peace between the new king and his brothers. He took much gold and silver and church treasures with him, and traveled in great pomp with 300 horses, but his pride was destined to have a fall, for he was taken prisoner and treated with the greatest ignominy, and when he refused to walk before his horse, the soldiers goaded him with their lances and darts. The King's mother interceded for him, and he was allowed to return to Ravenna, where he behaved with great cruelty to his clergy, despoiling them of their benefices. Our Agnellus, who was one of the sufferers, died before George, and his book ends abruptly. This George was a vain, arrogant man; he rebelled against Pope Gregory IV. and probably deserved the criticisms of his former friend.

Agnellus was also a vain man, as we have seen, but he had something to be vain of, for he was certainly a man of great and varied talent; he was clever in many ways: he appears to have had a good deal of architectural and artistic skill and he must have had some literary ability or the other canons of Ravenna would not have chosen him, one of the youngest among them, to write the lives of their Archbishops. His Latin may have been atrocious, but his zeal in collecting material for his book was indefatigable; he pursued his quarry among the stones of Ravenna with enthusiastic ardor. He had no doubt the defects of his qualities and must have annoyed his brother clergy excessively by his long-winded sermonizings and digressions as he read his book to them, but he seems to have had some personal charm which made his contemporaries more patient with him than his more modern editors have been.

DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, England.



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CATHOLICISM IN CEYLON.

WORK OF THE OBLATES.

ISSIONERS, who form the vanguard of the Church Militant, have ever been the pioneers of Christian civilization. They are the first to be sent to the front in every campaign undertaken to wage war against barbarism, vice and error; to liberate peoples enslaved by despotism or debased by idolatry; to enlighten those who are seated in darkness. The first to arrive on the scene is the missioner; after him follows the soldier and the politician, to expedite or retard, to make or mar the work of evangelization and civilization.

Such was the history of the preaching of the Gospel in Ceylon, as in every other country. "Oh, land of Ceylon," exclaimed St. Francis Xavier, weeping as he passed this island on his way to Goa, "what Christian blood thou wilt cost!"

The beautiful island to the south of India has, from ancient times, been famous for its gems; it has been called "the pearl of the Indian Ocean," Lanka, or the holy; Selendib, or the opulent. It was from it Solomon, the builder of the Temple of Jerusalem, brought ivory, apes and peacocks; old Latin writers called it nominatissima insula; and it was known to the Greeks and Romans as Taprobana. It has its legendary as well as authentic history. The Mohammedans have a curious tradition which identifies it with the terrestrial Paradise, a fabulous conceit: the names of Adam's Peak and Adam's Bridge, given to the chain of rocks which divide it from the mainland, are linked with this legend. Its authentic history starts from about 543 B. C., when it was invaded by an Indian prince, the son of King Sihabahu, the slayer of the lion (siha or sinha), hence the name Singhalese or Cingalese, given to his descendants. The Veddas, wild men or hunters, who inhabit a small area in the interior, represent the aboriginal Yakkos, conquered by the Indians, who were, in turn, overcome by the Tamils in the third century B. C. In the beginning



¹ The Singhalese number three millions, the Tamils over a million, the Burghers or Eurasians (of mixed Dutch and Portuguese descent) twenty thousand and the Europeans, properly so called, about six thousand out of a population of 4,000,000. The last named comprehend the missioners, English officials, soldiers, merchants and planters.

of the sixteenth century the Portuguese took possession of it until they were supplanted by the Dutch in 1658, who were themselves obliged to yield it to Great Britain in 1796.

Its beauty, its climate and its rich tropical vegetation made it a very desirable possession. The Singhalese dominion is noted as an epoch of great prosperity. It is said to have then counted ten million inhabitants. The ruins of the cities they built and other traces of their enterprise prove them to have been a remarkably energetic race. Anuradhapura, the ancient capital and the residence of its former sovereigns from 437 B. C. to 769 A. D., is called the Palmyra of Cevlon. What remains of it, long buried in the midst of jungles, is a reminder of the perishable nature of human creations and suggests a comparison with Nineveh and Babylon. It was they who introduced Buddhism. Adam's Peak is fondly imagined to bear the impress of Buddha's foot, and as the excavation or cavity is three feet and a half long by one and a half broad, he must have had a tremendous stride when he walked this earth. They have also his alleged tooth at Kandy, which shows that his capacity of mastication was quite on a par with his pedestrianism.

There is some doubt as to the precise epoch when Christianity was introduced into Ceylon. There is an ancient tradition that one of the three Magi, or wise men from the East whom the star showed the way to Bethlehem, was Gaspar Peria Peruma, King of Jaffna. Sophronius of Jerusalem, a seventh century writer, affirms that Ceylon was evangelized by the Ethiopian eunuch of Queen Candace, who had come to Jerusalem to adore, and who was baptized by St. Philip.² Whatever element of truth there may be in these traditions, it is very probable that in the first ages of our era the island was not absolutely deprived of Christians. It had frequent intercourse with Arabian and Persian merchants, and even with those of the Latin countries, eager to purchase its pearls and precious stones.

The Portuguese, who landed there in 1505, formed an alliance with the Singhalese kings of Kandy. In 1578 they strengthened their position at Colombo and Galle, and soon succeeded in dispossessing the natives of the whole littoral. But, like the Spaniards, statecraft and self-interest usurped the place which heroism and zeal for the propagation of the Gospel had hitherto occupied; agriculture was neglected, the population diminished and each one was only bent on pushing his own fortunes. They obstinately stood to acquire more territory than they could hold and disdained intercourse with the people they had subjected to their rule. St. Francis Xavier, with the candor and courage which saints never failed to display, in a

² Acts viii., 27-39.

letter to John III., King of Portugal, describing the King of Ceylon as "a most fierce and bitter enemy of Christ," wrote: "The people say that your Highness does not use your imperial power in India for the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ, but only for the purpose of scraping together riches and securing for yourself and those belonging to you human and temporal advantages alone." After solemnly warning him of the stern judgment that awaits him, and urging the adoption of drastic methods to compel the Portuguese governors to help and not to hinder the work of evangelization, he expresses his belief that if these measures were taken in a single year the whole of Ceylon, many of the kings on the Malabar coast and the whole of the peninsula of Comorin would embrace the Christian religion.

Not unfrequently Portuguese merchants, who traded with the various heathen ports in the East filled the rôle of missionary, expatiating on the beauty and blessings of the Christian religion to those with whom they dealt. One of these, who had been received with great favor at the court of Condy, persuaded the eldest son of the Rajah of Jafanapatam to receive religious instruction preparatory to baptism; but when the Rajah heard of it he caused him at once to be put to death. His body was left naked and exposed on the ground, but the Christian merchant buried it at night. In the morning the earth was found to have opened of itself over the corpse in the shape of a well-formed cross; and this prodigy was repeated in spite of the efforts of the heathens to fill up the cross again and again. Moreover, a cross of red light was seen by multitudes in the air over the grave. A great many converts were made, many of whom were put to death, others fleeing from the country to escape the fury of the Rajah. Among the latter were two young princes who sought the protection of the Portuguese; while the brother of the Rajah, a convert who fled to Goa, undertook, if restored to the throne, which the persecutor had usurped, to make the kingdom Christian and tributary to Portugal.

The Franciscans had sent a band of missioners into the island in 1518 and occupied every place on the coast, converting many thousands and erecting churches and monasteries. But it was St. Francis Xavier who gave its first great impetus to the work of the Christianization of Ceylon. His apostolate at Goa had moved the whole continent and the fame of his preaching and miracles reached the adjacent islands. The Ceylon Buddhists assembled at Denawaka to deliver judgment on his doctrines, which they were about to anathematize, when a Buddhist monk rose and, repudiating the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, expressed his preference for

that taught by the Jesuit missioner. Accused of heresy and put under arrest, he was relegated to a higher tribunal in Burma. On the way a young Portuguese, Jean de Sylva, procured him baptism by a disciple of Xavier. When brought before his judges and interrogated, he answered: "If I were still a Buddhist, I would accept the discussion; but I am a Christian, and can only do one thing—teach you, if you wish, the faith of Jesus Christ." He was decapitated on December 5, 1543.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the island of Mannar invited St. Francis Xavier to come and show them the way to heaven. In a letter from Cochin, dated February 8, 1545, the saint wrote to his superiors in Rome: "The island of the Mannar is about 150 miles distant from this; its inhabitants have sent me some of this people to beg me to go to baptize them, because they have resolved to become Christians. I could not comply with their wishes, being retained by affairs of extreme importance in which the highest interests of religion are involved. But I have got a venerable priest who will go in place of me, as soon as he can, to regenerate them by baptism." In sending his disciple, Francis said to him: "May your success be such that it will excite my zeal and serve me as a model. Go, my son, and may God bless you." The delegate was received as if he were an angel from heaven; preached, baptized and made marvelous conversions. Soon the whole island of Mannar was converted. The King of Jaffna, Sagara Raja, a cruel sectory of Sava, who held the island in vassalage, sent thither hired assassins with orders to put to the sword any who would not renounce the God of the Portuguese. Not one faltered: 700 Christians, men, women and children, were massacred. The village of Passim, sanctified by this heroism, bears to this day the name of the Land of Martyrs. St. Francis Xavier, after relating this incident in which Catholicism received its baptism of blood, concludes: "Let us give thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ that, even in our epoch He does not deprive us of martyrs, and that, seeing so few souls have recourse to His mercy to work out their salvation, He deigns, in the mystery of His providence, to make use of human barbarism to fill up the ranks of the elect." The Apostle of the Indies did not go to Ceylon until later, between February 27 and April 7, 1545. Although his sojourn was of short duration, he was able to write: "I have never been happier than during my sojourn in Ceylon." In 1548 he went there again when the interests of religion in the island appear to have been in a critical state. The King of Kandy was well disposed, but kept back from embracing Christianity by the fear of a revolt among his subjects. He received the great Jesuit missioner with extraordinary honors. The Rajah

of Jafanapatam was so moved by his remonstrances that he promised to become a Christian if Portugal would enter into an alliance with him. Prince Dharmapala, grandson of a Singhalese king, was baptized and crowned King at Lisbon in 1541 under the name of Don Juan, and reigned as a Christian monarch in Ceylon from 1542 to 1597.

Half a century had hardly elapsed when the Christians, counted by hundreds of thousands in the maritime provinces; churches, the ruins of which still exist, rose on all sides; parishes were formed, the names of which have been perpetuated in the civil divisions of the country, and numerous missioners, Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits co-operated in the evangelization of the island. Catholicism had struck deep root in the hearts of the people, and the whole country was on the eve of being completely Catholicized, when the nascent Church in Cevlon was subjected to one of the cruelest. craftiest and longest persecutions recorded in the history of Indian missions. Missioners were exiled or put to death after undergoing atrocious tortures; the profession of Catholicism was declared high treason; all the Christians were proscribed and could only practice their religion by stealth; the wildest forests or deserts were their only places of refuge. All this followed the advent of the Dutch, fanatical Calvinists, who made their rigid and repulsive creed the State religion and banned Catholicism. The first act of these socalled Christians was to resuscitate expiring Buddhism. arrival of the Dutch," says Davy, "the religion of Buddha was dying out, its doctrines were becoming forgotten, its ceremonies falling into disuse, its temples were without priests. With the support of the new masters, and at their instigation, the King of Kandy, Isibamaladame, sent a deputation to Siam asking for twelve Buddhist monks whom the Dutch ships brought to India."

The Portuguese missioners, however, continued to minister to the Catholics from their settlement at Goa. Father Vaz and Father Gonzalvez, disguised as slaves, went from house to house, and celebrated Mass in secret in the midst of the woods, often risking their lives. When, in 1796, the island was acquired by Great Britain, which proclaimed freedom of conscience, there were 50,000 Catholics in Ceylon. The phenomenon discovered in Japan, where Christians, deprived of all religious ministrations, had preserved the faith intact for numerous generations, was reproduced in Ceylon when, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, were found, in hitherto unexplored forests, the two little Christian flocks of Galgama and Vaha-Kotta practicing the Catholic religion as best they could: the chief of these villages being the head of the community, baptizing infants, teaching children, celebrating the Sunday service

by the recital of prayers in common, preaching simple truths, and presiding over marriages and burials. Father Vaz had told them: "Only receive priests who will come to you, sent from Rome." One day an Anglican minister presented himself. "Do you come from Rome?" they asked. "No, but I bring you the same religion," he replied. "Go away," they said, "we only accept Roman priests."

Although England at first made Protestantism the State religion. it allowed religious liberty to all. Ceylon was originally subject to the jurisdiction of the Portuguese Diocese of Cochin, with a local vicar-general. In 1834 it was erected into a separate Vicariate-Apostolic by Pope Gregory XVI. The first Vicars, Oratorians and Goanese, had only a brief episcopate; Rome selecting them from among the priests of Goa in order to facilitate acceptance of the changes made in virtue of the brief, ex, munere pastorali, which detached the island from the ecclesiastical supervision of Cochin and made it directly dependent on the Holy See. To the swarms of Protestant preachers, more earnest in the perversion of Catholics than in the conversion of heathens, the Church had only a small opposing force of illy instructed and not too zealous priests, at a time when the poison of heresy, with which the school children were being inoculated, was infecting the flock and weakening its faith: while all the insidious wiles of the professional proselytizer were employed to seduce them from their allegiance to Rome. Humiliated by their position of inferiority in presence of other classes, 3,000 of the Catholics of Ceylon petitioned the Holy See for European missioners, with the result that Monsignor Bettachini was appointed coadjutor to the then Vicar-Apostolic of Colombo. He had only eight Goanese priests to help him. After visiting Italy and England in search of additional missioners, he chanced to meet at Marseilles Monsignor de Mazenod, Bishop of that see and founder of the new Congregation of Oblates of Our Lady Immaculate. Although it had been only thirty years in existence, it had already extended its sphere of missionary action as far as the frozen North, the great Northwest, of which it has been the chief and most successful evangelizer. Regarding the meeting as providential, he at once offered his mission to Monsignor de Mazenod, who as promptly accepted it, looking upon it as the manifest will of God. coadjutor of the Vicar-Apostolic of Colombo," he wrote to one of his religious, "has spent two days with me, offering me more than a million pagans to convert and fifty thousand Christians to instruct. How can we refuse to comply with the entreaties made to us? I have, then, accepted this new mission, foreseeing that this great island will one day become the appanage of our Congregation,

⁸ The Anglican Church in Ceylon was disestablished in 1881.

which will sanctify the whole of it. Next month our first missioners will set out with the Bishop."

In 1845 Ceylon was divided into two vicariates, Colombo and Jaffna; the former being entrusted to the Benedictines and the latter to the Oblates. The first batch of Oblate missioners quitted Marseilles on October 21, 1847, and reached Ceylon in the beginning of 1848. In 1883 the central provinces were detached from Colombo and formed into the Vicariate-Apostolic of Kandy under the Benedictines, while Colombo was transferred to the Oblates. In 1886 Pope Leo XIII. crowned the work of ecclesiastical organization by the erection of a hierarchy in India and Ceylon.

The first Archbishop of Colombo, Monsignor Bonjean, gave a great impetus to the progress of Catholicism in Ceylon by his indefatigable labors for the sanctification of the flock committed to his care, his organizing ability, his leadership of the clergy of his diocese, whom he inspired with his own apostolic spirit and encouraged and animated by his example, his preaching and his numerous publications. His biographer, Father Jonquet, calls him the St. Hilary of Ceylon, who united to the zeal of the missioner the learning of a doctor of the Church. The distinguished Oblate, he adds, was a profoundly supernatural man who had the soul of a saint; a Joshua who combatted on the plain, a Moses who prayed on the mountain summit. Louis Venillot said, "The fiery heat of the equator is not so ardent as the charity of his heart." "What a soul of flame, what a heart of gold!" exclaimed Monsignor Gay in his enthusiasm.

His was a distinctly divine vocation. It was not what might be called a natural vocation, one arising from mere aptitude for and willingness to embrace the ecclesiastical career, like many good youths who come out of Catholic households, where the culture of piety is traditional. Born at Riom (Puy-de-Dôme) in France on September 23, 1823, Ernest Christopher Bonjean, the son of an attorney, was reared in a home where Christianity was not held in much esteem; where he grew up without hearing people speak of God or the soul, where his parents were more or less imbued with the skepticism and liberalism which still prevailed under the Restoration, a restoration which, both in a religious as well as political sense, restored little and was only superficial and artificial. Although not practical Catholics, they conformed to the usages of what was nominally a Catholic country, and had him prepared for his First Communion. His call to the priesthood came with his first reception

⁴ Monsignor Bonjean, Oblat de Marie Immaculée, Premier Archevêque de Colombo." Par le R. P. Jonquet.



of the Blessed Sacrament. Unlike too many French boys, he was faithful to the grace he received. When a little later he told his father of his wish to become a priest, the skeptical lawyer showed him the door. Nothing daunted, he shortly afterwards returned to the charge, when M. Bonjean, knowing he had no taste for study, put him off with the remark: "When you'll be a bachelor of arts I shall not say no"; thinking this would put an end to what he called the dreams and whims of a child. Young Bonjean took the ball at the hope; he at once applied himself assiduously to study. taught, except for occasional assistance given him by the curé and his sister, after some years' hard reading he gained his baccalauréat with honors at Clermont-Ferrand, and at the same time his father's consent—a double victory: an object lesson in the importance of corresponding with first graces, of obedience, and of will power exercised and directed to the accomplishment of a praiseworthy design. While a seminary student at Clermont, the reading of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" moved him to resolve to devote his life to foreign missions, partly through zeal for the conversion of infidels and as a sacrifice for his mother's soul, which he yearned to wean and win from the blighting influence of Voltaireanism, his father having died in 1844 without having received the last sacraments. In January, 1846, he entered the seminary of the Missions Etrangères at Paris, a school of saints, which has trained so many apostolic priests, Bishops and martyrs. He was then deacon, and on December 19 he was ordained priest by Monsignor Affre, Archbishop of Paris, the heroic martyr of the barricades. Four months afterwards he was assigned to the Mission of the Vicariate of Coimbatour in the East Indies, and just when he was embarking at Havre had the happiness to learn from his mother that his prayers for her conversion had been answered, that she had confessed to the curé of the Cathedral⁵ and was approaching the sacraments. Monsignor de Bresillac, who later became founder of the Society of African Missions, was then pro-vicar of Coimbatour. Father Bonjean first ministered among the Irish soldiers, learning thereby to speak and write English, and then in the mountains of the Nilgiris, where he sojourned for several years, founding missions, combatting the Goanese schism, devoting himself to study and composing a grammar of the Tamil language or dialect of the Singhalese.

Father Bonjean, who was desirous of joining some religious order, wrote in August, 1855, to Father Séméria, who had just been designated coadjutor to Monsignor Bettachini, Vicar-Apostolic of

⁵ M. Grimardias, who became Bishop of Cahors.

Taffna, asking him to facilitate his entrance into the Congregation of the Oblates of Our Lady Immaculate. "Everything," he said. "leads me to believe that I am called thereto by God, all unworthy as I am of such a great favor. . . From my youth I have felt a very great attraction for the religious life, an attraction which so increased during my time at the seminary that my director allowed me in 1843, the epoch when I received the tonsure, to make the three vows of religion privately. Later, when it was a question of selecting a congregation, the thought that, in going to China, I might give my life for our Divine Master caused me to choose the Society of Foreign Missions. Having been sent into these sad Indian missions, I have not found peace there nor, moreover, martyrdom, the desire for which was in me, perhaps, a little presumptuous. The idea of entering a congregation bound by vows has taken hold of me for seven years. But not feeling myself drawn to any particular congregation. I concluded that the time had not vet come, and that I should wait for God to manifest His will in a more distinct manner. For some time my heart has been invariably drawn towards your congregation, as that wherein I should seek and find forever repose and peace of heart; it is, perhaps, because your family is entirely devoted to Mary Immaculate. The only thing I can offer you is my good will, and a complete disposition to the blindest obedience. I am thirty-two years of age. I have exercised the ministry for eight years in India; I speak Tamil and English passably; I administer, preach and hear confessions in both these languages."

Having received his exeat in due form from the Missions Extrangères, he proceeded to Jaffna to make his novitiate under the personal direction of Monsignor Séméria. At that time, particularly in foreign missions, the novitiate did not exclude exterior activity; the subject acquired simultaneously an experimental knowledge of the religious and apostolic or missionary life, blending the active with the contemplative. His first external field of action was in the Valimissan mission, which extends for a length of thirty miles along the west coast of Ceylon. It was from many points of view the worst in the vicariate. The novice-missioner had to endure every privation, having at times nothing to shelter him but a tree. The church at Pounéry was a nest of bats, and so malodorous that, he says, he had the greatest difficulty in the world to get through the Mass without retching. "There are, however," he adds, "simple souls here, pleasing to the good God, despite their ignorance. If there were no privations here, and if one met with well-disposed people one should be very happy in these remote places, where it seems that God is more present to the soul, and where one enjoys a life altogether hidden. Oh! if I were a saint, things would go on differently! When one feels weak in presence of obstacles which grace alone can remove, one realizes his insufficiency and unworthiness."

The Vicariate of Jaffna had then 240 Christian settlements (chrétientés) and each missioner had ten, twenty and thirty churches to serve. Father Bonjean devoted all his activity to the work; and when Monsignor Séméria recommended moderation in its employment he laughingly replied, "When one goes to war, it is almost impossible not to receive at least some wounds as long as one remains on the battlefield." Every mission lasted one or two months, with consoling results: pacification of large districts rent by hostile parties; reconciliation of sworn enemies; return to unity of schismatical groups and individuals: submission to their pastors of villages in revolt; destruction of heretical, immoral and superstitious books and magical amulets and formulas; cessation of scandals against morals; general confessions; return to religious practices; formation of confraternities; numerous conversions of heretics and infidels. "This missionary work, to which we devote all the strength, aptitude and time the good God has given us, our language, our studies, all our thoughts, all our life in fact, this work," wrote Father Bonjean to the founder, Monsignor de Mazenod, "however oppressive for the body, particularly in this country, above all, however hard may be the great local difficulties, it is an admirable, marvelous work in India. That the good God should have chosen for this ministry of salvation and reconciliation a sinner like me! That confounds me! For, truly, our speaking works conversions, it seeks out even in the depths of consciences the hidden poison; it moves, it agitates souls to restore them to life. This wonderful efficacy of the sacred ministry makes itself infinitely more felt in a mission than in pastoral functions to which hitherto the missioners confined themselves. Sometimes one finds himself confronted by enormous difficulties-Malakoffs which must be taken by assault. When all is over one is astounded by suc-Soli Deo honor et gloria! Cum infirmior tunc potens sum! Besides these general advantages, these missions here have, I should not say to revive, but to create the Christian spirit among our people; it is a work of construction more than of reparation; that is to say, here we have to make Christians before speaking to them as Christians."

These gratifying results were not obtained except at the expense of great bodily fatigue and trials. At that epoch the churches in the north of the island were real stables, and traveling from place to place was painfully difficult. The Ceylon of half a century ago was not the Ceylon of to-day, transformed by the telegraph, railways,

factories, pretty villas, well-kept roads and other creations of modern The only mode of conveyance was a cart drawn by civilization. bullocks, with a hood of palm leaves and littered inside with straw. The route was usually through a dense forest, the resort of wild beasts and a vast laboratory of poisonous miasmas producing cholera. fever and dysentery, which turned rich and fertile districts into a dreadful solitude. The places that served as wayside inns were noisome dens, swarming with bats and where sometimes a serpent would be found concealed. The customary dwelling place of the missioner was not very much better. The Bishop usually occupied the only room, which was narrow, dark and unventilated, which means the absence of all that in tropical countries makes life endurable and the presence of all that makes it a torment; while innumerable mosquitoes plagued them at night. "There," wrote Father Bonjean, after minutely describing a missionary journey, "I think is poverty and discomfort enough to satisfy souls who love to suffer; and if any one is tempted to make light of it, and say to me, 'What's the bite of a mosquito to an apostle?' I should only say to him: 'veni, vide gustocome, dear friend, come see, realize how charming is this tropical life!" The missioners had to defend themselves against a quartette of assailants, serpents, rats, bats and white ants; not to mention elephants and tigers. In the midst of all these disagreeable surroundings, however, he preserved his never-failing French gaiety and found laughter an excellent medicine, a universal panacea. "Of what should we complain?" he asks, passing from gay to grave, "we are better treated than was our Lord. They refused Him hospitality; they receive us. Vive la Croix!"

He made great use of the native language, Tamil. Upon this point he says: "A missionary preacher only succeeds in proportion to his knowledge of the language of the people; but these languages are so difficult that, to make an effective instrument of them, needs much study and time. The missioner who only knows what suffices for the ordinary usages of life or the routine of the ministry, finds himself on many occasions stricken with incapacity in the scene of a mission; the tongue refuses to give expression to his thoughts and sentiments; he says neither what he wished, nor as he wished, nor as he should; he is more or less reduced to trite or commonplace words, which have little or no effect. In the exposition of sacred truths his language lacks precision, accuracy, definiteness or suitability. Destitute of local color or idiomatic strength, it is the foreign tongue of a foreigner, something exotic which minds and hearts cannot assimiliate, which finds no affinity to the habitual thoughts and sentiments of the people, and glides over the surface like water

over marble, leaving the hearers under a vague impression that the preacher has no doubt said and well said what he had to say, but that all that was not, as they would say, 'for us.' How often we think we have spoken very well and very simply., while our words have been a more or less unintelligible sound or a kind of enigma, every expression of which is understood, but the meaning of which is hidden! What is simple in our eyes is often only European—European idea, European form, the whole the more obscure to an oriental mind the clearer it is to ours."

In one of his reports to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith he corrects another misunderstanding. "I beg," he says, "those who shall read these lines, and who have often nourished their apostolic ardor with the spectacle of poor savages who, from the shores of foreign lands, stretch forth their suppliant hands to the heralds of the Gospel, begging of them the bread of life, that comes down from heaven to pardon me if I tear aside this beautiful veil with too rude a hand and with too little consideration. fact is that ignoti nulla cubido. Savages, idolators, sinners are not sighing for the truth that makes them free, for the simple reason that they have no suspicion of their slavery. These sighs are a rhetorical figure which, unless we take it in latissimo sensu and as the expression of the sentiments these unfortunate people would have if they had also our knowledge, gives expression to nothing The fact is that savages, idolators, pagans and Protestants are sleeping very peacefully in umbra mortis, and that it is often very difficult to awaken them; but that is what rightly inspires a missioner with great compassion; it is also what makes his work more laborious, what requires in him nobler, more generous, more elevated views, and which promises him a greater reward."

On May 20, 1858, at Trincomalia, he took the religious vows. "It was then," records Monsignor Séméria in his journal, "upon the very field of battle that our dear Father Bonjean consecrated himself definitely to the service of God and his neighbor in our congregation. This circumstances, which reminds me of the truly apostolic zeal of which he gave such striking proofs in previous missions, the really marvelous success with which it pleased the Lord to crown his efforts, appeared to me a very happy presage and persuaded me more and more that God had really chosen our new Oblate to Christianize this poor Vicariate Apostolic." He was going to give further and still more striking proofs of his indefatigable zeal. He became Monsignor Séméria's right hand in the administration of the vicariate. In the conferences which followed the arrival, in 1859, of Monsignor Bonnaud, Vicar Apostolic of Pondicherry.

deputed by Rome to study the Indo-Portuguese schism, he impressed the Apostolic Visitor with the extent and precision of his information. But it was in the stout fight he fought for Catholic education; in opposing legislation which ignored the divine institution of the sacrament of marriage; in establishing and directing orphanages; in founding native religious Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods; and the frequent use he made of a powerful pen, which became a weapon of war in his hands in his struggle against the opponents of Catholicism, that he showed the metal he was made of.

Parents of the superior castes favored the Protestant schools to which they sent their children, with the result that they quitted them neither Protestants nor pagans, but skeptics, to the ruin of their faith. In 1848 there were in the whole island only 1,200 children frequenting the Catholic schools. Father Bonjean found that 3,000 out of 13,000 children attended schools where Catholicism was constantly derided as pure idolatry; while the Government schools, which pretended to be neutral, but were really more perilous in his eyes, were frequented by 5,427 children. The injustice to Catholics was flagrant, and he determined to do his best to have it redressed. While the Government only granted £150 per annum for the Catholic schools of Ceylon, it spent £8,740 on the Protestant schools, although Protestants of all denominations only formed a tithe or tenth in

To mark his appreciation of the zeal of the Catholic sovereign of Portugal, Leo X., by a Bull of June 7, 1514, granted King Emanuel the right of patronage over all bishoprics and benefices in his actual possessions over these as well as in all lands to be conquered by him in the future; and on the 3rd of November of that year this right of patronage in all countries conquered and to be conquered, was extended, not only to the whole Indies, but to all parts of the world as yet unknown. The selection of Bishops in several dioceses in India had been in accordance with the nominations of the Portuguese kings; but Portugal, in losing its possessions, necessarily lost this privilege. Rome, to remedy this state of things, created Vicariates-Apostolic depending directly on the Holy See (1834). Despite this the Archbishop of Goa, still in the possession of Portugal, sent his priests into regions which had been removed from his jurisdiction. By the Brief, Multa praclare (April 24, 1838) Gregory XVI. restricted the Dioceses of Goa, Macao, Cochin, etc. to the Portuguese territory, and determined the places where each of the Vicars-Apostolic had jurisdiction, declaring them dependent alone on the Holy See, from which they derived their authority; adding that the privileges, formerly accorded to the Kings of Portugal, had never been conceded except in the interests of the Church and for the salvation of souls; consequently that they should cease when the needs of the Church and Christian peoples required it. The Portuguese treated this as an invasion of their old established rights, and the Goanese priests continued to administer as if they still had legitimate jurisdiction. This was the origin of the schism which long paralyzed the action of the Church in that part of India. While it lasted, besides the conflict of rival ecclesiastical authorities, the allegiance of the laity being divided, the village chiefs and catechists disposed of church property as if it was their own. The English courts, while not admitting the Portu



proportion to the Catholics. Father Boniean wanted to efface from the Catholic community the debasing mark of intellectual inferiority. to uplift them, and let everybody see that they could be at once well versed in human knowledge and very fervent in their faith. "If we have not our schools," he said, "it is clear that twenty years hence all the intelligence of the country will be Protestant; the ignorant will be the Catholics: hence want of influence among the Catholics, their inability to do anything for the advancement and even maintenance of their religion, and immense discredit to our holy faith. For us, inaction would be unfaithfulness to the Church. treason to its interests and the interests of our souls." His activity promptly displayed itself in a pamphlet on Catholic education in which he denounced the sectarianism of the Schools Commission. and urged the Catholic laity to immediately set to work. This publication, praised by Propaganda, produced a still greater impression in Colombo than in Jaffna; but it drew down upon the author, who would not tolerate any compromise with error an avalanche of abuse. In ten letters, to which a liberal Protestant paper, the Examiner, of Colombo, gave insertion, he replied to his critics; demanding equality and freedom for all, the separate Catholic schools to receive pecuniary subsidies from Government proportioned to the taxes paid by Catholics. These letters were republished in a pamphlet, entitled "Mixed Schools"; which was followed by a third, "The Catholic Church and Civilization," and several others. Such strenuous efforts on behalf of Catholic education were not made in vain. The Schools Commission was finally suppressed; the Government recognized that it had no right to impose its teaching on any one, on the contrary that all subjects were entitled to have their children taught where and as they deemed suitable, and, as taxpayers, to share in the education grant.

His ever-ready pen was next used in a pamphlet on "Marriage Legislation in Ceylon" (1863-64), in which he opposed the passage into law of a bill which, he declared, if put in force, would render any Catholic missioner liable to imprisonment or fine, through the impossibility of complying with its provisions. "If they deny us the liberty of duty," he wrote, "we shall be obliged to take it. Because Catholics alone are the victims, you treat the matter coolly. Take care! When liberty is really violated, it is a sad day for every one. Hodie mihi, cras tibi. Liberty is a delicate plant which one cannot touch without injuring it. In every society there is a common life and there are common interests. One cannot infringe on the rights of minorities without inflcting great suffering on all. If you suppress the legitimate rights of your Catholic opponents, it will be the tomb of your liberty." Not content with writing, he got up

numerous meetings to enlighten the Christian population on the scope of the law, to awaken their not too active zeal; opened up a reasoned and live discussion in the papers; and presented six successive petitions to the local and metropolitan authorities, for which he obtained thousands of signatures, etc. "Really," said he, "in this country one has to put his hand to everything (on fait tous les métiers); is, in turn physician, architect, mason, schoolmaster, author, gardener, printer, catechist, etc.; and all that because one has the signal honor of being missionary apostolic, and because the missionary apostolic must be all things to all men, to sanctify everybody and lead everybody to Jesus Christ."

He had many works on hand about this time, but his work of predilection was that of the orphanages. After the great mission in Jaffna in 1859, a current of grace had poured through the pagan masses and brought to the missioners some spolia opima of the kingdom of Satan. Among those conquests of grace were several young children, for whose perseverance it was urgent to make some provision. A remedy was found in the work of the Holy Childhood which, implanted in the soil of Cevlon, was to take an important place among the means of evangelization. In 1860, a good Irish woman, Mrs. Flanagan, who had a son an Oblate and a daughter a nun, and who had rendered important service in the cause of education, took charge of some pagan girls; while Father Bonjean looked after the boys in St. Joseph's Orphanage. The foundation was of the humblest. In a hut, thatched with leaves of the cocoa tree, the general provision depôt, forty-nine children were assembled in a few months; and when this proved too small for their growing numbers, Father Bonjean, with the willing help of the orphans themselves, rapidly built another with such rough and ready materials as palm and cocoa trees supplied. But as al fresco structures of this kind became prey of their terrible enemy, the white ant, which would devour a whole house, several of these rustic houses or sheds arose successively with the growth of the colony and the damage to be repaired. It was an industrial school in miniature in which the manufacture of wax-tapers, beads and cigars and bookbinding were taught along with gardening, etc. Indian children, he said, yield to no race in acuteness and mental aptitude. The success of the work aroused the jealousy of the Protestants, who tried to influence public opinion against him, pretending that the children were ill-treated; articles full of calumny and written with puritanical violence appeared in the papers; pagan parents were sent to insult him and make terrible scenes; and a case was brought before the magistrate. But he baffled all the artifices of his enemies and his published replies shut the mouths of his most inveterate opponents. In both the orphanages a moral transformation was effected. To habits of revolting coarseness, to the absence of modesty and decency, to forgetfulness of truth and the right of property succeeded self-respect and respect for others; falsehood and theft tended to disappear completely.

As auxiliaries to the missioners and teachers he formed institutes of native Brothers of St. Joseph and Sisters of St. Peter, the latter developing so largely that in several localities convents of native Sisters were established. Under the weight of all these works his health gave way. The proposal that he should spend some months in France to recruit it he opposed, deeming that he would be unfaithful to his vocation if he did or said anything directly or indirectly that would lead to his leaving, were it only for an instant, the post in which he firmly believed God had placed him to do His work. "Ah! my Very Reverend Father," he wrote to the Superior General, "when one sees the extreme needs of these missions; when, like us, one touches them with the finger; when one sees himself surrounded by these masses of infidels among whom the divine seed would not fail to germinate, if there were sowers to scatter it; when we see numerous settlements sunk in ignorance and vice, quâ hominam non habent; when one casts his eye over those numerous youth thirsting for education and who are drinking at the foul springs of heresy and infidelity; when one sees Catholic institutions languishing for lack of subjects; when one sees our Lord's cause so little advanced and then, if European thought comes, see in what a form it presents itself; one feels like St. Francis Xavier, a desire to depopulate the universities to supply missionary workers to these poor countries, and would wish to run through the seminaries and colleges to stir up apostolic zeal among them; or to throw himself at the feet of those who, with a word, could reconstruct and strengthen our ranks." The Chapter General, held at Autun in 1868, to which he was deputed as delegate of the vicariate relieved Father Bonjean of any scruples about temporarily quitting where he wished to live and die.

In his passage through Rome, where the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, which brought 500 Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals and nearly 20,000 priests to the Eternal City was being commemorated, he received the congratulations of Pius IX. and Cardinal Barnabo on his pamphlet touching education and the marriage law. Monsignor Séméria having died on January 23, 1868, the Holy See appointed as his successor in the vicariate Father Bonjean, with the title of Bishop of Medea in partibus.

His episcopal arms bore the motto, impendam et superimpendar," which foreshadowed and crystallized in two words the career he mapped out for himself. "A poor missioner, without talent and without virtues," he wrote to the Pope, "I have nothing to offer in return for the confidence with which your Holiness honors me but my good will, my love for the Church and my attachment to your Holiness. Moreover, I can say with truth that in view of such a high office. I am miser et miserabilis." After his consecration at Tours on August 24, 1868, by Monsignor Guibert, he wrote to Father Fabre: "Oh! how deeply I feel the responsibility which rests upon me—the salvation of a million souls; the solid establishment of religion in a whole country; the honor of the Church and of the congregation to uphold; the maintenance of the rule and the religious spirit in the Ceylonese branch of our dear congregation and in that of the Holy Family; all the souls of those religious and nuns to sanctify; so many different interests to safeguard; so many dangers, difficulties and opposition to overcome and resources to create!"

During the first days that followed his return to Cevlon he wrote more than 130 letters to his priests to encourage and fortify them. and in the space of two years nearly 2,000; while he laid the foundation of a new administration, dividing the vicariate into several districts and placing a local superior over each. The missioners were often isolated, sometimes being at immense distances from the vicar. Until the reorganization, begun in 1869, was complete, he corresponded personally with each of them; but when the number of missioners increased it was difficult to visit them regularly. A mission in the city of Jaffna, to revive the first fervor of one given ten years previously, which had diminished through daily contact with pagans and Protestant sectaries, and which he personally conducted, resulted in 2,665 Communions and eighty-eight baptisms of pagans; more than a hundred young girls who had attended the Protestant schools becoming pupils of the nuns. The Protestant ministers confessed that this mission had hit them hard. An extensive pastoral visitation, which taxed the good Bishop's strength to the utmost, was like a prolongation of this mission over the whole diocese. He gave himself no rest; unless such as being lodged in wretched cabins made of palm trees and narrow huts with earthen walls about five feet high could afford. These often had to serve as an episcopal palace; places in which Europeans would hardly keep rabbits.

While Monsignor Bonjean was thus, with the sweat of his brow,

⁷ St. Paul, Second Epistle to the Corinthians, xii., 15.



laboring in that portion of the Lord's vineyard assigned to him. memorable events were about to take place in Rome. On June 28. 1868, the Holy Father had issued the Bull summoning the Vatican Council to assemble on the 8th of December, 1869. Though at first dispensed from attendance thereat, as his diocese had been deprived of a Bishop for eighteen months, several missioners were ill, and confirmations had not been conferred for a long time, Monsignor Bonjean, upon the advice of his council, ultimately decided to go, as important measures closely affecting the Church of Jaffna and its development would come under consideration. He was one of the hundred vicars apostolic who assembled along with the Bishops. Archbishops and Cardinals who numbered more than 700. His quick intelligence, vast erudition and luminous knowledge of the missions impressed the elite minds who represented the Catholic thought of the world in Rome on that great occasion. He ranged himself along the infallibilists. An open letter which he addressed to Monsignor Dupanloup, in response to a pastoral of the Bishop of Orleans to his clergy opposing the opportunities of the definition on account of the trouble it might make among the heterodox, produced a great sensation in the Council. His refutation of the arguments of that illustrious prelate earned for him the congratulations of the Sovereign Pontiff, of Cardinal Barnabo, of the future Cardinal Pie, of Monsignor Berteaud, Father Fabre, Superior General of the Oblates; the Abbé Sauvé, Louis Veuillot and others. The editor of l'Univers wrote: "Monsignor Boniean's letter has been read in Rome with great and unanimous applause. They have praised its tone, its accuracy, its great and luminous clarity. It has solaced many minds:" Even Monsignor Guibert, Archbishop of Tours, who temperamentally was disposed to take a middle course, felt the ascendancy of the humble missioner-Bishop and asked his opinion. Fifty other missioner-Bishops publicly expressed their adherence to the views of the Vicar Apostolic of Jaffna; while his own missioners sent him a joint letter expressive of their admiration and congratulating him on having defended so courageously the cause of the Holy See. After the definitive scrutiny on July 18, when Pius IX. confirmed, defined and promulgated the decision of the Vatican Council, Monsignor Bonjean wrote: "How happy I was to twice pronounce in the name of the congregation, my mother, and of the mission, my daughter, that grand Placet which, repeated under the dome of St. Peter's by hundreds of episcopal voices, made the Church in heaven and on earth thrill with joy and hell tremble with rage. What an incomparable privilege to have been called to mingle my feeble voice with that grand concert of the Catholic Church!"

The Franco-German War of 1870 compelled him to abandon a contemplated sojourn in France and England in the interests of his vicariate and to return as soon as possible to Ceylon, which he reached in November, taking with him Brother Flanagan and another Irish postulant named Murphy.

When Rome was invaded by the Piedmontese and the Pope's only retreat was the Vatican, in which Pius IX. and his successors have since been practically imprisoned, he collected among the Indians 2,000 francs (£80) for the wounded and addressed to the British Ministry a protest against the Piedmontese usurpation which bore 17,000 signatures; while, in the name of all his missioners, he sent an address to the Pontiff expressive of the most devoted loyalty and filial affection, to which his Holiness responded in a brief full of charity and apostolic sentiments. The English Cabinet replied evasively, but in language respectful towards the person of the Sovereign Pontiff and his rights.

A militant prelate, modern in the best sense of that word, with a practical mind and thoroughly grasping the situation, he marched with the times. With up-to-date ideas, he did not disdain to use every available means of combatting error and propagating truth. One of the means he seized upon was the press. No one can dispute or ignore the immense helpfulness of the Catholic press in both hemispheres. It brings the Church into the homes and hearts of the people; it multiplies pulpit utterances a thousandfold; it makes the voice of the preacher, as it were, echo and re-echo in innumerable reproductions of his sermon until it reaches the ears of millions; it is a missioner itself, a valuable auxiliary to those who are officially authorized to propound doctrines ex professo; it keeps the religious question to the front and does not relegate it to an obscure privacy; it makes people think and stores their minds with information upon subjects of the highest and widest import; it sounds the réveille in the great camp of the Church Militant: it calls to arms when fighting has to be done and when forces have to be rallied to make or to repel an assault; it records every victory won by truth over error, to give due glory to the victors and inspire the timid with courage; and as the Church can never lay down its arms and must be always, metaphorically, ready to receive cavalry. the Catholic press in the times in which we live is, in a word, indispensable. So, evidently thought Monsignor Bonjean. On his first return visit to France, a sum of 5,000 francs put into his hands for that purpose by a generous benefactress in Clermont, enabled him to set up a Catholic printing press at Jaffna. It was worked by the orphans and from it were issued his numerous publications. To strengthen his hands in his crusade against the heretical local

papers, he bought The Jaffna Catholic Guardian, turning it from a bi-monthly into a weekly. He threw himself into journalism wholeheartedly. Under his direction it became a marvelous instrument of propagandism, a rampart in the defense of the Catholic religion and Catholic interests. Its pages bore the impress of his lively faith, his deep learning, his broad and elevated views, and his contagious enthusiasm. "Our paper," he was able to say, "has taken up an honorable position in Ceylon and India. The papers of both those countries often borrow from it; it is dreaded by the Protestant ministers, whose audacity it represses and whose falsehoods it exposes. The old Morning Star, for sixty years the fanatical organ of these gentlemen, has found a stout antagonist in the Guardian; the big journals of Colombo also have learned to respect our little sheet; a Tamil paper in Jaffna, which rivalled us, has shamefully succumbed, after its condemnation for defamation by the court."

In 1875 the island of Mannar and the peninsula of Jaffna were ravaged by one of those sporadic epidemics of cholera, the plague and scourge of Asia. The Indian coolies had brought the contagion with them. These poor creatures, employed by the planters in the cultivation of the coffee plant, disembarked at Mannar and spread themselves over almost the whole island to the number of 150.000. Penned like cattle on board ship, each vessel laden with five or six hundred, they brought with them their miseries and the malady. The country had suffered from several visitations of it, particularly from 1864 to 1867. The missions faced all the dangers and difficulties they had to cope with; brought the plague stricken into the churches and schools, nursed them back to health, and when any died, as many did, dug their graves with their own hands; two of the priests succumbing themselves to the disease. It did not lessen the ardor of the self-sacrificing missioners, but rather increased it. "I think," wrote Monsignor Bonjean, "I would be insulting our young European brethren if I thought that the heat of our tropical climate, the presence of cholera, or the prospect of enfeebled health under a burning sun, or the semi-civilized condition of the masses who require our care, or the deprivation of what is customary to call 'consolations,' were circumstances unfavorable to the increase of our ranks. If persecution rages in any one of our missions, certainly candidates, and excellent candidates are not wanting. To die of the cholera, is it not to die the victim of charity? Two of our fathers have gathered this palm in Ceylon. Are they to be mourned or envied? What does it matter what weapon strikes down the warrior on the battlefield, provided he dies like a brave man, faithful to his flag and his God!" It was in this spirit he

fearlesssly faced the recurrence of the pestilence which threatened to be no less pitiless. Always practical and equal to the occasion, he promptly and prudently issued an English circular giving precautions and directions to be followed during the prevalence of the The Government, when it discovered infected houses. burned, instead of disinfecting them, with the result that half the population, finding themselves homeless, wandered into other villages, propagating the disease. Some quarters of Mannar looked like a city sacked and burned by an enemy. Monsignor Bonjean was in the thick of it. When his friends counselled prudence, he replied: "Should not a general be where the cannon roars?" At his instance an immense petition was addressed to the Government against the immigration of coolies. After the epidemic had swept away from 25,000 to 30,000, one of the missioners wrote: "Soon the track of the immigration will be nothing but a vast abandoned desert; one might plant on it a black flag with this inscription: 'Behold the ruins accumulated by the avarice and cruelty of the planters!" Terrible as was the scourge, it was not an unmixed evil. "Wherever the scourge has passed," said Monsignor Bonjean, "it was worth a mission to us; poor sinners were converted in large numbers; many pagans have been baptized, and this conversion movement joined to the edification given by our good fathers, was to the marveling multitude a practical demonstration of the truth of the Catholic religion. These are treatises in apologetics which the Protestants don't know how to write. The ministers stood aside with persistent prudence." But the Protestant papers paid homage to the truth and to the self-oblation of the mis-"Wherever there is a cholera case to be attended to or poor, famished person to be fed," said the Ceylon Patriot, "we find these men. And our ministers, where are they then?" "The only consoler of the sick and dying, the only supporter of the orphans and the wretched survivors," added the Examiner, "has been the Catholic priest. How noble, how grand is the influence the Catholic priest exercises over afflicted hearts under such painful circumstances! His kindness and affection are the only consolation of the wretched. The thanks and gratitude of the whole population are certainly due to that self-devotedness which is selfforgetting, at a time when we are destitute of every other succor."

After the cholera came the famine, decimating in the northern province a population already sorely tried by the epidemic. Veritable walking skeletons, with only a few rags to cover their almost fleshless limbs, and bearing on their faces the impress of the hand of death, traversed the roads. Some walked or crawled long distances of from fifteen to twenty miles to procure food. The Bishop's heart

was rent with anguish. He knocked at every door; he wrote to the work of the Propagation of the Faith, to M. Laverrière, director of the Bulletin des Missions Catholiques, and to the Univers; he borrowed from Father Sardou, Procurator General of the Oblates, 20,000 francs, and got up a meeting of the leading Christians of Jaffna and collected thereby a sum of 500 francs. Europe responded to his touching appeal. The Univers sent him some thousands of francs which it had collected; the Abbé Laverrière telegraphed to him to draw upon him to the extent of 6,000 francs, and Propaganda forwarded to him 3,000. About 430 families, representing several thousand individuals, daily crowded the veranda of the Bishop's houses imploring relief. The pagans came, too, and he gave to all without distinction. The famine, like the cholera, was not an unmixed evil. Several new Christian settlements were the result. The pagans who begged for food for the body begged also for food for the soul; and he soon had two hundred neophytes to feed and clothe while they were receiving instruction, a native priest, Father Sandrasagra, imparting it. Monsignor Bonjean had often the consolation of baptizing fifty, sixty and up to ninety pagans at the same time.

A crêche for abandoned infants was another outcome of the famine episode. It arose out of an incident which would have appealed to St. Francis and suggested to the mind of the Poverello thoughts of Bethlehem and its hallowed stable. After saying Mass on Christmas Day, 1877, Monsignor Bonjean found in the street a three-year-old child completely abandoned. The idea of founding a refuge for these little mites at once occurred to him. With him to plan was to decide, and to decide was to act. A pretty bungalow was rapidly built on a site near the nuns' convent, and soon more than forty infants were in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Family. Even the Protestants could not withhold their admiration from this new and beneficent work. Cognate to this was the work of the Holy Childhood, which he earnestly encouraged, and through the agency of which, in four years, there were 1,590 baptisms of pagan children.

Another of his multitudinous solicitudes, one nearest to his heart, was the formation of a native clergy, the first nucleus being found in aspirants drawn from his orphanages or from the better class of families. The gift of a generous Christian lady enabled him to build his diocesan Seminary of St. Martin. On ordination days, when he gave new priests to the Church, his joy was manifest; but the aliquid mari which tinged it was the penury of missioners, which he acutely felt, seeing that there were 62,000 Catholics to be ministered to and nearly a million pagans to be converted. "My Sem-

inary with its seventeen seminarists," he said, "is a source of hope for the future: but in that I am working more for my successor than for myself. The question of questions in Ceylon, that which supersedes all others, is the question of personnel. Our best missioners are crushed with work, and I dare not fix my gaze on the near future, fearing to find there the places of our best workers empty. With more assistants, not only would I accomplish the work we cannot do now, but I would increase the chances of the prolongation of the lives of the fathers who are laboring to-day—a subject which is to me a source of daily and deadly disquietude. . . . I have been lately thrice ill, and the third time I really believed that I was near my end. Judge of our distress from all that! There is no retreating; heresy and modern civilization are pressing on us on all sides; it is a case of non progredi, regredi est. . . . It is absolutely impossible for me to tell you what I suffer. The Vicariate of Ceylon is a hive in which there are no drones, but only industrious and vigilant bees—apes argumentosæ; only those poor bees are, from their small numbers, far from forming a swarm."

The restoration of the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary at Maddu, which involved him in a contest with the Goanese schismatics, over whom he gained a victory that he attributed to Our Lady of Victories, and the embellishment of the shrine of St. Anne. a famous place of pilgrimage for which he obtained special favors from Rome, were incidents that marked the progress of Catholicism in Ceylon under his active episcopal rule. These two spiritual oases in the midst of the forests and on the sandy shores of the western coast of the island linked the present with the Church's past. When the Dutch in 1658 expelled all the Catholic priests, forbidding them to remain under pain of death, suppressing Catholic schools and demolishing Catholic churches, a number of the hunted flock took refuge in the forests, where they constructed a little earthen chapel, furnished with some remains of their old churches, including a statue of the Blessed Virgin from the ancient capital, Mantai. This new sanctuary was dedicated under the invocation of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. Such was the origin of the sanctuary of Maddu. A local tradition relates that seven priests, confessors of the faith of eminent holiness, pitched their tents near it and lived and died there, ministering to the proscribed Catholics. In after years immense throngs of pilgrims came to pray there from the most distant parts of Ceylon and India, and were the recipients of remarkable favors. They believe that the soil of Maddu is an infallible antidote to the bites of serpents, and pilgrims customarily take some of the earth away with them, just as persons bring away water from the Grotto of Lourdes. It is noted as a fact that no one has ever been bitten by a serpent at Maddu, since missioners preside over the pilgrimages. There is a tradition according to which St. Francis Xavier obtained from God, for all the missioners in India, the privilege of never dying from the bites of serpents. Although every year more than 20,000 persons die of such bites, no one has ever heard of a Catholic missioner being a victim.

The origin of the shrine of St. Anne transports us into the region of the marvelous. More than two hundred years ago a Portuguese wandered over the lagunes and sandy wastes which cover the tongue of land that juts out between the great sea and Puttlam Lake. Harrassed with fatigue and exhausted by hunger, he stopped on the shore of the broad ocean, and, after a prayer to St. Anne, whose succor he implored, he fell asleep under the shadow of a tree. In his sleep he thought he saw the luminous face of the saint, who seemed to point out to him a mysterious object. What was his astonishment to see quite near him the very image of the saint between two lighted tapers! After a thanksgiving to St. Anne, he felt strengthened, and, understanding that she wished the erection of a sanctuary in that place, he resumed his journey, which he happily ended. A short time afterwards he returned, and, with the help of some friends, erected a little oratory to St. Anne. The renown of this shrine extends all over the East, and every year thousands of pilgrims belonging to the most diverse religious persuasions, Catholics, Protestants, Tamils, Buddhists, Mohammedans from every country, from the sources of the Ganges to the confines of the peninsula of Malacca, throng thither during the novena which precedes the feast of St. Anne. This stretch of land, usually occuplied by a few Catholic families, is transformed into a populous city of from 30,000 to 40,000 souls.

He was also brought into contact with the marvelous when, during one of his episcopal visitations, he had to examine the stigmatica of Bollawatté. This young girl had received the impression of the stigmata or five wounds, and the fact having been noised abroad and drawn crowds, wishful of witnessing the phenomenon, the government was beginning to be concerned about it. "I then," records Monsignor Bonjean, "placed the young girl in the convent of Kurunégala, and for a month, helped by the good Mother Josephine and Father Perréard, observed her with all the attention that such a marvelous phenomenon demanded. I likewise caused her to be several times visited by a doctor, who later reported to me. We were able to affirm that this young girl was, on certain days and hours, particularly on Thursday and Friday, thrown into an ecstatic state during which all the vital functions were apparently suspended;

general immobility, rigidity of the limbs, fixed to the ground by an insurmountable force: total absence of sensibility, hearing, consciousness and relations with the external world, while at the same time blood flowed more or less abundantly from the wounds which transpierced the feet and hands, and from a wound in the side; on Thursday evenings it was from the crown of the head the blood came. No sound seemed to move the paralyzed organism, but on three occasions, it was enough for me to speak to this girl in an ordinary tone of voice to recall her to herself, to the use of her senses, and to get immediate replies from her. On other occasions, she appeared to undergo the punishment of scourging, and Mother Josephine assured me she saw her back furrowed with contusions like those strokes of rods would produce. The doctor described these phenomena, but, unable to explain them, suspected fraud. For my part, the supervision to which I had subjected this child left me no reason to share that doubt, for the greater reason that in the very detailed account she gave me of her whole life, I recognized a simple, candid soul, incapable of artfulness, and whom I always found very obedient to my orders. I believed it my duty then to put an end to the reports of magnetism and fraud current in the native papers and popular conversations, and to declare that to my knowledge there was absolutely nothing of that in this extraordinary case." The Bishop put her with some companions in a house where they followed a kind of religious rule. "It pleased me," he adds, "to to recognize that the effect of all that in the country had been extremely favorable; that it has been like a call to penitence. We are gathering the fruits of it in the mission we preached at Bollawatté in the month of the April following, about five thousand Communions, three-fourths of the recipients being men; several baptisms of pagans and a general revival throughout the whole country."

His zeal was unwearied. In six years he created nine new stations. At the same time he directed Father Chounavel to prepare to evangelize the 300,000 Buddhists in the vicariate. That earnest missioner set to work and formed at Talampityia a little settlement of neophytes whom Monsignor Bonjean loved to regard as the first fruits of a universal Christianization of the island. The Protestant missioners, disturbed at this success, provoked Father Chounavel to a public controversy which lasted for five hours, and which ended in confounding the heretics.

The spring of 1877 witnessed the addition to the ranks of the Oblate missioners of two brothers from Australia, Charles and Jules Collin, natives of Lurais in the Diocese of Bourges, whom Monsignor Bonjean called "two precious pearls of great price," "two

elect of God, gifts from Heaven," whose arrival at a time when they were beginning to lose courage, when Heaven seemed deaf to their prayers, greatly rejoiced him; believing, as the sequel proved, that they were called to accomplish great things for the glory of the Divine Master and the salvation of souls. "Ah! would to God." he wrote to their sister. Sister Mary of the Eucharist, a Carmeitte nun, "What a blessing has descended upon my mission! What have I done, then, to deserve such a favor. Our Lord, I think, was very glad when he saw the Apostles, and Peter, and James, and Andrew, and Matthew, and the others respond so quickly to his appeal; and I, poor Bishop of Jaffna, what is not my joy to see these two generous apostles come to me from the depths of Australia, not at the first appeal, but without any appeal on my part, and without my knowing why or how they come to me." In a letter to Father Soullier he speaks of them as "duo candelabra." having a perfect religious spirit. Oblates to the marrow of their bones. clever and ready for everything; and to the Carmelites as "two dear trees transplanted from Australia who have taken root in the soil trodden by St. Francis Xavier," who will soon "bear not less abundant fruit."

The work of organization, which absorbed so much of his time and attention, compelled him to postpone missions, properly so called, upon which he set a very high value. "No one," he said, "appreciates more than I do the results of missions. When one wants to rouse people, there is nothing like them; in a few weeks such headway is made as, under ordinary circumstances, would require several years." But to make this mission work a permanent institution, called for a parochial clergy and numerous preachers. He wished to have a body of missioners exclusively devoted to preaching, going from station to station and bringing the strayed sheep back to the fold.

A visit to Goa with the double object of being present at the exposition of the body of St. Francis Xavier, miraculously preserved for over three centuries, and putting an end finally to the schism, was an event which took place in the autumn of 1878. On his return, Father Souilier, deputed by the superior general, made a visitation of the vicariate. According to the Oblate constitutions, every mission vicariate should be visited every six years, but thirty years had elapsed without a visitation, circumstances not having rendered it convenient. A local Protestant paper, the Ceylon Patriot, referring to it, said: "We must recognize that the aspect of the Catholic mission has completely changed during these twenty years and latterly, thanks chiefly to the replacing of the old Goanese clergy by European priests of the Society of Oblates. During these

late years Catholics have not only ceased to be the object of ridicule and contempt of which they were formerly the butt, but are to-day at the head of every undertaking of a nature to advance the social, moral and intellectual progress of the Tamil people. . . . It would be bad taste to institute comparisons and to draw conclusions unfavorable to other missioners sent by Protestant societies from England and America, who, in their time, have rendered important services to Jaffna. Nevertheless, considering the general results, and admitting this principle that the primary object of every mission is the conversion of the pagans, we are forced, although very reluctantly, to recognize that to-day the Catholic mission holds the first place among all the Christian missions in Jaffna....Only a few years ago it was the fashion to jeer Catholics on their ignorance. A favorite saying was 'that the presses, the papers, enlightenment and science were not held in honor among Papists.' How do things stand now? The Catholic Press of St. Joseph is the largest and most flourishing establishment of its kind in Jaffna: Catholic books and papers are issued from it daily. The Catholic Guardian has not only made the lustre of the Protestant luminary, the Morning Star, which is rapidly declining towards the horizon, grow pale, but, under the direction of its present editor. promises to take its place in the front rank of Ceylon newspapers."

After the chapter at Autun, Monsignor Bonjean toured England and Ireland, where he procured recruits for the extension of his schools, and was received with marked favor by Cardinal Manning and the Colonial Minister. On his return to the Continent he went the round of several seminaries in quest of volunteers for the Indian mission, although suffering from occasional attacks of fever and rheumatism and being once, at Bordeaux, on the verge of death. Upon his recovery he consecrated, as titular of Adrana, Father Mélizan, who had been nominated his coadjutor.

About this time Jules Ferry's famous March decree, which struck at the religious orders (the Jesuits being the first made to feel the hand of the oppressor), threatened the religious congregations, unless they obtained legal recognition, with the same fate. The congregations, refusing to comply with the requirements, made common cause with the Jesuits. M. de Freycinet, having promised, notwithstanding these decrees, that the Government would continue to protect the French religious on the foreign missions, Monsignor Bonjean addressed an open letter to that Minister, calling upon France to maintain abroad the glory of its flag by effectively protecting at home the birthplace of apostolic vocations. "Menaced in the sacred interests to which I have devoted thirty-two years of my missionary life," he wrote, "I do not expect I shall create any

astonishment nor incur any blame on the part of your Excellency. if I avail of my temporary sojourn in France, to unite my weak voice to that of the venerable French Episcopate and appeal to your loyalty, your justice and your patriotism from the decrees of March 20 touching the Religious Congregations." He goes on to say how, besides the evangelization of a million infidels, he had to provide for the spiritual needs of 70,000 Catholics, aided by forty Oblate missioners and seventeen French nuns, thanks to whose zeal the number of Christians had increased by 20,000 in less than thirty years; how they had 6,000 pupils in 104 Catholic schools, and more than 400 orphans in five orphanages; and how the Catholic religion had attained to a position of great influence in the country. Having referred to the French Minister's diplomatic assurances of protection, he proceeds: "Happily we Oblate Missioners, whose missions are situate in counties subject to British rule, enjoy a liberty so complete, our rights are so religiously respected, our claims are always so well received, and we are environed with such sympathy, confidence and honor that this hypothesis, as far as we are concerned, must be absolutely set aside." He pointed out that it was not at all impossible that a French Government measure might in the event inevitably lead to the suppression in France of the establishments from which his priests, lay brethren and nuns were exclusively recruited; how his personnel, dried up at its source, could no longer maintain itself, involving the ruin of his flourishing mission in the near future; a sentence of death equally striking down all other religious bodies contemplated by these decrees; an axe laid at the root of the apostolic tree which sheltered a multitude of nations and races again deprived of the benefit of Christian civilization. He invites the Minister to cast his eyes over a map of the world and to trace thereon the movements of the French missioners, members of unauthorized Congregations, upon all the landswhere they give their sweat, their blood and their lives for the triumph of Christ, the happiness of peoples, and the honor of France; from the Frozen regions of the North Pole to the burning sands of the equator; throughout the great Empires of India and China, still reeking with the blood of martyrs, and Africa, just opened to the apostolic zeal of France; and in the numberless islands of the Pacific Ocean; pointing out that the interests of thisreligious apostolate and of France are identical. He appeals to him not to let a stroke of the pen destroy this grand Christian and social work; not to let people, under the shelter of his name, resume the evil work of the Choiseuls and the Pombals. "My voice is weak," he concludes, "but it conveys to you the echo of hundreds of Bishops, of thousands of priests and religious, of thousands of the

faithful of every race who, if distance did not raise an obstacle, would unite with me in laying before the Government of most Christian France their just claims and the expression of their alarms and their hopes." The publication of this letter elicited the warmest congratulations from Rome and from several French Bishops.

Monsignor Bonjean and his coadjutor returned to Ceylon with numerous recruits, including nineteen priest-missioners. The most notable of these were Father Smyth and the Abbé Joulain, the present Bishop of Jaffna. The former, then a sub-deacon, was a native of Ardmore, in the Diocese of Derry, the son of a Protestant minister, who had graduated with distinction in Dublin University, and after occupying various posts in the civil service, was appointed assistant government agent in Ceylon. His intelligence, uprightness, energy and irreproachable conduct made the pagans say: "That gentleman is like a Catholic priest." The devotedness of the missioners moved him to admiration, and he became their friend and defender. The dogma of the Real Presence chiefly impressed him. "My childhood," he said, "was passed in the church of which my father had charge. Everything there seemed cold to me; nothing reached my heart. But when I went accidentally into a Catholic church, what a change! At the sight of those sculptured garlands which seemed to converge towards the tabernacle, and even in Ceylon, in the most modest churches of earth or palm leaves, at the sight of those crowds humbly prostrate before the Eucharist, I was deeply moved, and several times I was surprised to find myself falling on my knees, and asking the God of the altar to make known to me the truth." His prayers were heard, as many such have been, and will be. Touched by grace, he opened his eyes to the light of faith, and despite paternal disapproval, made his abjuration at Colombogan on the 8th of December, 1869, and was baptized by Father Salaun. Some years afterwards, desirous of consecrating himself to God, he gave up a very brilliant position in the world, and the near prospect of an income of £2,000 a year, went to Rome. studied theology at the Propaganda College, went through his novitiate and made his perpetual oblation at Auturo in 1879. The Abbé Joulain, born on September 24, 1852, and ordained on May 22, 1875, was a secular priest who felt called to the religious and apostolic life.

Monsignor Bonjean had hardly set foot on the soil of Ceylon when the March decrees were put in force in France, and the French Oblates, like most of the other religious, were thrown into the street and their convents seized and seals affixed to them, for the crime of forming religious families and doing good to their neighbor. It was to him a subject of both grief and joy. "We are proud and envious of you all, upon whom has devolved at this moment the signal honor

of suffering for our Lord Jesus Christ and His Holy Church," he wrote to Father Fabre. "Yes, honor to you, venerated Father! honor to you all, dear brothers, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, members of an institute founded to repair the ruins of the first revolution. who are to-day deemed worthy of being the victims of a second! How we would wish to share your griefs, your anguish, your exile, in a word, to suffer with you! Far away, beyond the seas, our hearts are linked with yours; they send you a thousand encouragements, a thousand congratulations, a thousand tender and holy kisses, as to venerable confessors of Jesus Christ; to each of you they address those words of holy hope—Euge serve bone et fidelis—and amid the darkness of the present hour they confidently greet the dawn of the day when along with you will triumph God, religion, truth, justice and honor." And when his uncle, M. Tardif, a member of the Tribunal des Conflits, resigned his office along with hundreds of other magistrates as a protest against the decrees, he wrote to tell him how it filled him and all his missioners with admiration and how proud he was to call himself his nephew; that the soul of his holy mother in heaven would be thrilled with joy.

One of the scenes of his missionary labors, of which the coadjutor made a pastoral visitation on his return, was Point Pedro, a seaport at the northern end of Cevlon. It was the bulwark of Hindoo paganism, where the Brahmin caste was numerous and powerful and included some men learned in Tamil literature and Hindoo philosophy. By their self-sufficient airs one would take them for sages of ancient Greece. Everywhere were erected magnificent pagodas in honor of the gods and goddesses they worshiped, to whom the Brahmins daily offered sacrifice; while wealthy pagans kept festivals that by their obscenity recalled the impure solemnities of antique paganism. At the extremity of the city is a large tamarind under the branches of which St. Francis Xavier⁸ often preached, and near which was formerly a chapel dedicated to him, destroyed along with other Christian edifices raised by the Portuguese during the Dutch persecutions. Monsignor Bonjean and Monsignor Mélizan had to endure great fatigue in making these journeys, which drew from him the remark, "Militia est vita Episcopi in Taprobana." The climate of northern Cevlon is less salubrious than that of the south and particularly of the district of Kandy. The Vicariate of Iaffna having no sanatorium where overworked missioners could recruit their health, Propaganda ceded to it the small territory of Gampola, where Monsignor Bonjean rented a bungalow at an altitude of 4,000 feet, where for a time the infirm fathers were sent.

⁸ In one of his letters St. Francis Xavier characterizes the Brahmin as a liar and a cheat to the backbone.



In the midst of his preaching and visitations, in creating new centres of spiritual influence, building new schools, new convents. new stations and establishing a college of which he made Father Smyth, the Dublin University graduate and convert, the principal, he did not forget his literary apostolate. During three years, from 1880 to 1883, he published not less than fifty-eight pamphlets, tracts or circulars, the most important treating of public worship, education, marriage, etc. Under these arduous labors his health declined to such an extent as to be a source of grave anxiety to his coadjutor. who confessed to Father Soullier his inability to take upon his shoulders, in succession to such a colossus as Monsignor Boniean. the direction, single-handed, of all the works he had initiated. "It is only a man like Monsignor Bonjean," he wrote, "who can cope with so many difficulties, and I willingly make the sacrifice of my life for the prolongation of so precious an existence, intimately convinced that it is the most perfect way of showing myself his true coadjutor. Monsignor Boniean only need live to be able to arrange everything: if, then, I can obtain from God a prolongation of his days, even at the cost of my life. I shall have rendered the most signal service to this Vicariate of Jaffna, to which I have been sacrificed."

An immense work had been accomplished. The number of missioners, nuns and missions had been doubled; his senior and junior seminaries, scholasticate and novitiate were hopeful auguries of the future; the number of schools had risen from thirty-one to 110, and the pupils frequenting them from 1,378 to 7,000; while the Catholic population had increased by 25,000. One would have thought that he had earned, and well earned, much needed rest. He had done enough in Jaffna, but instead of surcease from toil more work was reserved for him. Providence was about to provide him with a larger field for the exercise of his indefatigable activity. In July, 1883, Colombo and the southern and western provinces were confided to him, Monsignor Mélizan assuming entire charge of the Vicariate of Jaffna.

The Vicariate of Colombo contains 110,000 Catholics and more than a million pagans. Colombo, the capital of the island, a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, is the centre of political and commercial affairs and the seat of government; all the live forces of Christianity, all the means of expansion are there. Though daily becoming more and more Europeanized, it contains a mixture of races. The architecture of the buildings is half European, half oriental. Bright, busy and radiant, it is a city of pleasure like Paris. There are some interesting ancient monuments in the environs, remarkable for their rich vegetation, which made a Russian tourist describe its neighborhood as "a botanic garden." It opened up for Monsignor Bonjean

an immense field in which to labor for the salvation of souls: he was too ardent a lover of the Church to ask to be relieved of the charge, which he called "a heavy cross, a prolonged agony"; but it destroyed all hope of his being able to devote to prayer, study and preparation for death the remainder of his life. After thirty-six years of a missionary career, twenty-seven of which were passed in Jaffna, it was like beginning life anew. His departure evoked an unanimous expression of regret from all classes. A wealthy pagan presented him with a beautiful pectoral cross with a massive gold chain, and the Hindoos, including priests of Siva, with a farewell address in which they expressed their gratitude for all the benefits he had conferred on the country during the time of the famine and "The significance of this document, emanating from the cholera. the intelligent portion of the pagan population," says Father Jonquet, "had an importance which only those who know the country can appreciate at its just value." More than fifty thousand people awaited his arrival at Colombo, where he had a magnificent reception from the impressionable and demonstrative Singhalese. was all.

From the start the greatest difficulties and the most deplorable distress confronted him in his new sphere of action. His penury was complete; furniture, books, church ornaments, almost everything was wanting; the sacristies were bare to emptiness; he had no monetary resources but the £127 presented to him by the Jaffna Catholics; there were no funds allocated by the Propagation of the Faith, no assured succor, nothing but eventual and uncertain revenues; a depleted exchequer, and only £40 towards the erection of a Cathedral! There was nothing to maintain the schools, the government grant had been spent in various ways, and several teachers claimed payment of arrears of salary. Despite this, he had to keep going the institute of the Brothers at Colombo, reopen their school at Negombo and sustain the orphanages. "Every day," he wrote sadly, "they brought me children it grieved me to refuse, knowing they would be lost, body and soul." He had to create a training school for the forming of certified teachers, or otherwise, in a few years the schools would receive no government grant, and he had to make provision for young aspirants to the priesthood.

The spiritual condition of the vicariate seemed no less lamentable. The people were only superficially religious, emotional, attracted only by the externals and not the inward spirit of religion; they preferred sights to sermons; many died without the sacraments; infants died without baptism, and it was not unusual for six-monthsold children to be brought to the font. Meanwhile Protestant ten-

dencies were very marked, and Catholic parents did not scruple to send their children to non-Catholic schools.

One of his chief preoccupations was the completion of the Cathedral of Santa Lucia, designed on a grand scale; it was left to him to roof it and raise the enormous dome which now crowns the edifice, one of the finest Cathedrals in the East. He had to carry a heavy cross in 1884, when he labored without encouragement of any kind, in the midst of solicitudes, bitternesses and fears, without any consolation but the consciousness of having done his duty, without anything to rely upon but his confidence in our Lady Immaculate. "My heart," he wrote to Father Fabre, "knows nothing but sadness; my life is only an anticipated Purgatory. I was on the point of sending my resignation of the Vicariate of Colombo to Propaganda. The letter was written; my good angel alone withheld it."

However, when things come to the worst, they mend; when he was in this melancholy mood, a reinforcement of five missioners came to raise his drooping spirits; the civil administration of Ceylon showed the greatest regard for him; the local government was pleased with the work of pacification he had accomplished. When he arrived in Colombo there was a sharp conflict between Catholics and Buddhists, and bloodshed following demonstrations on both sides. Monsignor Bonjean knew that these encounters were an obstacle to the Christianization of the pagans, and by his fatherly counsels, by the suppression of a satirical paper and other steps peace was restored.

In October, 1884, he was summoned to Rome to inform the Holy See about religious affairs in India, it having been decided to take vigorous action on the Goanese question. During the five months he spent in the Eternal City he was four times received in private audience by Leo XIII., with whom he had long and intimate conversations. At the request of the Pope and Propaganda he wrote four lengthy reports, one of which ran to 500 pages. In one of his audiences His Holiness said: "I am pleased, very pleased with you; you have rendered a great service to the Holy See: I am very grateful to you." While these different reports were being studied, discussed and turned into diplomatic notes, the Holy Father gave him leave to tour France in the interests of his mission. At Saint-Brieuc he obtained a group of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary for his Moratuwa schools and the General Hospital at Colombo. From France he went to England and Ireland, where he officiated at an ordination in Dublin, and on his return took in Belgium and Holland in his itinerary. While facilitating the reception of suitable subjects, he set his face against those who mistook a transient attraction for a call to the religious life. To a young priest who asked to accompany him, he said: "I don't deny your vocation, but your letter seems to me too enthusiastic and a little jejune. With us, it is a uniformly crucified life, a slow martyrdom. Reflect, take counsel, pray; write to me again in two years, if you persist in your desire. Our apostolate is a work demanding courage, but still more abnegation." He wanted men resigned to live poor in the midst of toils and fatigue, without any human reward, devoting their intelligence, their ardor, their valor to the extension of the Church and to souls. When urged to accept another priest of great merit, he replied: "While quite wishful of admitting this holy priest into our ranks, where he would be a power, I don't want to put myself between God and this soul, nor to forestall the moment God has fixed upon in His wisdom."

It was during these journeyings, when he bade an affectionate farewell to a brother and sister to whom he was greatly attached. that he received from Rome his nomination as Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, in which Leo XIII, publicly expressed his satisfaction. He accepted this dignity joyfully on account of the deep impression it was to make in Cevlon. He said confidentially to his sister: "I receive my brief of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, and I am declared noble, just as if our father and mother had been Count and Countess, which is far from being the case. At last, I am Count. comes. I wish to be all my life comes Jesu Christi et Beati Petri, that is to say, faithful companion of Jesus Christ and of His Vicar, following them everywhere even unto death. I confess that I am glad of this new link which attaches me to the Pope, and this distinction coming at this time will increase tenfold my power and influence for the good I have to do in Colombo. My enemies said the Pope was displeased with my conduct in the Goa affair, that it was in consequence of this displeasure he retained me so long in Rome, etc. Here is the Pope's reply. It will have a great effect in Colombo, and will add not a little to other favors received and to the arrival in a year of three missioners and nine nuns. Our Lord is spoiling me (me gâte) after having kept me on the cross for nearly three years. Ask Him that my heart and my life be henceforward raised to the height of these great gifts, as far as a poor nonentity (un pauvre néant) like me can be."

Sailing on January 17, 1886, from Marseilles, he broke the journey at Rome, where he was very cordially received by the Pope. "This interview," he wrote to Father Fabre, "was one of the most delightful I have ever had with the Vicar of Jesus Christ. His Holiness spoke to me a good deal about my new mission, evinced his pleasure at hearing of its progress and of our efforts to further it

more and more, and personally said to me things which will forever remain engraven in my heart. He spoke to me with an unction which filled my soul with joy, as if our Lord Himself had addressed to me through the mouth of His Vicar the Euge serve bone! What an obligation for me to be always worthy of my high vocation! What humiliation when I see what I am!"

One of his traveling companions was the Abbé Coudert, of the Diocese of Clermont, whom Monsignor Boyer called "the pearl of Auvergne," and who was destined to be Monsignor Bonjean's successor. "My return to Colombo," he wrote, "has been a veritable ovation, the most eloquent answer the malevolent allegations disseminated against me. This second reception, in which the true sentiments of the people were so spontaneously manifested, has been a great consolation to me and not less a strong support."

Life is made up of meetings and partings. He had hardly set foot in Colombo when death deprived him of one of his sujets d'élite, Father P. Murphy, a zealous young Irish priest who had accompanied him to Ceylon in 1870, and who worked so hard that he shortened his life. A perfect model of resignation in suffering, his only fear was of dying before the return of the Bishop for whom he cherished a filial love, and in whose arms he expired. Another loss was the unexpected death of Father Boisseau, whom, in a letter to Father Soullier, he called "my faithful and devoted friend, the light of my life, the support of my old days, he to whose soul mine clung so closely, the honor of Colombo and of our holy religion"; his right hand, the confidant of his most intimate thoughts, his indefatigable and intelligent auxiliary, whom he hoped to have assigned to him as his coadjutor and to consecrate him himself before the year closed.

To add to his grief, several of his best missioners were laid low. Their illness he ascribed to overwork and insalubrious accommodation, which he himself shared with them. The episcopal "palace" was in fact shut in between the Cathedral and the college, a veritable prison, a kind of black hole, in which there was a lamentable lack of air and space; missioners, seminarists and novices being crowded together contrary to all hygienic laws, until the novitiate was transferred to Bambalapitiya. The Bishop had at first to lead a kind of nomadic life, dwelling in rented houses or seeking the hospitality of the Christian Brothers.

He had hardly recovered from the shock of the recent deaths when his solicitude for his flock impelled him to make a visitation of the district of Sabaragamuwa in the interior. This mission had been greatly neglected for some years in consequence of its extent and the difficulty of communications. "I was profoundly moved,"

he relates, "to find a population of 28,000 souls, all infidels, without a priest in this vast country to preach Christianity and a thousand scattered Christians in distant villages deprived of every succor in life and death." He placed immediately a missioner at Ratnapura, the chief place of the district, and soon set up a station at Matara, where groups of Christians were dispersed in the midst of Buddhists. Another Catholic mission he visited was that of Amblagonda, likewise situated in the Buddhist region. The Buddhists tried to disturb the Catholic assemblage by getting one of their priests to read in his shrillest voice the bana, or sacred book of the Bonzes, varying the reading by loud performances on the tam-tam and cymbals, rockets and fuzees and savage cries. This lasted several hours, but the Catholics took no notice; and, at the close of the ceremony Monsignor Bonjean thanked the Buddhists for their exhibition of fireworks, if it were organized in his honor. He had a tactful way of evangelizing the pagans. "People," he said. "are not converted by decrees; it needs time and patience; to wish to do with one blow what would require years, would be to compromise everything. Pagan conversions. should be made by degrees, by stages, and not by a violent invasion." His method was this: when he found some Catholic families in a Buddhist district, he had a little church built with a room for a priest; then the missioner came into the country without giving umbrage to any one, and his influence made itself gradually felt; they got accustomed to seeing him, become familiarized to him, and by the grace of God conversions took place, one by one. Pagans do not generally yield to reasoning, but to what strikes their eyes; beautiful churches well adorned, festivals, chants are the most effective means of attracting them; while the good example of Christians and their wise advice also sway them. "In this country the work of evangelization must be done with patience," were the simple words in which Monsignor Bonjean expressed the conclusion to which long experience had led him. Every year from 500 to 600 pagans entered the Church's fold; in the year 1887 alone there were 1,200 conversions.

On June 23, 1886, a new concordat was signed between the Holy See and Portugal, and on the 1st of September the ecclesiastical hierarchy was established in India and Ceylon; Monsignor Bonjean being elevated to the rank of Archbishop Metropolitan of Colombo, with the Bishops of Kandy and Jaffna as suffragans. In a speech delivered in presence of the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Ajuti, the new Archbishop recalled the glories of the Church in Ceylon: St. Francis Xavier, the seven hundred martyrs of Mannar, Father Joseph Vaz and his compan-

ions, apostles of the island during the Dutch persecution; and paid a grateful tribute to the memory of Gregory XVI., the founder of the Ceylon mission. Notwithstanding local trouble created by the Indo-Portuguese schism, the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in Ceylon, known and approved by the British Government, was now an accomplished fact and the inauguration of a new era. It synchronized with the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII., celebrated in Ceylon with public rejoicings.

His zeal was always directed towards the need of more missioners. "The resultant harvest," he wrote, "will always be proportioned to the number of harvesters. When I appeal to workers I don't say to them, 'Come and perhaps you'll convert some Buddhist and sanctify souls": fully assure them of it. Each additional missioner here represents a certain number of souls saved which otherwise would be the prey of hell." He might have said with the Psalmist, zelus domus tuus comedit me. He wrote to Father Fabre: "After forty-three years of my missionary life, and twentytwo years in the episcopate, I expected to find, in the decline of my days, not the repose which is of this world, but calmness and tranquillity to labor in peace at the work of God, and I am as far off from it as ever. What Bishop, having, like me, to provide for the spiritual needs of a Catholic population of 140,000 souls scattered over about 180 localities, more or less distant from one another, could face the future without trembling?" But it was the Goanese schism which wrung his heart more than lack of missioners. A suspended priest, one Alvarez, had got up an association at Goa to demand the abolition of the concordat, the removal of all European missioners from India and Ceylon, and the creation of a hierarchy composed solely of Goanese schismatic priests. Refractory Ceylonese, who had taken possession of three churches in the Diocese of Colombo, joined hands with him; while, at the instigation of a French priest, Villatte, the Christians subject to the Portuguese protectorate, constituted themselves into an independent Church, forming an alliance with the schismatical and heretical Jacobite Church of Malabar, the metropolitan of which nominated Alvarez his "Prefect-Apostolic" for Cevlon. did not quite gratify Alvarez's ambition, he bribed one of the Syrian Jacobite Bishops to confer episcopal orders upon him and assumed the pompous title of "Archbishop of Ceylon, Goa and the

The Jacobite Church, which took its name from Jacob Zanzalus (541-578), was a resuscitation of the Eutychian heresy of the fifth century, condemned by the Council of Chalcedon (451). Villatte was a French-Canadian who, refused admission to the priesthood, got ordination from Herzog, the "old Catholic" Swiss Bishop. Having similarly procured episcopal orders in India, he returned to the place from whence he came and vaingloriously dubbed himself "Archbishop of America."



Indies," calling himself "Mar. Julius I." Monsignor Bonjean excommunicated him and his vicar general, placed his Church under interdict, and issued a pastoral in which he exposed the pretensions of Alvarez. It gave the schism its death blow.

Feeling his strength exhausted and overwhelmed with a multiplicity of affairs, he urged the Superior General to obtain for him a coadjutor, suggesting Monsignor Mélizan or Father Joulain. Still, aged, harassed, rheumatic, and breaking up, he labored to the last. He organized three missions for the Christianization of the Buddhists; in one year, 1801, he had three churches erected in their midst, six in process of construction and eighteen projected. The establishment of an episcopal residence, which is called the House of the Sacred Heart—the headquarters of the Oblates in Ceylon; the erection of the Seminary of St. Bernard; the introduction of the Little Sisters of the Poor, whose work he believed was instrumental in saving many souls; orphanages, industrial schools, reformatories, leper hospitals; the two fine institutions, the Institute of St. Benedict and St. Joseph's College for the promotion of secondary and higher education were among the last undertakings of his declining years. Even from his sick bed, he thought of everything, made provision for everything and gave directions to his missioners. Having done all that he could and unable to do any more, he calmly awaited death in entire abandonment to the Divine Will. It was early on the morning of August 3, 1892, that it released him from his suffering, ending a life that had been wholly devoted to the Church, to the congregation to which he belonged and to the people he served. Father Bouffie, in his "Life of Monsignor De Mazenod," the founder of the Oblates, has drawn a vivid portrait of the saintly Bishop of Marseilles. The life of Monsignor Bonjean is like a replica of that portrait. Both were. in truth, model Bishops.

The Church in Ceylon, which he so largely helped to build up and expand, is now administered by five Bishops, who have the loyal co-operation of two hundred priests whose ranks are recruited from the General Seminary established in the island by Leo XIII., in which there are students of various nationalities, mostly Eastern. According to the Government returns of 1911 the Catholics, who form the largest Christian body in Ceylon, numbered then 339,300, a total which has since been swelled by some thousands.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Dublin, Ireland.

WHY NOT AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE?

I.

HE fact that two such men as John Henry Cardinal Newman and the late Canon Sheehan have each devoted an essay to the consideration of "English Catholic Literature" would seem to indicate the importance of this subject. To be sure these two great men were not of one mind on the point, but neither were they infallible in literary judgments, and so one may safely discuss the relative values of their pronouncements. Cardinal Newman believed that "one of the special objects which a Catholic university would promote is that of the formation of a Catholic literature in the English language." "One undertaking, however, there is, which not merely does not, and need not, but unhappily cannot, come into the reasonable contemplation of any set of persons, whether members of a university or not, who are desirous of Catholicizing the English language: . . . and that is simply the creation of an English Catholic literature, for its classics have been given to England, and have been recognized as such, long since," and "English literature will ever have been Protestant." Of course, the Cardinal naturally failed to see what Newman was doing towards forming a new set of English classics that are as emphatically Catholic as English, but he surely had no grounds sufficient for denying the literary touch to all his English-speaking posterity. Not all Catholics who speak English are still straitened round by English penal law. and what wonders may not freedom work even in the long despised and persecuted genus?

Newman's statement is justified, or rather condoned, in part by the purpose and circumstances of his utterance. He possibly may have felt constrained to moderate the zeal of the professors and students of the Dublin University, for it is not hard to conceive that their very laudable enthusiasm may have exposed them to a rashness which could only result in ridiculous failure. Besides, is it not just possible that Newman was too thorough an Englishman ever to dream, or at least admit, the possibility of any American or provincial child's being touched by the sacred flame of literary inspiration? Such seems to be the general attitude of English critics, and Newman's Catholicity would not necessarily alter such a conviction. Fortunately for us Americans, however, the English critic, Cardinal Newman not excepted, is not the absolute criterion of our judgment, for all things, even the literary gift, are possible to God in a free land.

Canon Sheehan perceived this, and in answer to the questions,

"Is there a field for Catholic Literature? Has it any possibilities?" wrote: "We answer without hesitation, Yes, and a wide field, and many and varied possibilities." With his simple Irish faith this gentle Soggarth Aroon saw, and desired to make all the world see, that "the great lords of thought, whom the world has placed on its pedestals, are pigmies compared with the intellectual giants born, reared, nurtured and developed by the great Mother Church of the ages and the world." "We have the pools of Solomon," he writes, "and how are they to filter down and interpenetrate the minds of the masses of our people? Clearly, through the book, the magazine, the newspaper, the pamphlet, the leaflet, through essay, article, poem and lecture, play and novel, through the fiction of drama and romance, through the facts of history and biography. supply these? Hitherto great work has been done; but greater remains to be accomplished." "Great work has been done," indeed, and Canon Sheehan generously gave his share to the greater that remains to be accomplished, while he did not fail to note "that in America, the Church is turning its attention to the more intellectual demands of the day."

Is there then a Catholic literature in the English language? Cardinal Newman says No, there is not nor can such thing ever be. Why? Because Protestant England has already made its classics. Canon Sheehan answers Yes; "great work has been done; but greater remains to be accomplished." Which is right? Let us examine the historical facts before judging, but let us first see that we understand clearly just what we mean by a Catholic literature.

"When a 'Catholic literature in the English tongue' is spoken of, no reasonable person will mean by 'Catholic works' much more than the works of Catholics." In other words by a Catholic literature we do not mean a religious literature, that is, "a literature which treats exclusively or primarily of Catholic matters, of Catholic doctrine, controversy, history, persons or politics," but one that "includes all subjects of literature whatever, treated as a Catholic would treat them, and as he only can treat them." Here we have both a negative and a positive definition. On the negative side Catholic literature does not include only theological treatises, on the positive side it is Catholic in its range, Catholic in its tone, and so usually Catholic in its authorship.

Catholics are born, live and die pretty much as does the rest of humanity; they have the same joys and trials—perhaps a good deal more of the latter—the same passions, the same hearts, the same needs and desires as their non-Catholic neighbors—and by non-Catholic I mean simply not Catholic. They are flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone—but not faith of their faith. Consequently

Catholic literature is of necessity, if it is a literature at all, as broad, as all embracing in its field as either non-Catholic or pagan; it embraces every department from juvenile fiction to Scriptural exegesis, from a love lyric to abstruse science; it is as universal, as catholic, as Holy Mother Church herself. It is flesh of the flesh, bone of the bone, of every other literature, but it has a Catholic soul.

Does that make it any different, any better? Yes, both better and different, because lit by the glow of truth. It is as different as a clear night when all the stars stand guard while the moon mounts to her throne in a flood of pure silver light is different from the night that drops a dark pall of cold fog over all the earth. It is as superior as the simple words that fell from the lips of Truth Incarnate are better than the soulless, hopeless preachments of an Emerson. Of course, its popularity, like that of its Mother Church and its Divine Teacher, is in inverse ratio to its Catholicity. That is inevitable, because we Catholics "can never appeal to the two great elements of popularity: passion and untruth"—and be true Catholics.

God gave Moses ten Commandments, and the Catholic, be he writer, artist, priest or factory hand, man, woman or child, is bound to observe all ten, the sixth, eighth and ninth as well as the third. fourth and seventh; and what is more he is taught and reminded, in season and out of season, of his duties with regard to these precepts. To the Catholic an impure thought or desire consented to is as much a matter of sorrowful confession as is a lie or theft: and the "Catholic writer would rather put his right hand into the fire than write much that passes for art and literature in our days." No Catholic could ever be content to accept a conventionalized as-long-as-you-don't-get-caught decency as his code of morality, much less as his religion. A generously gold-spangled philanthropy would never meet his definition of charity; but all that religious morality is so tiresome to the world that longs for sensuous excitement. Our poor fallen human nature craves dramatic thrill, suggestive thoughts, dangerous situations. The non-Catholic may call these desires nature and their satisfaction art; the Catholic calls them passion and their satisfaction sin. The Catholic author would never consciously write a word that could start an unholy thought, or cause an innocent cheek to blush, because to him the product of his pen is something almost sacramental; to be an author is to be a maker, a molder of minds and hearts, a teacher of men, an apostle of Divine Truth, another Christ.

Here again we see another limitation surrounding the Catholic author. If he be the apostle of Truth, he must speak the truth uncompromisingly. Now, you know it is the truth that hurts, and

so Catholic books are often cruel in their truthfulness, for a Catholic will persist in talking about such painful things as judgment and hell and sin, while his non-Catholic friend can revel in the universe of his imagination, and comfort and console your conscience with a thousand delightful easy principles, in the most perfect rhetoric, too. Oh! to be sure they may not be true, but then there is no one to judge him here. If he wants to revel in the pleasant lines of error, what difference does it make as long as he is happy and makes others happy? People like to be deceived, you know. They enjoy it, and after all who shall say what is true or untrue? If every one has a right to believe according to his conscience, what difference does it make? Yes, here good and well, but hereafter?

Oh! well, that's time enough. It is not good to be always thinking about such serious things. It makes one pessimistic; and besides, God is too good to punish us poor mortals forever. We have enough of that in this life.

There you have the whole difference. The non-Catholic is as free as the air he breathes to choose or reject truth. He is in a ship, without a captain, bound for eternity, but who is there to care by what route he sail, whether he strike the hidden shoals and rocks of error, or happily strike harbor safely?

"Far different is the position of the Catholic writer." He believes that here lies Truth, there Error. He has been taught to love and follow the one, to hate and shun the other, and He who said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life" has given him a pilot against whom the gates of hell shall not prevail. That pilot is the Catholic Church, of which that same Divine Truth has said, "He who hears you, hears Me," that Church who like a good and tender mother watches jealously over the spiritual welfare of her children. Every word that comes from a Catholic pen is subject to her watchful scrutiny as well as to that of his own conscience. Should he ignore the warnings of the latter, there are still those critics, faithful sons of Holy Mother Church, to be faced, and worse still the terrible censures and spiritual strictures of that loving but stern Mother herself, if he persist in his stubbornness and error. Consequently in all Catholic literature we always find a certain "beauty of restraint," a careful exclusion of immorality, a circumspect drawing of ethical and philosophical lines: in a word, a true and chaste beauty.

These are the strong points of a Catholic literature. Has it no defects? It has, naturally, in so far as it is a human product, and one of the most noticeable of these has been frequent carelessness of technique. This is no doubt due to the distinctly moral purpose so prevalent in Catholic works. The Catholic naturally appraises

all things with reference to their spiritual value. His first question is, how will it help me to save my soul—not, is it pretty? With him it is rather art for soul's sake than "art for art's sake," and while of course we do not for a moment question the correctness of his principle, we would, nevertheless, often wish he had been a little more artistic and a little less didactic, for "religion is not necessarily art, nor piety literature." We want to preserve all the strong moral purpose, but so combine it with artistic expression as to form a beautiful harmonious whole. Then Catholic literature is ideal.

II.

Nor is ideality at all beyond the possibility of a Catholic literature; nay, it is preëminently within its reach now as in the past, for literature alone possesses a "catholicity of view and themes." Every material object, principle or aspect lies open to the Catholic author, and besides all these he alone can command and utilize that great, wonderful world which we call the spiritual. To the world it is a stumbling block, inexplicable folly, but there the Catholic revels unafraid, in the white light of truth, for his infallible guide, with her sureness of ethical judgment, teaches him what the world "seeing may not understand." All the dangers that spring from passion and untruth are marked out for him and so he runs easily into a deeper insight into life and into higher ideals. From these springs an emotion correspondingly higher and saner, for Catholic life furnishes vastly superior ground for noble emotions than does non-Catholic. In Catholic life all the naturally good, warm, tender traits of human nature are deepened and strengthened by a spiritual motive. Religion is not a Sunday morning affair with a Catholic, to be taken off with his Sunday hat and suit and carefully laid away from dust and moth for the remaining six days and a half of the week; but it is a living, breathing, vital part of his very life. It clothes his every act, animates his every thought; it rises, labors, suffers, rejoices with him all day and lulls him peacefully to sleep at night. It is not less closely associated with him than his own very personality.

And look at the outward expression of that religion, its ritual! What a wealth of beauty in color, sound, form, symbol! In it the eye, the ear, the longing for the dramatic are all gratified and appealed to. Nor is it all a mere cold, empty ceremony. When the Catholic enters his church, a loving, eager Presence is there to welcome him. Night and day upon the Catholic altar lives his best, his changeless Friend, always ready and eager to listen, to forgive, to help, to comfort, to command, for there under sacramental veils beats the tender human Heart of the God-Man. The Catholic can pray to, and with, that adorable Saviour only a few

feet from where he kneels, come daily face to face with Him who shall one day be his Judge, and there before that very Jesus of Galilee hear again the words that fell from those sacred lips. What wonder his is a personal friendship with God! What wonder his pen speaks thoughts that have never entered into the heart of the non-Catholic world to conceive. "We have the pools of Solomon."

It follows naturally that our aqueducts must be, at least in general, principally, Catholic writers. Here in sanitary America, we are more than careful of our city water systems. We make sure that not only our reservoirs at the source be clean and disease-free. but each main and distributing pipe must be in perfect condition. Now in order to describe and interpret a people's life and customs it is requisite to know, to understand and to have a sympathy with that people. This is difficult and, with regard to Catholics, is more frequently impossible than probably with any other religious denomination, for despite all we may do or say, "the Church is still, even at this late period in her history, a strange and irritating puzzle to the world." The strangeness might be worn off some time if it were not for the irritation, and so, hard as it is for Catholics to understand, the Church remains and will ever remain a mystery to all except to those who will humbly accept her rule. Tothem she is so simple, so entirely natural, so perfectly true and necessary that their puzzle is to understand how it is that all men do not accept her teachings, and yet it is a fact that things Catholic are more frequently misrepresented, to put it mildly, than any other thing in God's beautiful world; this, too, in spite of the fact that we make generous efforts to explain our position, to answer objections, to enlighten our opponents. As a matter of fact, we are actually undergoing persecution from that bloodless tyrant, the press, an insidious, cunning persecution that is most dangerous because people will say their credo to the printed word, do what you will. Money and the press are the world's latest idols. No sane person would ever expect writers under such influences to give a. fair or sympathetic expression of Catholicity; only a Catholic can do that, and not even all Catholics are fitted for the work.

There are such detestable beings as wolves in sheep's clothing even in the flock and the fold of the Good Shepherd, men and women who say they are Catholics but lead rebel lives and teach seditious principles. These may not be called Catholic writers; they do not deserve the title, and we do not need them to prop upour claims to an English Catholic literature. "We have the pools of Solomon," we must have the aqueducts, also.

On the other hand, we need not discard all works by authors who are non-Catholics. Many Catholic converts, Newman and Benson,

for instance, did much excellent work before their admission into the Church and oftentimes this may be truly classed as Catholic because its spirit and principles are Catholic. When Henry VIII. plunged the nation into schism for a pretty waiting-maid, he did not, no mortal could, blot out that nation's Catholic heritage. Whatever there is still good and true and holy in Protestantism is Catholic, and this was more particularly true of early Protestantism. Centuries of wandering in error have done their work. Today a startling percentage of so-called Protestants are mere civilized pagans, but this was not true of Elizabethan Protestantism. English people had been forced first into schism and then slowly backed down into heresy, but they went unwillingly enough. Even the trying fires of Puritan fanaticism could not kill their Catholic longings. Milton, "Puritan to the core in policy and practice, wrote the loveliest hymn on the Nativity that our language boasts." The English people as a whole did not lose their faith; to a large extent they were robbed of it. Neither did their literature at once lose its Catholic spirit, for a nation inherits religious imprints just as the individual inherits social and racial peculiarities. We need not be at all surprised then, at the "immense legacy from Catholicity in all English literature."

This is possibly more markedly apparent in the poetry of the language than in any other aspect of English literature. One finds such men as Tennyson and Longfellow using Catholic themes and settings, sometimes even writing in a truly Catholic spirit. At first this may seem strange, but it is really very simple. The poet relies less on human logic and intellectual inquiry than any other writer. His refined, sensitive soul is keenly attuned to the best and highest in nature, man and God, and when he writes under the stress and impetus of an inspiration, emotion overpowers prejudice, and the truth will out, and—whatever truth there is in this world is Catholic. This is why a "Legend Beautiful," a "King Robert of Sicily" and "Idylls of the King" are possible to a non-Catholic author. The poet soul responded to the touch of Divine Truth; the result was a Catholic poem.

III.

This, then, is what we mean by an English Catholic literature. It is a literature written in English, inspired by Catholic spirit, and composed chiefly by Catholic authors. Its marks are a universality far greater than that possible to the non-Catholic, for the vast ethical, spiritual world lies open to it, a beauty that is chaste and true, and a rich, inexhaustible heritage. Some work of non-Catholics that is "inspired by Catholic themes" and "permeated by a Catholic spirit" may be included also, as well as the immense Catholic spirit" may be included also, as well as the immense Catholic spirit is the spirit is a spirit in the spirit in the spirit in the spirit is a spirit in the spirit in t

olic legacy in all English literature, with the same caution, however, that leads us to exclude the works of Catholics when these writings are distinctly opposed to the Catholic spirit.

Is there, then, such a literature? Unquestionably there is, as will be seen from even a cursory view of the history of English literature. Before the introduction of Christianity into Britain there was no literature; probably a certain amount of what may be termed oral literature, but there was no written work and as yet no English language. The very insular isolation of the country was a detriment to the spread of civilization even while being a protection against foreign invasion, and those who did invade in those early centuries brought barbarism instead of civilization among the Britons.

With St. Augustine Christianity came and with it civilization. Then came St. Aidan and the monks of Iona; Christian civilization spread rapidly, and presently the old spirit of song which had been preserved flashed forth again in Caedmon, the monk. The subjects only were changed, Christianity for paganism, monk for warrior, for all, or almost all, of these early Christian writers were monks. They formed the educated class and so naturally monopolized the literary production. In fact they were the only ones whose souls and minds were yet raised high enough to taste the sweets of literature. Unfortunately for our present purpose, however, much of this early work is in Latin, it being the language of the schools and of the educated, and so such names as Caedmon, Aldhelm, Cynewulf, Venerable Bede and King Alfred represent but a small portion of the literary work of those days.

Just when the monasteries had reached their height and Christian Britain might have begun to bear rich literary fruit, the Danes swept down on the people, burning their monasteries, massacring their monks, ravaging and pillaging their towns and homes, and before Britain could again climb back to her former glory. William the Norman conquered the land. These Normans were a highly cultured and well educated people. The Norman tongue became the language of the courts and schools, but never wholly supplanted the old Saxon tongue, which the people found sufficient for all ordinary purposes. Gradually the Saxon absorbed new words, new ideas and new culture from the invaders that resulted in an outburst of literature in every way superior to that of the preceding period. Much of this work, too, is in Latin, especially the contemporary history, but Norman romanticism and the English tongue finally triumphed in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Arthurian legends, and reached its climax in Geoffrey Chaucer, the "father of English Literature." Hence the founder and foundations of English literature are Catholics; in fact until Cranmer and Tyndale became sat-



ellites of Henry VIII. all English literature was Catholic with the exception of an occasional heretical work like those of Wyclif, whose authors displayed far more stubbornness and conceit than literary ability.

Catholic literature did not die, however, any more than did the Catholic Church, when England was dragged into Protestantism. It suffered a staggering blow, for soon Catholics were compelled to choose between faith and education. Those who chose the former were forced into an ignorance of letters, being so oppressed by the penal laws that poverty prevented their obtaining an education abroad; those who chose the latter "were too busy in getting up the arguments in favor of the new religious texts they had adopted to think of cultivating poetry or philosophy or history, or the dignified eloquence that becomes a classic." Moreover, England had already begun her expansion in the new world, and soon commercialism absorbed men, and the dollar is a poor bedfellow for literature.

But through it all the Catholic literature of the English language preserved a lineal line. It is true that "in name and to all appearance the Elizabethan eara was Protestant," but it was so only in appearance, not in spirit as yet. Consequently, "the tone of poetry remained intact, and the Shakespearian drama is permanently Catholic in its grandest and purest passages," no matter what you may believe of Shakespeare's religious affiliation. Many of the Catholic martyrs, More, Fisher, Campion, Southwell, for example, sowed the seed of faith in poetry and prose as well as in their blood.

Gradually this began to bear fruit, and when the pendulum of Protestantism had swung to its extreme in Puritan fanaticism, a reaction set in, slow and timorous at first, but gradually acquiring momentum until to-day Catholics hold many prominent places in the English literary world. Like their Holy Mother the Church they are enjoying a "second spring," and who shall say it is not a harbinger of a fuller, wider, greater harvest than ever before?

The names are there—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Newman, Thompson, De Vere, Patmore, with scores of lesser lights. If these are not Catholic writers, if their works are not Catholic in spirit and inspiration, if these names do not form the great bones of the skeleton of English literature—but they are and they do. What further testimony do we need? Unquestionably there is an English Catholic literature, a rich legacy of it behind us; a brilliant future before. No doubt Cardinal Newman had his reasons for thinking no more English classics possible, but just why any one should believe that God will never create another literary genius is rather a hard mystery to accept. We should not dream of putting

such a limit on scientists or inventors; then why on writers? If Cardinal Newman could break his own dictum with his classic volumes, why may not another do likewise?

J. R. Adams.

Portland, Ore.

THE IDEAL COLLEGE MAN.*

DEEM it my part, my hearers, in speaking before this assembly upon this occasion, to treat of those means by which you flourishing young men and young men very dear to me may be spurred on to engage wholeheartedly in the pursuit of virtue and of letters. This purpose, it seems, I can effect in no way more happily than by proposing to you, for the observation and careful consideration of all, a model and, as it were, pattern of an excellent young man. Since, however, I have never seen nor perhaps shall ever see such a model young man, I shall mark out his life and training in thought only and by the process of abstraction. For just as emulation of the praise bestowed upon another is very powerful in promoting endeavor, so also a splendid ideal is of great weight and advantage in shaping native minds in a salutary manner. The representation of such an ideal indeed will embrace all that is best and perfect in every individual.

If this plan of mine should seem new and unusual to any one, my protection will be found in the authority of Plato, Xenophon and Cicero. For the first of these conceived the ideal state; the second, the ideal prince; and the third, the ideal orator. But if, moreover, it will be thought that I ought not follow this plan because it is especially difficult and tedious to compel the attention of others to a single individual's concept, it would certainly be a matter for consideration, did I not think that the picture which I am undertaking ought to be delineated in accordance with the authoritative judgment of others, at whose colloquies I have chanced to be present, rather than in accordance with my own prescription. Nor do I even fear that other objection, namely, that I, being inexperienced, ought not appropriate this panegyric to myself and recommend to others the model which I have not reproduced in myself. For I know that stiff statues in the sculptor's studio are less pleasing than graceful ones, not only to the skilled artist, but also to the mediocre one, and that even the listless and ignorant easily distinguish how happily and ingeniously some bodies have been endowed.

Therefore, from the numerous observations I have been permitted to make these many years in many places and in many persons, from the abundant material I have been permitted to draw out of

^{*}This is a lecture, "De iuvene academico," written in Latin by the English Jesuit and martyr, Blessed Edmund Campion (1540-1581), shortly after his graduation from Oxford, supposedly for delivery before the students of Dublin University in 1570. It first came to light a few years later at Douai and is now translated from the original by Herbert F. Wright, Ph. D., of Washington, D. C.



many sermons, I shall attempt, as if with a sort of painter's pencil, to sketch for you the ideal college man. I shall borrow from whatsoever source I can the remarkable gifts I have noticed in individual persons: from one the form of the head, from another that of the body; from you, too, I shall select certain members. When you see my model provided plentifully with all these, receive him right willingly for imitation. And you who do not wish to be last, strive always toward the top, for in this way it will happen that, if you will not obtain the first place, still you may take up your position a little behind the first. So it was with our ideal college man, whose life up to his twenty-third year (upon entering which he takes up the study of theology) I shall set forth in the present oration.

He was indeed a cosmopolitan by birth, of ample means, kindly and liberally educated, with a personality apparently made for honorable conduct and decency. His health was vigorous and his sides robust; in disposition he was shrewd and ardent, though level-headed. His memory was most happy; his voice flexible, sweet and sonorous. In gait, in motion, in all his activity, he was so vigorous, yet so composed and settled withal, that you would have believed him wisdom's own abode.

At the very dawn of his understanding, he imbibed the Catholic faith, which, together with the elementary studies of boyhood, he learned, not from any one at all of the herd of petty teachers, but from a skilled and learned man. Since his palate, his mouth, his lips: in fine his whole countenance had been molded after the shape and standard of his teacher's, his pronunciation was pleasing and distinct, so that when he became older he had little difficulty in acquiring oratorical graces.

Then in the course of a few years, since he had made use of the wisest teachers in the public schools and the best preceptor at home, he mastered all the difficulties of grammar and the scholastic rudiments I shall mention, attracting considerable attention and wonder. He knew Latin well and poured forth verse in abundance; he was not ignorant of Greek; he was eloquent and fluent in his mother tongue, in which he used to compose even rhymes and epigrams. He knew how to paint, to play on the lyre and sing by note, to solve ciphers with speed and skill. He understood arithmetic, he spoke with the greatest ease, he was an adept with the pen.

In these beginnings he persisted so resolutely and assiduously that while still a youth he advanced up to philosophy and the other arts, having already given illustrious proof of his future eloquence and read through with avidity many of the works of Cicero. His knowledge of Greek literature was moderate, while, as a poet, he was so wonderful that no one could doubt that in composing a poem

he felt the touch of inspiration from heaven, as it were, so vibrating were his iambic verses, so exalting his lyric. These gifts were rendered more conspicuous and lovable by a disposition that was simple, frank and tractable, as well as a character of the truest piety. When such seeds as these through the grace of God and the anxious care of parents begin to ripen, they beget a flowerlet of purity and innocence which produces the most substantial fruits of all the virtues.

For what purpose is in view in perfecting the soul in wisdom, unless it recognize the Fount of wisdom? To what end does one study, unless that End be placed before one? What folly, to clothe genius in order to minister to the devil! What vanity, to enrich the mind in order that when it has been enriched and endowed it may rush headlong to hell! What foulness, to sing a song to please Satan thereby! What perfidy, to be armed with eloquence in order to battle for the foulest of rascals against one's Lord!

There was in this little lad, therefore, a very singular piety and probity. He always had on his lips the story of St. Louis, King of France: how when he was a boy, in the midst of the delights and snares of pleasures coupled with the greatest impunity and license for sinning, he made a resolution never, for any cause or pretext, even if heaven and earth threatened his destruction, to commit a single mortal sin. This same care was taken by our ideal college man, who was so wholeheartedly earnest in it that he stored up in the treasury of his heart thoughts such as give rise to wholesome words and deeds.

He daily recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and indeed from memory. He would reckon that day sunless upon which he had not heard Holy Mass; he prayed in a suppliant posture, on both knees, never inclining a cubit; he served the celebrant with avidity. He went to confession several times a month and after being shriven, always with the most careful diligence he frequently approached the Most Holy Sacrament. He confidently trusted his spiritual father in everything and wished to bare his whole soul completely to him, not only under the seal, but even in private conversation. Hence it happened that he entirely subdued foolish modesty, quaffed the sweet draft of penance, and carried away an ever-ready drug against the snares of demons.

Never in his life did he pass a Catholic priest, no matter how humble and lowly, without uncovering his head to him, and he was all the more cautious in avoiding making a slip of this sort in proportion as he noticed that such courtesies were more cheaply esteemed. He saluted in a respectful manner the Crucifix in whatever street-crossing, public square or notable place found. When scoffed at by heretics, he placed it to his own gain, for so, he thought, it was appropriate for a disciple of the Crucified One to suffer contumely with his Lord.

He made frequent and abundant gifts to the poor, and not infrequently of the things he had withheld from himself by abstinence. He humbled himself to view and handle their loathsome sores without fastidiousness. If any one at school was rather looked down upon, yet was of conspicuous virtue, he offered him his company and solace. He ingratiated himself to his fellows in every way; he took care of their comfort, copied their lessons, prepared their pens, called them to class, visited them when sick in bed, and advised them in a brotherly manner. In conversation he was quiet and easy, in play unpretending yet lively, in study collected and serious, with comity and kindness towards all and great deference for his elders.

O seed, O plant, O blossom, if indeed you can ripen to maturity, what promises will you make for a happy harvest! By example and by word how much good will you accomplish for yourself, for your fellows, for the State, for the Church!

Now he grew to maturity, my hearers, and he did not, as those ignoble boys do, restrain himself for a short time, while bridled by youthful age. When free from restraint, he did not cool down and basely dissipate the many resources, the many hopes, the many labors of his own and of the others, but since he had outstripped all up to now, the rest of his life he surpassed himself. during the entire seven years which remained to him before beginning the study of theology, he accomplished much that was noteworthy and fruitful and very necessary for the kind of life he was contemplating. He finished the philosophical course in due time, he completed a course in Latin eloquence, and, to his praise, added He rifled the histories of his own native country, then those of Rome and of Greece, and finally the histories of all the other nations of the world. That part of philosophy which concerns morals and the State he learned thoroughly from Aristotle, first of all, and Plato. He literally flew over mathematics. In fine, there is nothing in the liberal arts of which he did not imbibe what was considered a sufficient amount.

I myself marvel, when I consider it, that all this variety was no hindrance to him, caused no confusion, no diffidence, no danger. For it must be remembered, he was in many kinds of verse as fruitful and elegant as if he had been born and bred on the very slopes of Helicon. In diction and style so pure, so measured, so scrupulous, that he seemed to have assimilated Cicero completely and converted him into his own flesh and blood. In disputation so

moderate, concise and subdued, that he could have transfixed Chrysippus himself. In natural philosophy so keen and penetrating that he was called "the Oracle of Physics." In history so rich, that he was called "the glutton of Antiquity." In the rest so intelligent and ready, that he was considered to be the only one one to have explored all the treasure-boxes of all knowledge. The causes which raised him so quickly to such a height of knowledge were these: a nature not precocious, but exuberant and full; very learned teachers; a well-equipped library; assiduous practice; in learning, labor; in labor, method; in method, constancy.

He was not the man to plunge himself promiscuously into authors or fill himself up with the corpses of books. He did not blunt himself by untimely vigils; he slept seven hours, more or less, and dedicated the day to industry, the night to rest. As soon as he was washed and dressed, being frugally though respectably clad, he began to study standing alone in his little room. No one was more fervent in piety than he, no one more moderate in his manner of life, no one meeker in prosperity, in storm more tranquil, in dignity more accessible, in trouble more prompt, in relaxation more agreeable.

He was very careful that nothing in his manners appear discordant or singular or noticeable in any other way. For he had perceived that some, no matter where they went, were pointed out as it were by the finger and spoken of by his fellows in such merited phrases as: "Behold the man who carries a little sword, the man who is a Stoic, the man who uses a curling iron, the man whose skullcap is always tilted over his left ear, the man who slays one by his glance, the man who rushes his words headlong, the man who sputters out his syllables like the poor suck up a broth." Especially did he avoid these mannerisms, if they seemed to be either united with little trivial sins or entangled in great danger of vanity. For he used to say it is was a small matter for an educated young man to abstain merely from mortal sins, from lust, dances, intoxication, blasphemies, hate, theft, perjuries. For men besmirched with such stains as these, far from being considered worthy of the name of studious men, are unworthy even of being called men at all. For, he says, since God has generously given to the studious man such a great advantage in caring for his soul and in his interest has removed the many hindrances by which the multitude is ensnared, what else would such a man do than dash the little Babylonians against the rock and slay on the very threshold not only the princes and satellites of darkness, but also those petty pilferers who creep in through the gates of the senses and make ready an entrance for the enemy?

And so our ideal college man became daily stronger than his very self. He no longer contended so noisily, nor looked with such curiosity, nor moved with such impatience. He said nothing negligently, emptily, dissolutely, over-hastily, importunately, or in rage. He blamed his own folly, if he had been a trifle slow in washing away the little blemishes on his soul. For the quicker he approached the tribunal of the Church, the easier it was for him to rid himself of these blemishes. He thought no moment had been lost to his studies which had been spent upon divine matters, and he stole no time secretly from the duty of religion to pour forth upon a literary business. Therefore at the stated prayers of feast days and ordinary days, at the rites, sermons, supplications, sacrifices, little chants, he was always the first and the last to be present. Often he ran to the public hospitals, girded himself with linen, and gave dinner and ministered to the poor people there, summoned a physician for them, stood by to assist them, bathed them, wiped them dry, full of humanity, full of diligence. No wonder, then, that following out these practices and so often putting before his eves the rottenness and squalor of this little body of ours, he easily subdued luxury, despised delicacies, quenched the fires of passion and heartily abominated these specious foods of demons upon which voung men feed.

In such great sanctity of mind and body, in such strictness and anxiety of conscience, he avoided superstitious and mental scruples, hypocrisy and presumption, moroseness and that reprehensible superciliousness which ensnares even good works at times. No one was more sincere than he, no one more humane, no one more adaptable to place, company and honorable custom. Nor were there wanting in his familiar conversation certain clever sayings and replies which, while never affected, were always ingenious and generally weighty and sententious.

When questioned about the remedies for wrath, he replied: "A mirror, so that a person, while angry and raging, may contemplate the distortion of his face, his quivering lips, his truculent eyes, his distended nostrils and his inflamed countenance."

"What is a man's worst enemy?" "Himself."

"Why did he make such slow progress in his studies?" "To finish the sooner," he said.

"What should be the first desire of those who learn?" "The living voice."

"What second?" "Method."

"What third?" "Method."

"What fourth?" "Method."

"What fifth?" "Practice."

"What insects have the sharpest bite?" "Backbiters," he replied. And yet, although he indeed, if any one else in this theatre of virtues and the fine arts, was especially exposed to envy, he so controlled himself and yielded to his rivals with such great simplicity and prudence, that Envy, though speaking, was conquered by his silence, and finally, being overcome by the goodness and suavity of the young man, became almost speechless. For he judged his own efforts severely and others' kindly. No matter what he heard or read, he always found something arising from a good intention which he might praise on just grounds. If the style displeased him, the subject matter pleased him. If genius was lacking, he commended the industry. If a discourse was inelegant, he extolled the memory. In fine, he noticed everything worth mentioning by way of praise, he ignored the opposites. Never did there fall from his lips such statements as these: "This is inappropriate," "that is stupid," "that is barbarous," "there he was perplexed," "there we laughed," "he knows nothing." Yet he advised what was necessary in a useful way in the proper time and place and influenced those in whom he was interested to keep kindness free from flattery and candor free from bitterness.

Behold before us, my hearers, a fine young man, not daubed with paints nor smelling of perfumes, not a Beau Brummel in magnificent trappings, but so ennobled with the various and perpetual gifts of genius, learning and piety that I do not hesitate to place him, as if present, here in your midst, in order that fixing your eyes intently upon him you might strive to imitate his excellence.

Behold him now, from earliest boyhood even to this very day, advancing in virtues and letters. A poet, who had never sunghad never even read—love-poems, but in the other and profitable kinds of verse had expressed the majesty of Vergil, the gaiety of Ovid, the melody of Horace, the tragic dignity of Seneca. An orator who, as the occasion and subject demanded, could in a very ornate manner charm his hearers by the sweetness of his words, or overwhelm them by his passionate outbursts, or stupefy them by the magnificence of his subject, or persuade them by his subtlety. An historian who, possessing a most exact knowledge of geography and chronology, those two eyes of history, had comprehended, as if by a single glance, the face of the whole earth from the very origin of the world, including the beginnings, the progress and the vicissitudes of all monarchies and republics. A Greek scholar, who had quaffed that ancient wisdom at the Attic founts with such delight and tranquillity. A dialectician, who, weighing the finest and clearest thoughts, member by member, as if with his fingers, had grown accustomed to draw his own distinctions and balance others'

and illuminate everything he treated. A philosopher, who had penetrated the inmost veins and vitals of universal nature. An astronomer, to whom heaven and earth were as an open book. To the highest degree powerful in genius, eloquent in the vernacular, exceptional in voice and gesture, strong and vigorous in body, rich in the other gifts which I have previously enumerated, and finally, to crown all, constant in faith, manliness, moderation and the entire performance of the duty of charity. Is there anything left for him, my hearers? Just a little while longer, and I shall make an end.

For since the days of tender fingernails, as the Greeks say, he had spent fifteen entire years in letters, languages, the arts and all liberal knowledge of this sort, and because he was mindful of theology, in which he had decided to spend the balance of his life, he gave the twenty-second year of his age, which terminated these first studies, to the Hebrew tongue. But in all the foregoing curriculum he had devoted his holidays and spare moments to sacred reading and had opened up for himself a well-fortified road to his future studies. For he heard sermons and attended catechetical He had conferred privately with theologians. instructions. had thumbed the recent writings of Catholics, especially those in which controverted dogmas are explained in a lucid and pure style. He had sought after the weapons of religion and had discussed the fomentations of heresies with such great assiduity that there was no poisoned weapon of an adversary which he did not, no matter how it was cast, ward off with ease, with knowledge and with dexterity. He used to say that those old heretics, Arius, Eutyches, Pelagius. Nestorius and certain others who were equipped with superb subtlety and knowledge could be properly refuted only by skilled theologians; but that the paradoxes of these times are such clear. such open sacrileges, that they have scarcely been put to the test before they immediately fall to the ground and are rendered forceless without great resources of genius or of knowledge.

You have, my young college men, an ideal college man whom you can love, cherish, look up to and imitate, adorned with all forms of goodness, celebrated upon the lips of all, rich in virtues and manifold knowledge, flourishing in languages and virtues, a budding theologian. I can almost perceive the silent thoughts of some who would charge that this ideal is altogether beyond hope, being one which no man, who is or is to be, might attain. But since I have endeavored to emphasize in this ideal individual not so much the mediocrity of man as the dignity of the subject, I ought to consider not how much may be done praiseworthily by the many, but how much can be done excellently by him whose genius and symmetry of life is not out of harmony with this plan. And yet there will be

some, and even notable and excellent college men, who will not attain this height of glory. There are honorable inferior seats, if the fasces and curule chair of princes are denied. There is the civic crown, if the fullest triumph is not granted. Diomedes and Pyrrhus, Ajax and Ulysses, Æneas and Antenor, Deiphobus and Sarpedon, Alexander and Troilus and very many others in the same army, became famous from the Trojan War, and yet none of them equaled either Achilles or Hector.

Therefore throw yourselves into this struggle for learning with great spirit and great hope, so that you may approach as near tothis ideal of a most estimable young man as circumstances and times Heed your Heavenly Father demanding back his talents with interest! Heed your Mother Church, who begot us, who nurtured us, imploring our aid! Heed the tearful voices of your neighbors, deprecating the danger of a spiritual fast! the wailings of the wolves who are plundering the flock! Your Father's glory, your Mother's safety, your own salvation, your brethren's security are at stake, and can you neglect them? If this building were to burn up before your very eyes, would he not be a worthless youth who, while the lives of all his companions were in the greatest danger, would hum a tune or laugh heartily or play at guessing fingers or, as he says, ride his hobby? Behold the house of God is provoked into flame and waste by impious rascals. Innumerable souls are deceived, shattered and utterly consumed. And yet any single one of these ought to have been valued more highly than the empire of the whole world.

Do not view these tragedies, I beg you, in a jesting manner! Do not sleep, while the enemy prowls abroad! Do not play, while he is feeding! Do not give yourself up to leisure and vanity, while he is wallowing in the blood of your brethren! Not wealth, not liberty, not honor, but the eternal inheritance of every one, the throat of the soul, the spirit and life are suffering. Wherefore see to it, my very dear and erudite young men, that you suffer no loss of this precious time, that you carry away from this college a fruitful and abundant harvest to succor the public difficulties and gain for us the rewards of good sons.

HERBERT F. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

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BIRDS AND INSECTS.

ABOUT HONEY-DEW INSECTS.

"The countless Aphides, prolific tribe,
With greedy trunks the honey'd sap imbibe;
Swarm on each leaf with eggs or embryons big,
And pendent nations tenant every twig."
—Erasmus Darwin ("Origin of Society")

HONEY-DEW INSECT and Aphid are high-sounding names for an insect that would not be tolerated in polite society by its common title of Plant-Louse, were it not that the creature sees to it that it is not ignored. For there is probably not a single herb, shrub or tree which has not its own particular "louse," sucking its sap and living on its sweet juices. Blight Insect describes most thoroughly the havoc these swarms can work on a plant, be it rose-bush, geranium, fruit-tree, grain, shade-tree, what-not.

Green is the usual color of the insect, so that Greenfly is another name for it, regardless of the fact that some are yellowish, others brown, reddish, slaty-gray and olive.

To tell the truth, the aphids form an interesting and important family in the great order Insecta. The many species are all small, the largest never exceeding one-fourth of an inch in length. What Browning says of one species might be true of all, no matter where found:

"There's the palm aphis, minute miracle,
As wondrous every whit as thou or I;
Well, and his world's the palm-frond, there he's born,
Lives, breeds and dies in that circumference,
An inch of green for cradle, pasture-ground and grave."

And they are minute miracles, in many ways. First of all, in their specialized tastes, which makes the greenfly that infests the apple shun the rose, and gives individual species to vine, hop, plum, peach, cherry, hazel, dahlia, pansy, honeysuckle, radish, nettle, thistle; at least there are species enough to be so divided among the plants, though some species infest more than one kind of plant. As a rule, the aphid sticks to its own plant, as an easy way to solve the problems of existence.

These minute insects are soft-bodied, pear or flask-shaped, little end forward, with long legs and antennæ. Most species have both a winged and a wingless form: the latter being equipped with two pairs of very delicate, lacy wings. Nearly all aphids, except the maies in a few species, have a most capable beak which is always in action. Miss Buckley describes it:

"You may easily find them huddled together on a stem or bud, raised on their six slim legs, with their heads close down to the plant, and looking sleepily out of their two little brown eyes. Yet they are by no means asleep, but very busy, for their mouth, which, like that of all other insects, is composed of six parts, is so formed that they can plunge it deep into the stem and suck and suck all day, filling their round green bodies with sweet sap. A wonderful little mouth it is, the two lips being joined together into a kind of split tube, out of which are thrust the four jaws, in the shape of long thin lancets, to pierce the plant.

"When once these insects have fixed themselves they never seem to tire of sucking, but take in so much juice that, after passing through the body, it oozes out again at the tail and the tips of two curious little tubes standing up on their backs. This juice, falling on the stems and leaves of the plant, covers them with those sticky drops often called 'honey-dew.' It cannot be said that these little insects lead very exciting lives, for they make no homes, neither do they take any care of their young ones, and only move about when they wish to fix upon some new spot."

Yet for all they seem so stupid and cloddish, the owner of the plants they are sucking so generously must take an interest in them, if he is to have fruit, vegetables or flowers. As one writer quaintly observes:

"However blind from indifference to the minutiæ of nature you may be, have you not often, when about to pluck a rosebud or piece of honeysuckle, almost started to find the one a green mass of moving life, the other with leaves green no longer, but turned black to the eye, and clammy to the touch? You perceive, in short, that what most people call a 'blight,' but what naturalists only look on as a swarm of aphids, has been busy with your flowers before you, and turn away disgusted, to seek for less contaminated sweets.

"Yet the little winged animal on your blight-disfigured rosebud is no inelegant specimen of Nature's Lilliputian workmanship. It has a plump, shining body of deep bright green, spotted at the sides with black; long slender legs, inclining to reddish and, like a bamboo reed, marked at every joint with black or darkest brown. The shoulders, head and long jointed antennæ are also chiefly black, as well as two diverging spikelets proceeding from the back; while a pair of ample wings, much longer than the body, rise erectly over it. This pretty insect looks like the aristocracy of the wingless multitude, the canaille, which have shorter legs and flatter bodies than their winged superiors.

"And who can wonder at the spoil and havoc which these armies earry in their wake? The leaf whose surface, when they take it in

possession, resembles a smooth green plain, or, divided by intersecting veins, a country of verdant fields, is presently warped and converted into barren hills and arid dales by the extraction of its fertilizing sap; while the tender bud and vigorous shoot, though differently, are equally distorted and desiccated by their operations."

With no other thought, apparently, than to eat, with no care about concealing themselves from their numerous enemies or even to shelter themselves from wind and rain, these delicate creatures manage to live in droves and flocks. The first to appear in spring as the buds unfold, the last to leave their leafy pastures in the fall, infesting a plant underground as well as above it, aphids are ever present and in large numbers.

"The secret of this," says Miss Buckley, "is that they have a special way of sending their young into the world. If you look at a stem covered with plant-lice towards the end of the summer. you will find among the wingless sucking insects some larger onesstraggling about the plant which have delicate, transparent wings. These are the fathers and mothers, whose wings have grown gradually under their splitting skins, and they will lay the eggs to behatched next year. But if you look in the early spring you will find no winged plant-lice, but only the little round-bodied green forms, and yet new ones are constantly appearing. . . . For as soon as one of these wingless aphids is about ten or twelve days. old, there come from her body, not eggs, but young living aphids like herself, three, four or even seven a day, which struggle over the backs of their companions till they find a clear spot on the stem, where they fix their mouths and suck like the others, only moving to struggle out of their skins about three or four times a day, till they are full grown. Then these young ones begin to bud in the same way in their turn, so that in a very short time from two or three mothers a whole plant is covered. In fact it has been reckoned that a single aphis may give rise in the summer to a quintillion (1,000,000,000,000,000) of young."

The amazing reproductive powers which the aphis possesses isone of the most interesting parts of its history. The naturalist Bonnet discovered in 1742 the singular mode of reproduction in these insects, a kind of budding process which enables one of these springtime stem-mothers to continue reproducing as a tree sendsforth twigs and leaves. These young, born alive, also have the power to reproduce their kind, so that where there is one stemmother to-day there will be twenty-five to-morrow, twenty-five times twenty-five the next day, twenty-five times twenty-five times twenty-five the next day, and so on.

"As if Nature, in her exceeding haste to fill up her quotas of

millions of ready-made sappers and miners of vegetable life for the summer campaign, had disregarded all rules in her otherwise regulated household," says Packard. As it requires about a fortnight for a stem-mother, which hatches from an egg laid the fall before, to reach maturity, and as each one of her living young requires the same length of time to become full-grown, nine generations has been considered the summer brood of one stem-mother; the nine generations reckoning as one from one autumn mating to the next:

"Unmarried Aphides prolific prove
For nine successions uninform'd of love;
New sexes meet with softer passions spring,
Breathe the fond vow and woo with quivering wing."
—Erasmus Darwin ("Origin of Society")

Professor Huxley computed that the tenth generation of a single individual aphis would, if not checked in any way by means natural or otherwise, require to be set out in a row of twenty-nine figures; that though it requires ten thousand aphids to weigh one grain avoirdupois, this little family party would be equal in weight to over one million billion men. Appalling figures, yet not more so that the female aphid's ability to reproduce, since in one day an aphis may produce twenty or more young, all females like herself which grow to full size at a rapid rate and begin themselves to bud out again into female grandchildren that have the same power, and since this budding reproduction has been known to continue as far as the twentieth generation in some species in a single summer, reluctant as an aphid may be to leave off its sucking sap, migration by foot or by means of developing a pair of wings is often necessary in order to avoid starvation, and for one of these mothers to find standing room for her own progeny.

When one of these families is kept in a warm experimenting room, where there is no winter in its year, but a constant supply of summer heat and summer fare, this budding process has been known to continue for four years or more, and include over a hundred generations, the last quite as capable of reproducing living young as the original stem-mother.

But under natural conditions, in latitudes where winter sends the temperature down to the freezing point for protracted periods, the aphid must have some way of getting through this unfavorable season successfully, so that its race may be on hand to greet the spring rush of sap and lush leafage. The different species of this family have various methods of eluding King Winter's deathdealing breath.

The great majority hibernate in the egg state. In the early

autumn these stem-mothers begin producing both male and female offspring: these mate; the males then die while the females deposit their eggs before death overtakes them. The eggs, at least some of them, pass through the winter, and in spring hatch into stemmothers, which continue the budding process. Of course, many of these winter eggs become bird-food, or are washed away by rains and melting snow, but a sufficient number survive to assure the species continued existence. No matter what crops may fail, there has never yet been known any failure in the aphid crop. Ask the farmer, the florist, the orchardist.

When the statement is made that "the female deposits her eggs in the fall," the story is merely hinted; the real romance consists in her methods of depositing them. "There are tricks in all trades" was never better exemplified than by the female aphids of the many species at their yearly autumnal task.

The species found especially on the under side of oak-leaves, particularly in colonies on the burr oak, lay their winter eggs in the downy underside of the leaf, usually tamping one firmly against the mid-rib. There a bird will not be likely to find it, and as the leaf may remain on the tree until the new leaves begin coming out in the spring, the insect when newly hatched merely abandons its old leaf for a new one, and sets to eating. Of course, should the leaf fall during the winter, that insect is either lost to the world, or if it hatches must find an oak and laboriously crawl up to the tender shoots.

Species of aphids occurring on trees that lose their leaves in the fall do not trust their eggs to the foliage, but wander over the twigs in search of good hiding-places. The bark about the buds are favorite places. The species found on the box-elder deposits her eggs irregularly upon the bark of the twigs, but another that chooses beech leaves for its banquet table wanders over the bark of the twigs, limbs and trunk tucking away her eggs into crevices by the following method: "The insect so places herself that her hind legs easily touch the egg; then standing on her four front legs she brings the two hind ones down upon the egg in rapid succession, striking with considerable force. This serves the double purpose of pushing the egg into place and of drawing out a viscid secretion with which it is covered into a thread-like, silvery film, so similar to the surrounding bark that it is difficult to detect the difference. A minute and a half to two minutes are spent in this process."

So says Mr. Weed, who has made a study of the hibernation of aphids. He also gives instances of species which "live upon various trees during autumn, winter and spring, but for the summer season

migrate to more succulent herbaceous plants. . . . For instance, our common apple aphis spends the summer upon grasses, where they continue breeding until autumn, when they return to the apple, and the winged females establish colonies of the wingless egg-laying form upon the leaves. The males fly in from the summer host-plant. The eggs are then laid on the twigs and buds, and the cycle for the year is completed.

"The aphid commonly affecting cherry trees has a similar history. It winters over on the twigs in the egg state. Early in spring the young aphids hatch and crawl upon the bursting buds, inserting their tiny sap-sucking beaks into the tissues of the unfolding leaves. In a week or ten days they become full-grown and begin giving birth to young lice, that also soon develop and repeat the process, increasing very rapidly. Most of the early spring forms are wingless, but during June great numbers of the winged lice appear, and late in June or early in July they generally leave the cherry, migrating to some other plant, although we do not yet know what that plant is. Here they continue developing throughout the summer, and in autumn a winged brood again appears and migrates back to the cherry. These migrants give birth to young that develop into egg-laying females which deposit small, oval, shining blacg eggs upon the twigs."

As Mr. Kellogg says: "The point of all this is plainly that in the aphids there must be recognized an unusual, and to them, very advantageous adaptive plasticity of both structure and function. Defenseless as are the aphid individuals as far as capacity either to fight or to run away is concerned, the various aphid species are, on the contrary, very well defended by their structural and physiological plasticity and their extraordinary fecundity."

Dr. Riley found that the hop aphis passes the winter in the egg state on plum trees. In spring each egg hatches into a small aphid that sucks the sap from the expanding leaves. This is the so-called stem-mother. She becomes full grown in a week or two and then begins bringing forth living young at an average of about three a day, continuing the process until she has become the mother of a hundred or more rapidly developing aphids. Each of these in turn gives birth to other young in the same way. Three generations of these parthenogenetic forms are produced upon the plum, the last becoming winged and deserting the trees in search of hop plants. On finding them, these winged migrants light upon the under sides of the leaves, where they start colonies; and the species continues developing upon the hop plant throughout the summer. In early autumn another winged generation is produced, that migrates back to the plum (on which account these forms are some-

times called return-migrants), where each settles upon a leaf and gives birth to three or more young that develop into sexual oviparous females. About the same time winged males are produced upon the hops. They also migrate to the plum, where they mate with the oviparous females. The latter deposit the winter eggs upon the twigs about the buds; and on the advent of cold weather all forms but the eggs perish.

Even this complicated system of summer and winter homes, migrating and mating, does not spare the fruit trees to any extent, since those that work on them only a part of the season develop in sufficient numbers to do serious injury to foliage or fruit before migrating to their summer food-plants.

This ability to put forth wings at need is one great factor in the "plasticity" of the race. For at any time in the course of these "buddings," either all or a part of the individuals of a brood may be winged, in order to fly away and establish new colonies either on the same plant or another one of like or different species. One experimenter, Clarke, in California, has been able to produce a winged generation at will by simply changing the chemical constitution of the sap of the host-plant on which the aphids were reared in his laboratory, proving that when the sap fails to satisfy the aphid, it can grow wings and escape to a plant whose sap does suit. A winged form, though, is always succeeded by a wingless one, as if the species believed in taking root as often as possible, favoring migration only as a means, not as a whim to be encouraged.

The aphids lead a gluttonous life indeed, for, as Mr. Packard observes: "When their stomachs are full, they do not have to rest awhile and sharpen their appetites for the next meal, or resort to emetics as in the palmy days of Roman epicurism, but Nature has provided them with two safety valves, being two little tubes situated on the end of the body. The liquid food, or sap, after passing through the alimentary canal, in part overflows through these tubes, as a sweet exudation called honey-dew. It may be seen dropping on leaves, and sometimes solidifies into a solid, whitish sugar."

It is sometimes produced in such quantities that it forms a glistening coating on the leaves of the branches below the plant-lice, and stone walks beneath shade trees are often densely spotted and uncomfortably sticky with it. But common as this sweet, clammy substance is on leaves and walks, the knowledge as to its origin is not so common. Pliny, the learned ancient, was doubtful as to whether to call it "sweat of the heavens," "saliva of the stars," or "a liquid produced by purgation of the air." Many moderns are

about as perplexed as to its origin, never thinking to associate it with plant-lice.

Honey-dew is an extract quite similar to the honey of bees in that it is of vegetable origin, and is secreted in a state of the greatest purity. No doubt if mankind had learned to domesticate the aphid to his uses as he has the bee, honey-dew would be as popular a table delicacy as honey.

"Besides the profusion of sweets which they scatter around them, like sugar-plums at a carnival, they always keep a good supply within the green jars of their bodies," says one old writer. "By the lavish distribution of these saccharine riches, our little aphids make for themselves, it is true, a few interested friends, while, on the other hand, they owe to their possession a host of devouring enemies. Reaumur designates the race of aphids as 'the very corn' sown for the use of their more powerful insect brethren; but as animate creatures, as well as gregarious green-leaf grazers, they have been considered with more propriety as the oves and boves, the flocks and herds, of those which seem permitted to hold them in possession."

Indeed, we may sometimes get honey-dew served up to us in the form of honey, since bees lap it eagerly. Wasps, too; but these two insects only take what they can find where they find it. Ants are still fonder of the extract: it has been called the ants' national dish. Ants not only feed on the sugary, limpid syrup wherever they can find it, but coax the makers to "give down" a supply.

"Frequently," says Mr. Packard, "the ants will stroke them and urge them to give out their honey more rapidly, hence they seem to milk them, and the aphids are regarded as the ants' cows."

The ant stands behind the aphis and rubs it gently but rapidly with its antennæ, as if coaxing the "cow," when the plump creature gives out from the end of its body a drop of sweet liquid, which the ant greedily laps up. Of course, without this attention, the aphis will exude its honey-dew from time to time, but, on the other hand, it is believed that the aphis profits as much as the ant by thus getting the sticky substance removed from its body. Indeed, one experimenter found that the aphids would wait for the ants to come before exuding their honey-dew, though this does not always hold true, as we know from the wasted secretion on leaves and walks.

This liquor forms the principal food of many ants, and different species of ants often cultivate their herds of particular aphids. The association is mutually beneficial, since the ants do their best to protect their flocks of plant-lice from enemies, acting as a sort of standing army for their food-producing kine.

Moreover, some ants build cattle-pens, or other protection for the aphids. "Some ants build little walls of earth over their aphids," says Badenoch, "cowsheds, they may be called, to prevent them straying. Some form a private covered roadway between their cattle's grazing ground and their nest, placing their cows within easy reach and distance of communication. Others of these ingenious beings, who are always busy, have taken to heart the lesson of necessity of the economy of time and labor. To save themselves repeated and tiresome journeyings to and fro, they frequently thoroughly domesticate their cows, so to speak, or drive them in considerable flocks into the near neighborhood of home; sometimes they convey them inside their nest. The aphids selected feed on the sap of grass and roots, a nutriment that lies ready to hand without troubling the captives to step out of doors, the subterranean chambers and corridors being constructed in the midst of the vegetation required."

Huber it was that discovered that ants actually breed their cattle, rearing them from the egg to adulthood and caring for them attentively, herding them, and even carrying this care of their flocks so far as to take eggs or aphids up in their jaws and run to a place of safety with them when danger threatened.

"One day in November, anxious to know if the yellow ants began to bury themselves in their subterranean chambers, I destroyed with care one of their habitations, story by story. I had not advanced far in this attempt when I discovered an apartment containing an assemblage of little eggs, which were for the most part of the color of ebony. Several ants surrounded and appeared to take great care of them, and endeavored, as quickly as possible, to convey them from my sight. I seized upon this chamber, its inhabitants and the treasure it contained.

"The ants did not abandon these eggs to make their escape; a stronger instinct retained them. They hastened to conceal them under the small dwelling which I held in my hand, and when I reached home I drew them from it to observe them more attentively. Viewed with a microscope, they appeared nearly of the form of ants' eggs, but their color was entirely different. The greater part were black; others were of a cloudy yellow. I found them in several anthills, and obtained them of different degrees in shade. They were not all black and yellow; some were brown, of a slight and also of a brilliant red and white; others were of a color less distinct, as a straw color, grayish, etc. I remarked they were not of the same color at both extremities.

"To observe them more closely I placed them in the cover of a box faced with glass. They were collected in a heap like the eggs

of ants. Their guardians seemed to value them highly; after having visited them they placed one part in the earth, but I witnessed the attention they bestowed upon the rest; they approached them, slightly separating their pincers; passed their tongue between each, extended them, then walked alternately over them, depositing, I believe, a liquid substance as they proceeded. They appeared to treat them exactly as if they were the eggs of their own species; they touched them with their antennæ, and frequently carried them in their mouths. They did not quit these eggs a single instant; they took them up, turned them, and after having surveyed them with affectionate regard conveyed them with extreme tenderness to the little chamber of earth I had placed at their disposal.

"They were not, however, the eggs of ants; we know that these are extremely white, becoming transparent as they increase in age, but never acquire a color essentially different. I was for a long time unacquainted with the origin of those of which I have just spoken, and by chance discovered that they contained little aphids; but it was not these individual eggs I saw them quit, it was other eggs which were a little larger, found in the nests of yellow ants, and of a particular species. On opening the anthills, I discovered several chambers containing a great number of brown eggs. The ants were extremely jealous of them, carrying them away, and quickly, too, to the bottom of the nest, disputing and contending for them with a zeal which left me no doubt of the strong attachment with which they regard them.

"Desirous of conciliating their interests as well as my own, I took the ants and their treasure and placed them in such a manner that I might easily observe them. These eggs were never abandoned. The ants took the same care of them as the former. The following day I saw one of these eggs open, and an aphid fully formed, having a large trunk, quit it. I knew it to be an aphid of the oak; the others were disclosed a few days after, and the greater number in my presence. They set immediately about sucking the juices from some branches of the tree I gave them, and the ants now found within their reach a recompense for their care and attention."

This forms another factor in the hibernation of aphids, for these wise cattle-breeders collect eggs left on the leaf-stalks of certain plants in the autumn, such as the English daisy, and carry them to their nests, "where," Sir John Lubbock records, "they were tended by them with the utmost care through the long winter months until the following March, when the young aphids which hatch are brought out and again placed upon the young shoots of the daisy. This seems to me a most remarkable case of prudence. Our ants

may not perhaps lay up food for winter, but they do more, for they keep during six months the eggs which will enable them to procure food during the following summer, a case of prudence unexampled in the animal kingdom."

Mr. Weed made a similar discovery regarding the winter condition of the corn-root aphis, which is found from spring to autumn feeding upon the roots of corn, when it is always attended by the little brown ant, which digs channels for it and cares for it in every way.

"One day late in April," he says, "I came across a mass of aphid eggs in a nest of the ant in an old cornfield in central Illinois. They hatched next day into aphids that subsequently developed into the species in question. Many similar observations were afterwards made, at the conclusion of which I summarized the life history of the insect as follows:

"During the first warm days of spring, usually before the ground is ploughed, there hatch from the eggs small greenish lice that are transferred by the ants to the roots and radicles of Setaria and Polygonum, where they are carefully tended by the ants. In about a fortnight these young have become adult stem-mothers and give birth to quite a number of young. In the meanwhile the ground has probably been ploughed and some crop sowed. In case this crop is corn the ants transfer the lice to the corn roots; but if it is oats or wheat they may continue to rear the lice on Setaria and Polygonum. The young from these stem-mothers become adult in about a fortnight, some of them being apterous and others winged. The winged specimens fly to the other hills, either in the same or neighboring fields, where the ants are waiting to receive them, and proceed to establish colonies.

"This second generation brings forth viviparous young (mostly wingless); and generations of viviparous females continue to develop on corn roots throughout the summer. In autumn the true sexes are produced (both being apterous), and the eggs are deposited by the oviparous females in the mines of the ant colonies. These eggs are cared for by the ants through the winter, and the young lice that hatch from them in spring are provided for as already described."

Corn-growers have reason for feeling discouraged when they find the ants have begun pasturing their flocks on the corn crop. For Professor Forbes has made an estimate of the rate of increase of the corn-root louse. "A single stem-mother of the corn-root aphis brings forth twelve to fifteen young, that mature in a fort-night. Assuring the correctness of the figures here given as to the normal rate of multiplication and the number of generations pro-



duced in a year, and further, supposing that all the plant-lice descending from a single female hatched from the egg in spring were to live and reproduce throughout the year, we should have coming from the egg the following spring nine and a half million young. As each plant-louse measures about 1.4 mm. in length and .93 mm. in width, an easy calculation shows that these conceivably possible descendants of a single female would, if closely placed end to end, form a procession seven million eight hundred and fifty thousand miles in length; or they would make a belt or strip ten feet wide and two hundred and thirty miles long."

Truly, the fecundity of these creatures challenges the mathematicians to find new ways to juggle their numbers into interesting mind-staggering problems.

Most aphids excrete a powdery white substance which is scattered over the body and give it a sort of "bloom," or when thick, giving the insect the appearance of having been rolled in flour. Or it may be secreted in large, downy masses, giving the insect a woolly covering. These insects are usually called "blight," such as alder, apple, willow, elm, according to the plant chosen as the host of each species. This down is secreted through many small pores over the body, first as a waxy liquid; it hardens very quickly and the waxy threads massed together look like threads of cotton or wool. This serves as a covering for the body, a means of aërial transportation, and also as a sort of hibernating den.

"Have you never picked up an apple-leaf or elm-leaf covered with something looking like tufts of white cotton, so sticky that you cannot clear your fingers of it? If so, look carefully at it next time you find it, and under each white tuft you will see an insect struggling along which is like a rose aphis, only without the little tubes on its back. In fact this fluffy stuff is a kind of wax which oozes out with the sweet liquid all over the body of the insect, protecting it from the sun and from enemies as it feeds, and making it look like a lady in a feathery white ball dress. Some species of these fluff-covered aphids fasten on to the stems of apple trees, and have been known entirely to destroy them. Then again, there are others which eat their way into the leaves of the trees, making rosy bladders upon them, while others attack the wheat or the hops. In mild seasons, when these insects increase rapidly, they have been known to destroy a whole hop harvest."—Miss Buckley.

An interesting feature of this woolly apple aphis and of the woolly elm aphis is that they are the same insects. It is known practically wherever the apple is grown, because there will be elms somewhere about to spell the fruit tree off during the summer. The insect is a reddish-brown animal with the abdomen honey-yellow, scarcely one-

tenth of an inch in total length. It inhabits the tree from roots to tip-twigs, and its presence will be easily detected by the bluish-white cottony patches it makes. The waxy fibres are much longer on the above-ground insects than on those underground.

Its life history is this: During the summer a dozen generations of wingless virgin-mothers may be developed on the apple tree. each mother bringing forth living young, from two to twenty a day, for a fortnight or so. The young are born wrapped in a thin shell. which is soon cast off: it begins to eat, and in a few hours has its waxy coating secreted. Every time the skin is shed there is a new coating, which accounts for the patches of this flocculent material wherever a colony is located. Along in August winged females are born, which migrate by wing or by wind to the elm, where they begin producing wingless forms, from six to twelve of them, about half males and half females, with no mouth parts. These reddishvellow females are about one-twentieth of an inch in length, but twice as large as their slender, greenish-vellow brothers. tiny females each lay an egg, long, cinnamon-red and oval, nearly as large as herself, depositing it in a crevice in the bark. This is the winter egg. which hatches into a stem-mother and takes up its residence on an elm-leaf bud, where she and her large family dine royally on fresh elm leaves. Her winged progeny migrate back to the apple tree or to other elm branches, while the apple tree, which has also wintered some eggs and adults, repays the compliment.

The leaves on which these wooly flocks pasture swell and curl, but the bark of the twigs and young branches becomes deeply pitted and scarred, and even stops growing; infested branches are always distorted and unhealthy. The underground aphids cause swellings or galls to develop on the roots, and this will kill young trees.

Another well-known woolly aphis is the alder-blight, which excretes large quantities of both wax and honey-dew. The colony is not sought out to any extent by ants, so the large amount of honey-dew which gathers on the branches becomes a fertile spot for large masses of black, spongy fungus that damages the alder quite as much as the plant-lice. In the fall these aphids migrate down the branches and trunk to the base of the shrub, to spend the winter; those that survive crawl back up the shrub in the spring and begin to produce young.

The beech tree blight infests both the twigs and leaves of its host. It also occurs in clusters of individuals, each of which is clothed in a ballet-dancer's petticoat of fluffy white. These clusters often attract attention by the insect's love of wriggling its body up and down, as if trying to dance with the back end of itself while continuing to sip at the punch-bowl. Moreover, when the limb is shaken,

down showers a spray of honey-dew. Vast numbers move down in the fall to congregate in crevices between the base of the trunk and larger roots and the soil, or beneath fallen leaves and other ground rubbish. Of course many die, but some do not, as the beech tree attests in the spring.

Some aphids are able to form galls on the leaves and in the bud ends of twigs, such as those blackened fluted knobs on the cottonwood and balsam poplar, which may remain for several seasons. A single female begins the gall, as a covered nursery for herself and her young, who do not leave the snuggery until early fall. Those on the sumac resemble some sort of a nut, while the cockscomb gall-louse infests the elm, making narrow, erect, blackish galls irregularly toothed along the upper edge; they are placed on the top surface of the leaves, and do suggest proud chanticleer's head ornament in shape. Gall-lice also secrete honey-dew, which will be seen on the sidewalk beneath an infested tree; and in this honevdew a dark, cankerous fungus develops. By the end of June or the beginning of July, the cockscomb gall becomes full of winged plant-lice, when the slit on the upper side of the leaf, through which the mother plant-louse built up the gall early in the spring, gapes open and allows the insects to escape.

Plant-lice often do incalculable injury to their hosts. The wheat aphis when very numerous causes the grain to shrivel, because its punctures and the consequent loss of sap deprive the kernels of their necessary food. There are three plant-lice known to infest the apple, aside from the woolly species; sometimes two will work on the same tree. Several devote themselves to the plum or to the peach. The strawberry-root louse feeds on the leaves in the spring, until the ants begin establishing colonies of them on the roots, and in case the plant dies transferring these cows to fresh pastures.

A particularly destructive species is the grape phylloxera, which infests both the leaves and roots of the vine and causes galls to gather on both parts of the plant. The leaf galls appear on the lower surface of the leaves, and are hollow, fleshy swellings more or less wrinkled and hairy, resembling pretty fluted balls; the opening is on the upper surface of the leaf, and is guarded by a dense growth of down. Each is made by a stem-mother that hatches from a winter egg soon after the first grape leaves have begun to unfold. She crawls from the cane where she hatched up to a leaf, and begins feeding on the upper surface. The puncture so made stimulates the growth of the leaf cells and so produces the hollow gall. Within this gall the insect develops and becomes mature after the third molt, which occurs in about fifteen days. She may within the next three weeks lay from five to six hundred

eggs in this gall, which as they hatch, in about eight days, escape from the gall through the fuzzy doorway and start galls and families of their own.

After the third generation, many migrate to the roots, where the underground forms of the species have been developing from individuals that wintered over below the surface, or others that hatched from winter eggs and went down to the roots instead of up to the leaves. Indeed, on some varieties of grape, the gall stage is omitted altogether, all the insects developing from the winter eggs going directly down to the roots.

Along in the summer, some of the eggs laid by the root insects develop wings, emerge from the soil and colonize above the ground, sometimes traveling by wind for rods or even miles. These winged forms produce eggs that hatch into sexed individuals, the females of which lay the winter eggs in the rough bark of the vine.

This grape-root louse originally infested only a few species of wild vines in the eastern part of the United States. Fitch discovered it in 1853 on wild grape specimens found in New York, and on these native vines both leaves and roots are colonized. In 1868 it was found to be invading the French vineyards about Bordeaux and Gard, having been introduced there on rooted vines from America. In 1884 more than a third of the French vineyards had been destroyed; in many places vine-stumps became the common fuel, because the vineyards must be wholly uprooted and new stock planted. From France it was reintroduced into America by the importation of French vines into California, and it is now known in South Africa, New Zealand, Russia and Algeria. This little insect, about one-twenty-fifth of an inch in length, is a pest, if ever there was one.

The chief injury to the vine is the canker caused by the root galls, soft and watery and diseased tissue, which decay and so gradually leave the plant without sufficient root-spread. Since the native wild grapes of the Eastern States, the original food plant, suffer but little from the insect's attacks, these resistant species are used as root stocks for the cultivated vines—the most practical remedy yet discovered to combat the pest.

Fortunately, plant-lice have a host of enemies. The ladybug, innocent as she looks, keeps her steel-blue larval coat or her scarlet cuirass of adulthood stuffed with aphis chops. The larvæ of the lace-winged fly and the grub of the hover-fly get their growth by sucking aphids dry. They are infested by mites and gobbled up by birds. They are preyed upon by an ichneumon fly which lays eggs in the plump, well-fed bodies; "whereupon," says Kirby, "the body of the victim swells and becomes smooth, though still full of

life. Those, thus pricked, separate from their companions, and take up their station on the under side of the leaf. After some days, the grub hatched from the enclosed egg pierces the body of the aphis, and attaches the margin of the orifice to the leaf by silken threads. Upon this, it dies, becomes white and resembles a brilliant bead or pearl, the mouth of the circular hole remaining like a trapdoor." Not that it always retires to a quiet place to die with dignity, for these swollen specimens can often be found still feeding with the colony.

By computing the number of plant-lice on the surface of a cherry leaf, and the number of leaves on a young cherry tree, Dr. Fitch estimated that each one of seven small cherry trees was stocked with at least twelve million aphids. "And yet so vigilant, so sharp-sighted and voracious were their enemies that at the end of a few days the whole were exterminated."

In the case of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers, the grower cannot always wait for rains, frosts, birds, parasites, drought and such natural means to carry off these pests, but must be sharp-eyed himself, and vigilant with the insecticide. In too many cases he is fighting both the aphid and ant-protector, and must do his best to coöperate with the aphid's natural enemies.

THE WAIL OF THE WHIPPOORWILL.

"The lonely Whip-Poor-Will, our bird of night,
Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,
His shrill note quavered in the startled ear."
—James K. Paulding ("The Whippoorwill")

HE Whippoorwill's three-toned call, so unique in many respects, has made the bird popular with the poets. Uttered as it is at night, and in such a long-drawn, tremulous sort of way, it challenges an attempt at description, and demands an explanation as to the reason for its peculiar qualities.

Some of the phrases descriptive of the call are very pleasing. One poet terms it "whippoorwill's eerie crying shrill and sweet." Another remarks that "weirdly sounds the whippoorwill's wild rhyme." To another the bird "makes sad lament." Bryant observes how "from the thicket near the whippoorwill sent forth his liquid note." Two other poets describe it most faithfully:

"Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded,
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring
thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence."

—Longfellow ("Evangeline")

"When suddenly, across the hill—
Long, low and sweet, with dreamy fall,
Yet true and mellow, call for call,
Elate, and with a human thrill—
Came the far answer: 'Whip-poor-will!'"
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Sadness seems to be its prevailing tone, judging from the poets' observations. Madison Cawein notes "the far-off, far-off woe of 'whippoorwill!' of 'whippoorwill!' and other testimony to this effect are the following lines:

"And echoing sweetly on the hill
Whistles the sorrowing whippoorwill."

—A. B. Street

"Deep in the grove the woodland sprites
Start into frequent music brief;
And there the whippoorwill recites
The ballad of his grief."

-T. B. Read

"Within the deep,
Impenetrable sorrow of the woods,
Like one in weeds, with knotted cords of grief,
Scourging his heart until it shrieks its woe,
The whippoorwill lifts up its direful voice."

—T. B. Read

Lucy Larcom, however, finds them not such dismal birds, and uses the expression: "The whippoorwills went gossiping from silent tree to tree, among the gray eavesdropping bats." Madison Cawein, in his poem "The Little People," imagines the fairies

"Whirling by the waning moon
To the whippoorwill's weird tune."

Just why the bird should be so down-hearted puzzles the poets considerably. Dora Read Goodale seems to think it is a protest against having to lay off feeding: "The whippoorwill, with plaintive cry, rests from his eager, busy flight." Two others ascribe it to loneliness:

"Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan
Poured in no living comrade's ear,
The forest's shaded depths alone
Thy mournful melody can hear."
—Elizabeth F. Ellett ("The Whippoorwill")

"And the whippoorwill is weeping,

'Whippoorwill, whippoorwill!"

Lonely still,

The whippoorwill is weeping,

'Whippoorwill!" —Madison J. Cawein

Two other poets think of the bird as one of a retiring, hermitlike disposition, taking a melancholy sort of delight in dark, withdrawn places:

"The garish day inspires thee not;
But hid in some deep-shaded grot,
Thou like a sad recluse dost wait
The silver hours inviolate,
When evening's harsher sound is flown,
And groves and glens are all thine own—
Whippoorwill!" —Henry S. Cornwell

"Lone whippoorwill,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still."

—Isaac McClellan

These "shady characters, oftener heard than seen, of recluse nocturnal habits and perfectly noiseless flight," as Dr. Coues, the ornithologist, describes them, and again "Those shadowy birds, consorts of bats and owls—those scarce-embodied voices of the night, here, there, and everywhere unseen, but shrilling on the ear with sorrow-stricken iteration," may have good reason for feeling sad, according to A. M. Machar:

"We hear thy voice, but see not thee; Thou seem'st but a voice to be— A wandering spirit, brooding yet For parted joys and vain regret— So plaintive thine untiring trill, O whippoorwill, O whippoorwill!"

The Indians have a legend that these birds were not seen until after the great massacres of their race by the English; and that they are the departed spirits of their murdered brothers; they look upon them with superstitious dread, and believe that if they alight on or near a dwelling, some one in the household will soon after die. Perhaps Lowell had this legend in mind when he wrote the lines, so appropriate to "The Fountain of Youth":

"There whippoorwills plain in the solitudes hoary With lone cries that wander Now hither, now yonder, Like souls doomed of old To a mild purgatory."

More like, he refers to scenes in Dante's "Divine Comedy." Wordsworth, in his lines on superstition, changes the race of the martyrs from red to black:

"And in thy iteration: 'Whip-poor-Will!'
Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave."

Robert Buchanan implies that the bird has a message to deliver, though as far as he gets is to attract attention:

"Hear, O hear!
In the great elm by the mere
Whippoorwill is crying clear."

Another poet gets an inkling of the message, though vaguely:

"Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why Whip-Poor-Will?—what has he done?
And who is Will, I pray?
Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door?
Why ask of me to Whip-Poor-Will?
And is Will really poor?
If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven,
That is the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven!"—George Primms

To Thoreau the bird warned "whip-or-I-will," which is one variation of the call. But usually the whistle is the well-known three-toned lilt that has named the bird:

"And now it is night, and the world is still;
Not a ray of sunshine gleams on the hill.
Another bird speaks in accents shrill,
Suddenly giving her name—'Whip-Poor-Will!"

---Anon.

"And, deep at first within the distant wood, the Whip-poor-Will, her name her only song," says Carlos Wilcox, writing of "Spring in New England," and then proceeds to describe a cozy, comfortable, homely scene:

"She, soon as children from the noisy sport Of whooping, laughing, talking with all tones, To hear the echoes of the empty barn, Are by her voice diverted and held mute, Comes to the margin of the nearest grove; And when the twilight, deepen'd into night, Calls them within, close to the house she comes, And on its dark side, haply on the step Of unfrequented door lighting unseen, Breaks into strains articulate and clear, The closing sometimes quickened, as in sport."

This is contradictory to the Indian legend, which regards such familiarity as an ill-omen. Indeed, judging from the lines in "Hiawatha," the red men looked upon the bird as a sad one, indeed:

"When the noiseless night descended, Broad and dark o'er field and forest, When the mournful Wawonaissa Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks."

Longfellow does not seem to have heard the Indian legend, however, or at least the ill-omen attaching to the bird. For he records, after Hiawatha's fasting, on the eve of his last conflict with Mondamin, which ended so successfully for the young hero:

> "Peacefully slept Hiawatha, But he heard the Wawonaissa, Heard the whippoorwill complaining, Perched upon his lonely wigwam."

But for all its sadness, the bird was not perfect in his wailing, as, after listening to Chibiabos, the "sweetest of all singers," Hiawatha's most beloved friend, all nature paid tribute to this unrivaled musician.

"And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa, Sobbing, said, 'O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as melancholy, Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

So, too, in a certain rural poem, "Her voice is sweet as a whip-poorwill's."

Only one poet seems to have been near enough to the bird to hear that peculiar clicking, or clucking, which punctuates its rapid phrases, and is supposed to be made by the bird's opening and shutting his gaping beak to suck in air, like a fish out of water. Frank Bolles, in a poem on "The Oven-Bird," employs the line, "When the whippoorwill is clucking," and in a poem devoted to the bird, he again mentions this odd feature:

"From the clearing comes a message, Tremulous and full of motive— Weird, half-sorrowful, uncanny, Taken up by other voices.
In the sand the singer lingers, Now and then a feline purring, Seems to tell of solaced sorrow;

Not for long, for from his wallow Comes the mournful repetition, Broken by a guttural chucking, Sobbing to the wakeful echo."

It is along late in April that the whippoorwills begin arriving from the South, hence, in a poem on "Early May," John Burroughs remarks that "New songsters come with every morn, and whippoorwill is overdue." Fact is, they appear after insect food becomes plentiful, and remain until the supply becomes scarce, which is usually along in September, although, in a certain August poem, we are told that

"Birds sing no more, but on the hill
The tender plaint of whippoorwill,
Who, telling oft her woeful tale,
Lingers full late after her time."
—Zitella Cocke

In regard to the spring migration, it is interesting to note that in Kansas they have the saying: "Wish when you hear the first Whippoorwill in the spring, and the wish will come to pass." In Alabama it takes this form: "In the spring, when you hear the first Whippoorwill, if you lie down and roll over, and while rolling, make a wish, it will certainly come true," as it should, after such well-meant exertions. In Connecticut, however, they say "What you are doing when you hear the first Whippoorwill you will do all the year, or you will be doing the same thing one year from that time. . . . Wherever you happen to be when you first hear a Whippoorwill in the spring, there you will spend the year."

The poets have not failed to notice that woods and such retired spots are the bird's favorite habitat, not only many previously quoted, but in other quotations to follow:

"And, mystic haunt of the whippoorwills, The wood, that all the background fills."

-Phœbe Cary

But James G. Clarke tells us that "the whippoorwill wails on the moor," while Frank Bolles finds it in a clearing, in the sand. It is frequently located on a hill, perhaps sometimes because the slope is wooded, and other times because the poet needs a rhyme for the bird's name:

"The plaintive cry of the whippoorwill
Is heard along the hill."
—W. W. Story ("Moonrise")

"All the winds were sleeping;
One lone whippoorwill
Made the silence deeper,
Calling from the hill."

—Julia C. R. Dorr

As Thoreau has recorded: "The whippoorwill suggests how wide asunder are the woods and the town. Its note is very rarely heard by those who live on the street, and then it is thought to be of ill-omen. Only the dwellers on the outskirts of the village hear it occasionally. It sometimes comes into their yards. But go into the woods on a warm night at this season, and it is the prevailing note. It is no more of ill-omen here than the night and the moonlight are. It is a bird not only of the wood, but of the night side of the woods. I hear some whippoorwills on hills, others in thick wooded vales, which ring hollow and cavernous, like an apartment or cellar, with their note, as when I hear the workings of some artisan within an apartment. It is not nightfall till the whippoorwills begin to sing." This is the general opinion expressed in poetical quotations, such as

"When early shades of evening's close
The air with solemn darkness fill,
Before the moonlight softly throws
Its fairly mantle o'er the hill,
A sad sound goes
In plaintive thrill;
Who hears it knows
The whippoorwill."

-E. B. Brownlow

In his poem, "Sunset in Arkansas," Albert Pike mentions "the sad whippoorwill, with lonely din." Hamlin Garland has coined a very suitable and poetical expression in the title of his poem "The Whippoorwill's Hour" which is that time between daylight and dark when "from the fragrant dusk of pines the whippoorwill puts forth his slender cry." Other "timely" references to the bird's performance are:

"when the whippoorwill
In some old tree sings wild and shrill,
With glow-worm eyes that dot the dark." —Madison Cawein

"When the glory of sunset fades in the skies
As the shadows of evening descend o'er the hill,
And vapors from forest and valley arise,
Then murmur thy notes, O sweet whippoorwill!"
—Isaac McClellan

In short, twilight is "the whippoorwill's hour," the glow-worm's and the bat's, and so the bird is found decorating more than one such poem:

"And past the luminous pasture-lands complained
The first far whippoorwill."
—Madison Cawein ("Spring Twilight")

"The whippoorwill, whose sudden cry rang out,
Plaintive, yet strong, upon the startled air."
—Dora R. Goodale ("A Twilight Fancy")

"A whippoorwill in the distance cried."

—Ernest McGaffey ("Twilight")

"And then a sudden whippoorwill Called overhead, so wildly shrill The sleeping wood, it seemed to me, Cried out, and then again was still."

-Madison Cawein ("Dusk in the Woods")

But the whippoorwill's hour is not limited to sixty minutes. As Mr. Cawein, with whom the bird seems a favorite, tells us, "the whippoorwills, far in the afterglow, complain to silence." Alice Cary, like many another nature-lover brought up amid nature's chosen haunts, remembers

"The chamber, where in the starry light I used to lie awake at night And list to the whippoorwill."

The great Audubon frankly confessed to a fondness for this favorite American night bird: "The notes are to me more interesting than those of the nightingale. This taste I have probably acquired by listening to the whippoorwill in parts where Nature exhibited all her lone grandeur, and when no discordant din interrupted the repose of all around. . . . I have often listened to the nightingale, but never under such circumstances, and therefore its sweetest notes have never awakened the same feeling." And John Burroughs, too, is familiar with the notes as they make the night noisy:

"Finally, as the shadows deepen and the stars begin to come out, the whippoorwill suddenly strikes up. What a rude intrusion upon the serenity and harmony of the hour! A cry without music, insistent, reiterated, loud, penetrating, and yet the ear welcomes it also; the night and the solitude are so vast that they can stand it; and when, an hour later, as the night enters into full possession, the bird comes and serenades me under my window or upon my doorstep, my heart warms toward it. . . One April morning between three and four o'clock, hearing one strike up near my window, I began counting its calls. My neighbor had told me he had heard one call over two hundred times without a break, which seemed to me a big story. But I have a much bigger one to tell. This bird actually laid upon the the back of poor Will one thousand and eighty-eight blows, with only a barely perceptible pause here and there, as if to catch its breath. Then it stopped about half a minute and began again, uttering this time three hundred and ninety, calls, when it paused, flew a little farther away, took up the tale once more, and continued till I fell asleep."

"And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow."
—Joseph Rodman Drake ("The Culprit Fay")

TWO AWE-INSPIRING INSECTS.

The Death-Watch Beetle.

"The death-watch ticked behind the panelled oak."

—Thomas Hood ("The Haunted House")

EATH-WATCH" is a name popularly applied to several species of the hundred and fifty comprising the Ptinid family of beetles. This is because of their habit of rapping their heads so sharply against wood in which they are burrowing as to make a regular tapping or ticking sound:

"And the wood-worm picks,
And the death-watch ticks."

—Robert Browning ("Mesmerism")

The tick is made by the perfect insects, and the strong and repeated strokes made by one individual, numbering from seven to eleven made without pause, resemble the regular ticking of a watch. It can be imitated by tapping the finger-nail gently on wood; so much can this imitation be made to resemble the insect's "note," that one of them, hearing it, may often be led to recommence its sounds.

The superstitious have long regarded this sound with fear, firmly believing that "the solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death," for the one hearing it. So in a certain long poem we find the hero, Aladdin, holding converse with one of the insects:

(Aladdin)

Is this thine only chant, ill-boding hermit, Croaking from rotten clefts and mouldering walls,— Thy burden still of death and of decay?

(Death-watch)

Pi, pi, pi—no hope for thee.

(Aladdin)

I do begin to credit thee,—thou speakest With such assurance that my heart believes thee, Hither, to shake me with thy note of death?

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(Death-watch)
       Pi, pi, pi,—no hope for thee.
(Aladdin)
       It cannot change its ditty, if it would;
       'Tis but a sound,—a motion of the mouth;—
Her song is but "pi, pi,"—the rest was fancy.
'Twas I that heard it,—'twas not she that sung.
(Death-watch)
       No hope for thee.
(Aladdin)
       Ha! insect—what is this?—Think'st thou to shake
       My fixed philosophy with that croak of thine?
(Death-watch)
       Pi!-
(Aladdin)
       Well,—be it as it may,—my hope is gone.
       This brief, but oft repeated warning note
       Weighs down my bosom, fills my heart with fear.
                              —Adam G. Oehlenschlager ("Aladdin")
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This extract convinces one of the truth of Sir Thomas Browne's statement, in whose time this notion was quite generally believed, that "the man who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers," and philosophers and other pretended wise men, it would seem, from "Aladdin's" inability to argue himself free from the superstition. In those times, as Addison remarked of one: "She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches." Wordsworth, too, refers to the "most rustic ignorance," that takes "a fearful apprehension from the owl or death-watch." And Tennyson, in "The May Queen," has the dying girl say:

"I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat, There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;"

In his "Insect Book," Mr. Westell says, "The Death Watch Beetle deserves mention if only on account of the stupid superstitions with which it is surrounded. The quaint 'ticking' or tapping, or whatever else one may choose to call it, is supposed to forebode evil, death, bad-luck, or disaster, but it is safe to assert that the insect is perfectly innocent of any such intentions. The noise is made for the purpose of attracting the attention of its mate, and it seems unkind to attribute its courtship ways to the universally accepted superstitions briefly referred to above."

But the poet takes delight in keeping old superstitions alive, if for nothing more than their poetical uses, and so we will perhaps continue to find references to this one in various verses: "When Fritz was born
There was a death-watch ticking in the wall."
—Arlo Bates ("Under the Beech-Tree")

"I hear the death-moth tick and stir Slow-honeycombing through the bark." —Madison Cawein ("Since Then")

"Those damp, black, dead
Nights in the Tower; dead—with the fear of death—
Too dead ev'n for a death-watch!"
—Tennyson ("Queen Mary")

The name is given particularly to the little beetle known as Anobium, a word from the Greek meaning "resuscitated," because when touched it shams death for a long time. One authority, Olivier, states that these beetles will allow themselves to be pulled to pieces, and even slowly burned to death, without showing the least sign of life, though it is well to let his experiments stand alone, and when the beetles are to be destroyed try more prompt methods of extermination. For the great bard's words of mercy no doubt apply to this species as to any other:

"The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies." —("Measure for Measure")

Anobium is a tiny, hard-bodied, robust, cinnamon-colored beetle about a third of an inch long, with short, thick, stout jaws and a small head that almost disappears into the body-shell. It is slow in its motions and rarely flies. One species, Anobium tessellatum, is a pretty insect with mottled wings.

The larvæ resemble soft white worms, with six short feet, the scaly head is armed with powerful cutting tools, with which they gnaw into wood, old furniture, books and other decaying matter both vegetable and animal. The small round holes made by their gnawing resemble gimlet holes, which causes the French to name them *vrilettes*, little gimlets. The refuse from this boring is often seen on the floors of old and deserted houses, in the form of a powdery wood dust; the larvæ also attack flour, wafers, prepared birds and insects, and otherwise work havoc.

To quote Mr. Westell on the subject, "This beetle takes keen delight in paying its devotions to articles of furniture, tunnelling into the legs of tables, chairs, bedsteads and other household requisites. It is wonderful to notice the power it has of reducing wood-work to powder. When it is remembered that the larva lives as such for a number of years it is a matter for wonder that

more damage is not carried out. I have myself seen boxes quite riddled with the borings of these creatures, and many a connoisseur of old furniture who has prided himself upon his treasures has had to deplore their ruination and practical destruction as a result of the ravages of the Death Watch Beetle."

Since the larvæ pass the nymph, or final transformation stage, in cells, lined with a few silken threads, perhaps the wonder is not so great that they do not do more damage. Except for the "sawdust" they tumble out of their burrows, their presence cannot be detected, as they keep themselves well hidden in their grooves, or galleries.

The grown insect is also a voracious eater, so that if it does not tick of death, it at least warns the householder that decay is going on within his furniture, and one may well be apprehensive as to the safety of his own bed-legs when he hears the creatures astir:

"I hear but the death-watch drumming, I've heard it the livelong night,"

says an anonymous poet in "Old Stories," and he might well fear for the loss of some favorite story-book, since old books are favorite food. So in the larval stage the Death-Watch Beetles often play the part of "book-worms," and are usually so called by librarians and others who suffer damage at their busy jaws.

"the worm, our busy brother, drills
His sprawling path through letters anciently
Made fine and large to suit some abbot's eye."
—Robert Browning ("Sordello")

Another member of the family of Ptinids, or Death-Watch family, is the drug-store beetle. It is a cosmopolitan species, and feeds on many kinds of dead organic matter, naturally having a much wider range of food choice than other members of the family. Says Mr. Kellogg: "As the Ptinids mostly live on dead and dry vegetable matter, it was not improbable when I began a collecting expedition in a drug-store that I should find a number of specimens of this family. But to find a majority of the canisters and jars containing vegetable drugs in the condition of roots, stems, leaves, etc., infested by beetles of this family was unexpected. The most abundant species on this collecting-ground was Sitrodrepa panicea, which we may call the 'drug-store beetle.' It was found to be attacking blue-flag rhizome, comfrey-root, dogbane-root, ginger-rhizome, marshmallow-root, aniseed, aconite-tuber (deadly poison to us!) musk-root, Indian turnip-rhizome, wormwood stems, flowers

and leaves; thorn-apple leaves, cantharides (dried bodies of blister-beetles), and thirty other different drugs! Larvæ, pupæ, and adults were side by side in most of the canisters."

And Comstock notes of the same insect: "It sometimes assumes the role of a bookworm. We have bred it in large numbers from the cover of a very old book, a copy of Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' printed in 1536. It seems that old books are much more subject to the attacks of bookworms than others."

> "The learned themselves we book-worms name, And death-watches physicians." —Alexander Pope

Whatever the species of insect making the tick, it is a challenging sound. Though to one listener it may be as Thomas Campbell says, "the ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!" to another it is not fearsome at all:

"And music dwells, homely indeed, yet sweet,
In many a household sound of gentle meaning,
The soft quick pattering of tiny feet;
The quiet voice that in our childhood's dreaming
We called the wood-worm's song before he died;
The cricket's note, the kettle's cheerful humming,
The gentle purring of the cat beside
The fire, fresh heaped to wait her master's coming."
—Anon. ("Music")

The saying hinted in the lines above, that the death-watch but ticks its own funeral song, ought to comfort those who must find an augury in the sound.

On a still evening, the insects that make their abode in the woodland growths may be heard, according to Madison Cawein:

"And in the dead wood everywhere
The insects ticked, or bored below
The rotted bark." —("Dusk in the Woods")

One poet hears it in the autumn, as the insect drills its winter quarters, and he names the sound as made by a living time-piece, which is a poetical thought in itself; thinking of the insect as telling the time for the housekeeping spider in the hollow tree:

"and the spider's clock
Ticks from its crevice."

—A. B. Street

Best of all is Joseph Rodman Drake's pretty idea that the beetle is a fairy clock:

"'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak."
—("The Culprit Fay")

The Death's-Head Moth.

"And the great goblin moth, who bears
Between his wings the ruined eyes of death."

—Lord de Tablev ("Circe")

NE of the largest and most beautiful of European moths has been given this solemn-sounding name, because on the shoulders or thorax it bears a conspicuous patch, or badge, having some resemblance to the facial side of a human skull. In many ways this moth is an interesting species, and since it has migrated to this country, where it rounds out its existence as comfortably as in Europe, it is a new citizen worth knowing.

Though the wings often have a spread of nearly six inches, the short, thick body and large head give the insect a peculiarly heavy appearance.

The head and thorax are very dark, of a velvety mixture in mizzled black, rusty-brown and dark gray, and on this sable ground is the creature's name-mark figured in yellowish gray—a rather round, well-outlined light-colored blotch containing two round dark spots of the blackish body color; this grim cranium is accompanied by a suggestion of cross-bones in the dark gray cloudings below. The lower part of the body is striped in the black and yellow, and indeed, the colors on the thorax are echoed in the creature's whole livery. The fore-wings are marked with waves and shades of black and brown, broken by a few lighter clouds, blackish-gray mottled with yellow and red, in bars and spots; there is one small white spot near the centre. The hind-wings are a rich brown-yellow barred with black. The colors may vary, and the patterns not always be true, but this is the general appearance.

The caterpillar is an immense fellow about five inches in length when full-grown, and when at rest has the habit of raising the head and first front segments of the body in that curious sphinx-like attitude so characteristic of the group of moths with which it is classed. Its brilliant coloring contrasts strikingly to the rather mournful livery of its mothhood. It is of a fine yellow, or greenish-yellow, marked with seven oblique stripes of dull blue or violet on each side of the body, with intervening lines of blue and black spots. Looking down on it, the back shows pretty V-shaped bars. It has the pointed tail-like horn common to sphinx-caterpillars, which is rough, bent downwards and then recurved at the tip, and with the two short hind-feet below, the rear part of the insect has a strangely doggy appearance.

The colors may vary, and often do, so that specimens will show different shades of brown for the general color, with whitish

stripes, or instead of the oblique side-stripes, there may be a chain of brown diamond-shaped cross-bars.

The caterpillar appears in July and August, sts favorite food plant being the potato, the cultivation of which tends to increase the number of the insects, though as yet it has not been numerous enough to cause any real damage to crops. It also lives on the jasmine, hemp, elder, snowberry, dogwood, woody nightshade, deadly nightshade, and other widely different plants. It has been known to take so kindly to other food when the potato was scarce as to refuse such leaves when they were offered it, which shows its versatile appetite.

It also lives readily on the tea-tree, it being recorded in the Cambridge Chronicle of September, 1846, that Mr. Denny took twenty of the full-grown larvæ off such a tree growing on the top of a house at the back of Downing terrace, all of which he successfully reared to mothhood.

This insect is nocturnal in all stages. As a caterpillar it feeds at night and remains hidden low down on the stem of the plant throughout the day, or it may even elude collectors, hot sunshine and the darts of egg-laying ichneumon-flies by retiring to the loose earth about the roots of the plant.

About the middle of August, or as late as the beginning of September, the caterpillar becomes full-fed, when it retires underground to a considerable depth, and forms a smooth, well-lined burrow, and puts off its last skin for its chrysalid covering. This is so thin and so easily ruptured that the pupa that is disturbed during potato-digging time will almost always be unable to reach the adult state.

From its underground cell the adult emerges after a few weeks, or after several months, as the case may be, presenting, as a writer of the mid-nineteenth century remarks, "another curious correspondence with its funereal character. One of these moths, on bursting from the chrysalis, which is always found buried in the earth, was observed to be enveloped, to the head, limbs, and antennæ, by a fine membrane, like tissue paper, which dropped off as these gradually unfolded—even as a shrouded body, on bursting from the tomb, might cast off the cerements of the dead. The wings of the above specimen, as usual on emergement, were not larger than a finger-nail; but the insect having speedily placed itself in a position to admit of their hanging down, they were soon injected with air or fluid, and in two hours perfectly expanded."

September is the month when the moth is most on the wing, a

most fitting time for this winged Death's Head to be abroad, as a harbinger of the wintry tomb about to engulf the vegetable world. It is somewhat erratic in its appearance, of course, and moths may be found from June to October, or even into November, though September is the "peak" month for their numbers, as July and August show the most larvæ. It is believed that larvæ which hecome full-grown in September winter over in the pupa stage, while those moths that emerge at that time hibernate also.

The hibernating moths and pupa emerge in May, their offspring is full-grown by July and awing by July or August, to become the parents of the late September and October moths and pupa that winter over. The easiest way to rear the moths is by taking care of the larvæ, as a pupa that is disturbed after it has taken to its cell rarely completes its transformation. A pupa is a tender, sensitive thing at best, and its roomy, earthen dungeon, with the gummy secretion spun by the larvæ, seems necessary to insure the pupa freedom from irritation, inequable temperature, and too much or too little moisture.

One plan for forcing the pupa is to keep it in a warm room, or even near a fire, always covered with moss, or other damp, porous material, or even damp bran or sawdust. But the best way is to first catch your larva, furnish it with food and a good bit of earth for its dungeon, and then let it be left undisturbed.

"Essentially a creature of the night," says Badenoch, "the Death's Head Moth can hardly be roused into animation in the day; even by pinching, and throwing it into the air, it can only be induced, and that in sluggish fashion, to flutter the shortest distance. But on the wing, at night, all is changed, for its power and endurance seem immense; few insects, indeed, possess a more powerful and sustained flight. It is often met with by ships at sea, to gain which it must have flown hundreds of miles from land. A specimen flew on board a steamer on her voyage from Africa, off Cape de Verde; and one has been taken by a fishing-boat in the North Sea, about a hundred miles east of May Island."

It is usually a solitary creature, but a common attraction will sometimes bring several together. It is on record that a large number was once drawn to a lantern on board a vessel at anchor on the coast of Devon, a dozen of which were hunted down by the sailors.

Finding the moth so far out at sea has led entomologists to believe that the insect is migratory, or at least a great wanderer. It has long been known to be a pronounced nomad, common in a locality one season and rare the next, though of course this change in numbers may be due to favorable or unfavorable conditions. It has a wide geographical range, from the sub-tropical regions of India and Africa, its native home, to the whole of Europe, Africa and Asia almost to the northern boundary of the temperate zone.

One of the most remarkable things about the insect is its possession of a voice, a gift bestowed upon but one other member of the tribe. At least, it is able to utter a loud, shrill, wailing squeak, said to be plaintive and mournful, and to resemble the cry of a mouse.

"While both sexes can produce the noise," says Badenoch, "and some individuals do so with the greatest readiness whenever touched or disturbed, nothing will induce others to make it, ever so faintly. The strange cry has been long known to naturalists, and the question of its origin has given rise to much discussion. Almost innumerable theories have been invented to account for this apparently simple phenomenon, and quite a literature of its own has accumulated round the subject. From Reaumur downwards, observer after observer has experimented with the view of ascertaining the exact seat of the sound."

One supposes it to proceed from the body; another thinks it is produced by friction of the chest upon the abdomen, the wings having nothing to do therewith, a third declares he has discovered the organs of sound in a pair of scales at the wings' base, played upon by the action of the pinions themselves. Such was the opinion of Mr. Denny, who so successfully reared several of the larvæ to adult moths; according to his theory, the organs producing the death's-head's melancholy strain are two large movable horny scales, at the bases of the upper wings, fixed on the thorax, and covering each a small aperture, which is also a horny substance. In proof that the vibration of these scales causes the sound, it is stated that during its emission they, only, are in a state of strong vibration, while all other parts of the insect may be at rest.

Several experimenters have traced the origin of the sound to the interior of the insect's head; from which, according to their statements, the sound continues to proceed on separation of the body. Reaumur himself thought that the cry proceeded from the head, its immediate source being the friction of the palpi against the tongue. It is now believed the creature literally "gnashes its jaws."

Since the pupa also has the power of squeaking like the moth shortly before emerging from its case, the wing-theory hardly holds good. The larva, too, can squeak, its "voice" being a grating or crackling noise "that may be compared to the snap which accompanies an electric spark, and sometimes the noise is repeated in rapid succession, resembling that occasioned by the winding up of a watch, Cottagers finding the caterpillar have described it, not inaptly, as biting its teeth at them."

Mr. Badenoch's theory seems the correct one: "There is no doubt the sound is of a defensive character, and is made when the animal is irritated or disturbed. It appears to result from a lateral action of the large mandibles or jaws, which are furnished on their outer surface with some minute prominences; and when one jaw is outside, and passing over the other, it is momentarily arrested by the prominence of the latter, and falls sharply against its outer surface towards its base, the sudden jerk and collision between the two hard substances probably causing the sound."

The sound is made when the creature is disturbed or frightened, so that it is really a lament, an expression of misery, irritation, ill-temper. According to Reaumur, "when shut up in a box; it cries; when caught, it cries; and when held between the fingers, it never ceases crying."

Naturally, an insect that appears only at twilight and disappears with the sun, one that "bears between his wings the ruined eyes of death," and has a supernatural wail that has the proper tone for evil auguries, this moth has always been regarded as the herald of the fates whose mortal emblem is emblazoned on its back. Disease and death were anticipated in the wake of its heavy pinions, being announced by the mournful cry that accompanied the flutter of its dingy wings, clad in funeral attire of the saddest possible pattern.

The ignorant fears excited by this remarkable moth have assumed, in different countries, various absurd forms. For instance, according to the Negro version, "it's all a man's life's worth to see a Death's-Head Mohf. Mor'n dat, dey do say dat the good Lor' He nebber make dat critter at all. De evil sperrits fabricated dat ting in de darkest night of de year."

Latreille informs us that the sudden appearance of these insects in a certain district of France, while the people were suffering from an epidemic, was considered to be the cause of the disease. St. Pierre tells us that in the Isle of France, the dust from off the wings of the moth was believed to cause blindness, merely by flight through a room. There is a saying in England that the species has been very common in Whitehall ever since the "martyrdom" of Charles the First. Another English superstition is that the moth is in collusion with witches, asd whispers into their ears the name of the person for whom the next grave is to be dug. In Poland it is called the Wandering Death's Bird, with a cry that is

a moan of anguish, of grief, and brilliant eyes typifying the fiery element from whence it came at the bidding of the evil spirits that command its goings and comings.

The Death's-Head Moth's flights out to sea would indicate that it is not much of an eater. It does seem to be able to fast or to feast as circumstances permit. It has been seen hovering about the flowers, though its extremely short tongue would prevent its sipping all flowers. Perhaps the sap of trees is its natural food.

But the creature loves honey, and will work hard to get it, as its nickname of Bee-Robber, or Bee-Tiger, indicates. It has been found trying to get into a hive, and has also been found inside, where, as one anonymous writer says, "under cover of his awe-inspiring voice, he pillages, with impunity, its honied stores.

"Either, then, for want of a more convenient instrument for extracting nectar, fresh drawn from tubular flowers, or in order than he may quaff it on a scale proportioned to his bulk, he will frequently brave, singly, and unarmed as he is, the numerous poisoned arrows of a bee-hive garrison, with a view to pilfering and regaling on its stores. In this bold undertaking he seldom fails, owing impunity, as it would appear, almost entirely to the paralyzing power of his formidable voice. His approach to a hive by twilight, or the glow of a harvest moon, is a signal for general alarm and commotion, and each individual bee, at sight of this dreaded visitant, or sound of his boding cry, shakes its wings in fearful tremor, or responds to the wailing trumpet of the invader by a peculiar buzz, expressive of alarm.

"Even the bee sentinels, keeping their moonlight watch around the gate of their waxen city, shrink appalled as before an apparition, when the dark wings of the Death's-Head Moth overshadow their beat; and the robber, entering, proceeds to regale unmolested by the trembling bees, whose wonted courage and sagacity seem on this occasion to give place to human ignorance and folly. As soon, however, as the departure of the satiated marauder relieves the panic-stricken citizens of their error, they commence taking the most active measures to guard, in future, against being thus robbed before their faces; and the chances are, that should the death's-head visitant return again on the ensuing night, he will find all entrance barred by a strong waxen wall, built within the doorway of the hive, and leaving only just sufficient space for the exit or entrance of a single bee."

To be sure, its huge size may frighten the bees, and its shrill voice arrest and control their hostility, imitating as it may, to them, the song of the queen; at any rate, the bees do not rush upon the

robber, but try to wall it up. The moth has sometimes been found securely embalmed, though whether this process occurred before or after its death is not known. The modern hive is built on a plan that prevents its entrance.

Of course, such a unique species would attract the attention of the poet, and it will be met in certain lines by English writers. Caroline Southey, when advising Ladybird to make her will, assures her, "We'll witness it, Death Moth and I." John Keats, in his "Ode to Melancholy," refers to this moth and the death-watch beetle, both considered by the superstitious as prophets of evil:

"Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be Your mournful Psyche."

Thomas Hood, describing "The Haunted House," sees this moth in characteristic attitude, content to make such a melancholy place its day-time hiding-place

"And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The Death's-head moth was clinging,—
That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly;
And with a grim significance flits round
The taper burning bluely."

This largest of European moths, of bird-like proportions, of which the female is the larger, excels in size every European insect except the Peacock Butterfly, yet, as Browning says

"Peacock and death's-head-moth end much the same." though of the two the moth is more likely to last the winter through.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

BIBLICAL INERRANCY.

- 1. SILVER JUBILEE OF "PROVIDENTISSIMUS DEUS."
 - 1. Far Reaching Effect of the Encyclical.

PROTESTANTS who do us the signal honor of following the trend of Papal legislation in matters Biblical, and Catholics who are still clinging to the futile tendencies of l'école large, sometimes harp on what they term the liberalism of Leo XIII. in contrast with the oppression of Pius X. Yet the truth is that the great anti-Modernistic Pope merely carried out the fundamental principle of inspiration, which his predecessor had laid down. Trent and the Vatican had defined that God is the Author of Sacred Scripture. Leo XIII. pressed this definition to its logical conclusion:

Hence it matters not at all that the Spirit chose men to be instruments with which to write; as it would matter if these inspired writers, though not the principal Author of Scripture, could fall into any error. For He by a supernatural energy so aroused and impelled them to write, and so aided them in writing, that they correctly thought out, and willed faithfully to write up, and fittingly set forth with infallible truth everything, and only that, which He ordained. Else He would not be the Author of all Scripture.¹

God would not be the Author of all Scripture, unless He were responsible for every complete thought in the Bible. Whatsoever the sacred writer intended, that meaning is inspired by the Holy Spirit. During the pontificate of Pius X., many decisions were issued, which were of vital moment in the matter of Biblical inerrancy; but none of these decisions was more far-reaching than the above paragraph from *Providentissimus Deus*.

It was Pope Benedict XV. and not Pius XI. who extended God's responsibility for the meaning of the Bible still farther than had Leo XIII. On June 18, 1915, he ratified the following decision of the Biblical Commission:

Bearing in mind the true idea of the apostolic office and St. Paul's undoubted fidelity to the teaching of the Master, likewise the Catholic dogma of the inspiration and inerrancy of Sacred Scripture (whereby all that the sacred writer asserts, enunciates, insinuates, must be held to be asserted, enunciated, insinuated by the Holy Spirit); and weighing well the texts of the Apostle, considered in themselves, fully in agreement with the way of speaking of the Lord Himself, must one affirm that the Apostle Paul, in his writings, said nothing at all that does not perfectly

^{1 &}quot;Providentissimus Deus," November 18, 1893.

agree with that ignorance of the time of the Parousia which Christ Himself said was to be found in men?

Reply: Yes.²

Before this epoch-making decision, a few Catholics held that the sacred writer could conjecture or insinuate, though he could not clearly assert, that which was false; in other words, they removed the conjecture of the sacred writer from the influence of the charisma of inspiration. Against them the Biblical Commission decides: "All that the sacred writer asserts, enunciates, insinuates, must be held to be asserted, enunciated, insinuated by the Holy Spirit."

2. Celebration of the Jubilee. Nine Cardinals, many Bishops, superiors-general of religious orders, abbots, and rectors of colleges attended the celebration of the silver jubilee of *Providentissimus Deus* by the Biblical Institute, Rome, on November 24, 1919. Father Aloysius G. da Fonseca, S. J., presented the history of events that led up to the encyclical; its content and effects—especially in the matter of Biblical inerrancy. Father J. B. Frey, S. Sp., a consulter of the Biblical Commission, spoke in the name of that legislative body on the principal doctrines propounded by the Papal document.⁴

II. THE INTERVENING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The "Civiltá Cattolica" anticipated the jubilee by detailing the Biblical errors, which had crept in among Catholics during the past twenty-five years. The writer correctly singled out Father Lagrange, O. P., as leader in *l'école large*; but did not list the various Jesuit exegetes who failed to measure up to all the later requirements of the Biblical Commission. True, these failures were slight by contrast with those of the learned Dominican scholar. The Consistorial Congregation, which prohibited from our seminaries many of the writings of Father Lagrange, was not aware of the need of a like prohibition of sundry Jesuit books containing error. Still, "equity demands first and foremost that this article be completed." So Father Lagrange sets himself straightway to the task of com-

⁴ Cf. "Biblica," 1920, pp. 160 ff.

5 "Venticinque anni dopo l'enciclica Providentissimus," "Civilta Cattolica," December 7, 1918, February 15, and March 1, 1919.

6 "Revue Biblique," July and October, 1919, p. 593.



^{2 &}quot;Acta Apostolicæ Sedis," July 20, 1915, p. 357. The decrees of the Biblical Commission will be found in Denzinger-Bannwart, "Enchiridion," 11th ed. (Freiburg im Bresgau: Herder, 1911); and in Leopold Fonck, S. J., "Documenta ad Pontificiam Commissionem de Re Biblica Spectantia," (Rome: Biblical Institute, 1915). They are well translated into English by Father Cyril Gaul, O. S. B., "Rome and the Study of Scripture; a collection of Papal enactments on the study of Holy Scripture, together with the decisions of the Biblical Commission" (St. Meinrad, Indiana: Abbey Press, 1919).

Indiana: Abbey Press, 1919).

Cf. our study, "The Biblical Commission and the Parousia," "Ecclesiastical Review," October, 1915, pp. 472 ff.

pletion; acknowledging his own mistakes; and, in a clever argumentum ad hominem, sums up the data which the "Civiltá" omits. These data pertain to the history of the dogma of the inspiration of Holy Writ, as that doctrine was explained by Catholics during the twenty-five years that followed upon the promulgation of Providentissimus Deus. So we deem that in all fairness they should be here recorded.

"Civiltá." Father Lagrange first cites the "Civiltá" itself as a member of l'école large. Before reviewing his charges, we refer to the "Civiltá's" reply thereto. No defense is made. The pipe of peace is offered. The "Civiltá" assures Father Lagrange that its attack was against Loisy & Co.; notes his admission that he misunderstood Providentissimus Deus in the matter of the interpretation of Old Testament history;8 and "rejoices at the triumph of truth." Let us see just why the "Civiltá" is said not to measure up to the teaching of Providentissimus Deus.

In a study of higher criticism, 10 one of the editorial staff makes his start with the principle of Leo XIII, that every complete statement of the sacred writer is inspired. But the sacred writer does not tell us who wrote the Book of Wisdom, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and other books. So the authorship of those books and of the Pentateuch in its present state, and the error of a deutero-Isaias are not determined with certainty by the Author of Scripture. The authorship of a book of the Bible belongs to human, not to divine and apostolic tradition; it is to be determined by historical criticism.

Ask St. Jerome whether the present form of the Pentateuch were better assigned to Moses as author than to Esdras as redactor; and he will say, "I do not care." Ask St. Gregory of Nazienzen just when the different Psalms were written; and he will tell you, "The Holy Spirit, our Author, is not at all concerned with that question."11

We see nothing wrong in all this. The "Civilta" rightly holds that the issue is theological only when the authorship of an inspired book is expressly affirmed by the sacred writer. It is dealing with such authorship as is not guaranteed by the text of the Bible. The historical fact that Moses wrote the Pentateuch is not a part of the deposit of faith. It is connected with the deposit of faith; it is a dogmatic fact, and may therefore be the object of ecclesiastical legislation.

⁹ I. Corinthians, xiii, 6. o "Bibbia ed alta critica," "Civilta Cattolica," February 21, 1903. 11 "Civilta," loc. cit. p. 412.



^{7 &}quot;Cuique suum, una parola pacata alla 'Revue Biblique'," "Civilta Cattolica," February 21, 1920, pp. 354-355.

8 Cf. "Revue Biblique," 1920, p. 598.

Father Lagrange fails to realize that the object of the magisterium ecclesiæ extends beyond the deposit of faith. The deposit of faith, which is divine tradition objectively and passively considered, includes all and only the things of faith and morals entrusted to the Church by Christ and the Holy Spirit. The teaching power of the Church extends beyond these things of faith and morals to all truths and facts connected therewith. Now the authorship of an inspired book is connected with the dogma of inspiration; hence that fact, though not in divine tradition and a matter of historical criticism, may be the object of ecclesiastical legislation. This is not denied by the "Civiltá."

Secondly, the "Civiltá" once on a time12 held that the deluge was not geographically universal, the confusion of Babel was local, the genealogies of Genesis were not chronological history. "Here, as elsewhere, the word all must be understood of a relative universality, determined by the actual consciousness of the inspired writer."18 Father Lagrange wrongs the "Civiltá" by concluding: "At any rate, the principle is posed of interpreting history and the sciences alike, cosi-because, for sooth, such was the knowledge of the inspired writer."14 The "Civiltá" lays down no such false principle. The Bible purposes to be a history of God's revelation to the human race, and of the human race which received God's revelation: it does not purpose to be a manual of geology, linguistics, ethnology or other natural science.

Thirdly, Father Lagrange has no right to range the "Civiltá" on the side of l'école large, because it says that the majority of the fathers never used the original text of the Old Testament; the great exegetes of the sixteenth century knew not the elements of either textual or historical criticism;15 "in Biblical as in other sciences, a more exact observance of facts has led to a more exact knowledge of the meaning."16 In these statements of the "Civiltá" we find no undue praise of the utility of historical criticism in exegesis; nor any departure from the inspirational value of the sacred text.

2. Father Hummelauer, S. J. The "Civiltá" of 1919¹⁷ refers to Father Hummelauer's "Exegetical Contribution to the Question of Inspiration"18 as the most systematic exposition of the theory of interpretation according to literary form. Father Lagrange deems19

¹² Tradizione e progresso nell' Esegesi. La Bibbia e le scienze," "Civiltà Cattolica," August 16, 1902.
13 "Civiltà," loc. cit. p. 427.
14 "Revue Biblique," loc. cit. p. 594.
15 "Il vecchio Testamento e la critica odierna," "Civiltà Cattolica,"

March 7, 1903, p. 584.

¹⁶ Ibid. p. 585. 17 p. 285.

^{18 &}quot;Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage," Biblische Studien, IX., 4, (Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1904).

19 "Revue Biblique," 1919, p. 595.

that the "Civiltá" should have refuted Hummelauer instead of himself. This is not fair play.

First, Father Hummelauer, indeed, erred; but his error was slight by contrast with that of Father Lagrange. There was nothing to cavil at in the division of Old Testament history into popular tradition, primitive history, and history.20 The tôledôth, genealogical traditions, of Genesis were likely taken over by Moses from records that had been carried on for centuries. The Bible story from the entrance into the land of promise up to the time of David is primitive history. Thereafter we have history, not critical history of the modern type, but history properly so-called. In all three literary forms (popular tradition, primitive history, and history), we have fact-narrative. What the sacred writer means to state as an historical fact is guaranteed by the Holy Spirit to be such.

The error of Father Hummelauer was that he tentatively allowed popular tradition to be at times interpreted according to the exegetical principle that obtains in the interpretation of Biblical facts of natural science. As the Bible is not a handbook of astronomy, we may say that the sacred writer speaks of the heavenly bodies according to the popular ideas of his time. Just as it is popularly true nowadays, though scientifically false, to speak of sunrise and sunset; so it is true, by appearances, when the sacred writer says that the earth is firm set and the stars are fixed. But facts, which the sacred writer sets down as historical, cannot be interpreted to be guaranteed merely by the popular ideas of the times; they are infallibly true in the sense intended by the inspired writer. Father Hummelauer erred by allowing that, in the popular tradition of Genesis, the sense intended by the sacred writer was not always the historical truth of the facts narrated, but sometimes the popular ideas of things as reported by contemporaries round about him.21

We have said that this error of Father Hummelauer was slight by contrast with that of Father Lagrange. The latter interprets Genesis i.-iii. as entirely allegorical.²² Only the fall of the race in Adam is admitted as fact-narrative: all other facts in the opening chapters of Genesis are thrown over as legendary. Father Lagrange also holds the Machabean authorship by Daniel and Psalms ii., lxxii., cx.28 These are some of the reasons why "Revue Biblique" and not "Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage" was prohibited from our seminaries by the Consistorial Congregation.²⁴

Secondly, in divisive criticism, Father Hummelauer also erred.



²⁰ Volksüberlieferung, Urgeschichte, Geschichte.
21 Cf. our "Inspiration," "Ecclesiastical Review," September, 1913, p. 368.
22 "L'innocence et le péché," "Revue Biblique," 1897, pp. 341-346.
23 "Revue Biblique," 1905, pp. 494-520.
24 Cf. our article, "Ecclesiastical Review," February, 1913, pp. 229 ff.

He assigned the final form of the Pentateuch to the time of Samuel (c. B. C. 1037), and allowed that the great prophet made considerable changes in the tôrâh. We readily admit that, after a lifelong conservative scholarship, Father Hummelauer in the end failed to measure up to the Biblical Commission's later decision in favor of Mosaic authorship.25

This failure is slight by contrast with the error of Father Lagrange, who assigns to Moses only the so-called Book of the Covenant,26 explains the traditional opinion of Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch by a fiction of the Deuteronomic reform of Josias,27 and follows the ridiculous rationalistic theory of the dependence of the greater part of the Mosaic laws upon the Code of Hammurabi.26 This was another good reason why the Consistorial Congregation prohibited "Revue Biblique" from our seminaries, and had no concern with the unfortunate theory of Father Hummelauer.

The third error, on account of which Father Lagrange classes Father Hummelauer with l'école large, is no error at all.

The midrash theory of Father Hummelauer, as set forth in the "Civiltá,"20 defined the midrash as "a literary form, in the guise of history, which has an historical background, but is composed with the principal intent to teach." The only example he cited was the apochryphal Book of Jubilees. Certainly that is innocent enough.

The Book of Job might have been safely mentioned as of the midrash form of literature. Its background is historical: the persons of the hero and his friends; the region where he lived; his good fortune and virtues; the great misfortune that overwhelmed him, and the patience with which he bore it; the restoration of his The details of the execution, the poetic form, the dispute and the art shown in the arrangements of the argumentsthese are of the free creation of the inspired poet. His principal intent, and that of the Holy Spirit, is to teach that God's wisdom and Providence guide all the events of this world. 80

3. Father Knabenbauer, S. J. The "Civiltà" of 1919 omits the name of Father Joseph Knabenbauer, and the omission is resented by Father Lagrange.⁸¹ That name "is universally respected in the annals of the most conservative exegesis; and Father Lagrange would have been flattered to have seen it listed by the side of his But Father Knabenbauer, were he alive, would not have

²⁵ Cf. "Commentarius in Deuteronium," Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ (Paris: Lethielleux, 1901), pp. 79 ff.

28 Exodus xx: 22-23: 33.

27 "Revue Biblique," 1898, pp. 22 ff.

28 "Le Code de Hammourabi," "Revue Biblique," 1903, pp. 50 ff.

²⁹ January 17, 1903, p. 221.
30 Cf. Father Joseph Hontheim, S. J., Catholic Encyclopedia, s. v. "Job."
31 "Revue Biblique," 1919, p. 596.

been flattered by this juxtaposition. He wrote voluminously; and gave to Father Lagrange only one handle. It is not fair to affix that handle to the general theory that the sacred writer reproduced the false historical notions of his times.

In his commentary on Machabees⁸² Father Knabenbauer assayed a solution of the alleged discrepancy between I. and II. Machabees. The writer of II. Machabees intended to epitomize in one book the story told by Jason of Cyrene in five books.⁸³ His was an explicit citation. He depended on Jason for the truth of the narrative: "Having left to the historian the accurate narrative of each and every event, I have striven to come near to the models set for an epitome."⁸⁴ Note, the inspired meaning of the sacred writer is that he does not guarantee the truth of the facts which he narrates; this historical accuracy he leaves to Jason. The writer merely strives "to come near to his models"; literally "to march upon, to approach, his copy-heads." This figure of the copy-heads, which a schoolboy reproduces, is very strong.

We admit that the sacred writer relied on Jason for his facts, and was not at all conscious of any charisma of inspiration. We admit that the Author of Scripture intended the facts of II. Machabees in the sense which was meant by the epitomizer of Jason. But we do not admit that the Holy Spirit either inspired or allowed the sacred writer to state his facts wrong. The text of II. Machabees may be defective, just as is our evidence for the time of the deluge. Walter Drum, S. I.

Woodstock, Md.

⁸² Commentarius in duos libros Machabæorum. (Paris: Lethielleux, 1907).

⁸³ II. Machabees, ii., 24. ⁸⁴ II. Machabees, ii., 29.

³⁵ Cf. our "Pre-Abrahamitic Chronology," "Ecclesiastical Review," March, 1913, pp. 362 ff.

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"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD."

ACH age has its own passions and desires, wants and sorrows; unformulated tenths are a feelings are always on the watch to speak. No one fully knows the cause that moulds the centuries. Against Carlyle we may believe in democracy: against Arnold in Catholicism; against Ruskin in the supremacy of the Greek genius. What does it matter? No more than a historical error in the Scriptures vitiates a true faith in them. To relate literature to the whole world of varied activity of which it is one expression is not to destroy its living interest, but to make that interest broader and deeper. It has been the habit of man, ever since he became man probably, to resist environment's tryanny and to make good his right of control over it. We are not thinking only of control over the physical universe and things like motor-cars and aeroplanes. Far more we are thinking of spiritual and intellectual religions, philosophies and systems developed through the ages with their attendant faculties in the human mind. All these things are part of man's environment, and this being so how shall we decide how much of his environment is created by man and how much of man is created by environment? Will some one try an experiment? In the realm of ideas the invisible irresistible forces move which, working through the human soul and mind, make human life and human art what they are. The main inspiration and driving power of the Middle Ages (all the energy, fiercer and gentler, warlike or artistic, of them) are to be sought amid the currents of emotion and thought which old wise races and young ardent ones had set in motion and which were operating in the ideal world before ever they set out to alter the material world. Definitions are generally misleading, and it is easier to represent a cause by a symbol than to trace its origin, or to define it. Like other things the events between 1400 and 1600 had their forerunners, but, unlike other movements, it was circumscribed by no particular aim, and seems more like a phenomenon of nature than a current of history. The new birth was the result of a universal impulse, and that was preceded by a revelation of intellect and of the possibilities of man. Emancipation and expression were the watchwords.

Next to the discovery of the New World, the recovery of the ancient world is the second landmark that divides us from the mediæval ages and marks the transition to modern life. In precisely the same way, in the general evolution of literature, will the

genius of one race or age be found to have influenced the genius of another.

Do the souls of the knights errant never complain when they find themselves enclosed in learned treatises, like Don Quixote in the cage? Omnes eodem cogimur, they may repeat, if they have clergy enough; to this we all come at last; our valor and our chivalry would be forgotten on earth if it were not for the curious antiquaries and their dry places, their literary museums.

By some historians the thirteenth has been called the greatest of centuries; that the next was a period of decay, after the collective efforts and large construction of the two previous ones, is evident by many signs. Yet the fifteenth century witnessed a period of transition. Examples are not necessary; the merest moment's thought will supply them in profusion. Side by side with the growth of individualism, with its appeal to the rediscovered standards of pagan antiquity, there was a movement in the "revival of conscience." It is in this that the true sources of the Reformation are to be sought, and not in the classical Renaissance, which supplied to the reforming movement little but an armory of learning and the impulse to search back into the origins. speculative life was for the mediæval mind vastly more important than the practical life, an attitude from which the characteristic developments of the Renaissance represented an extreme reaction. And when chivalry declined from its early purity, as it did in this century, it left European affairs interesting but hardly great.

The fifteenth century was rather a revolt than a rebirth—a revolt against all that fettered the free play of intellectual pursuits. Passionate determination to know and above all to enjoy the treasures of the classical tongues was accompanied with an outburst of new literary effort, so that pedantry was overwhelmed by originality. In the West the Saracens were driven out of Spain, 1470; in the East Constantinople stocked Italian towns (especially Tuscany) with Greek scholars and ancient manuscripts; the Papacy declined as far as its adherents were concerned, as feudalism gave place to liberty; the Cape was rounded in 1488; America discovered (1492); Copernicus heralded Galileo; books were printed; the schoolmen. together with science and art, were vivified. Gerson had aired in petto the views which were afterwards echoed by Grotius, and the political differences of monarchs caused national languages to be cherished and cultivated. It is a habit too frequent among critics to trace this or that foreign influence in native literature and then to talk as if these were the sole source of its beauty. No people has ever kindled the white heat of inspiration unless by the fire of

its own soul. Foreign artists have often suggested new and beautiful modes of expression, but to no purpose unless there was something to express. The early Tudor period is a case in point. Never was England so rife for a revival. She had native models in abundance: the care and melody of her own Chaucer and the faultless prose of Malory. Never had the zeal for education been so intense. The greatest humanists found a home in England; Linacre, Colet, Grocyn and More sowed, but it was left to a future generation to reap the reward.

From the days of Greek philosophy and before then, from the times of the Father and St. Augustine and the conflict between Freewill and Predestination there has begun or ended with each generation a movement againt Nature. Mediævalism with its chivalrous artifices and romantic ideals—with its effort to order and to feudalize men's appetites—made against Nature. In a sense, too, the story of the rise and fall of civilization in its different phases is nothing but the story of success and failure of Nature. But Nature took up her revenge at the Renaissance, the heyday of humanists and artists, her breux chevaliers, who vindicated her rights. So did Luther and the But the pendulum oscillated, and the Puritans worked havoc in men's consciousness with a sourer asceticism than the world had ever known. Then came the seventeenth century, the period of the grand style and of the prominence of the Roi Soleil in Europe. Nature was drugged into sleep, was counterfeited by etiquette and Le Notre, by Lely and Kneller, in their false arcadias. with intricate side-alleys for intrigue. Rousseau followed them-Nature's Peter the Hermit, who preached the Crusade without a Cross, proclaiming the return to Nature's bosom and practising his precepts by dropping his children at the door of the Foundling Hospital in Paris. The world took up his doctrine, and the French Revolution was the result: to be succeeded by natural movements everywhere—in the Lake School of English poetry—in the landscape painters of France and England-in the educational systems born of Miss Edgeworth and Pestalozzi—no less in the abolition of slavery, in land reforms and in repeals of corn laws. Upon these there came the Second Renaissance, the reign of Science: the investigation of Nature's laws, the arrogance of discovery, the protest of the Oxford Movement, of Pre-Raphaelite visions, and soon to our own nebulous reforms. Now in the original meaning chivalry stood for the system of ideas prevalent among the mounted men-at-arms of the Middle The institution of Equites in ancient Rome has but little resemblance to knighthood. In fact, before the end of the Republic a Roman knight was nothing else than a selfish capitalist, living in vulgar luxury. Like the monastic, the knightly order bound with common ties warriors of every nation, and enrolled them in a vast fraternity of manners, ideas and aims. Chivalry, denoting not only the military system of feudalism, but also a code of aims embracing the refinement of society, was labeled as such in the twelfth century, reached its maturity two centuries later, and lingered in decadent life until nearly the seventeenth century. The classics, in no small part, were responsible for the conception of knighthood; and it is significant that Jean de Meung, who finished the "Roman de la Rose," should in 1284 have made the first translation of the "Epitome Institutionum Rei Militaris" (375 A. D.) of Vegetius in the guise of "Les Establiessemens de Chevalerie."

Many writers have essayed to trace the origin of chivalry and to define the derivation of the word itself. Some lean to the theory that it expresses the virtues valorously professed by the Christian chevaliers who rode upon horses and raised themselves above the vulgar: others suggest that it comes from the cherval worn by the Moslem warrnors who devoted themselves to the practice of the same splendid virtues, often at the expense of their Christian brethren and adversaries. Some have claimed an Arabian origin for chivalry. The Semitic race, as exemplified in the senior and junior branches of the House of Abraham, has given to the world three great religions. Is it unreasonable to suggest that an ennobling influence which did much to recall the professors of these creeds to a closer attention to their dictates should also have arisen in the clean air and wide spaces of the desert? Certain it is that chivalry as usually understood in the West had greater influence and its virtues were more widely practiced after the violent, but mutually profitable, contact between the West and the Near East in the Crusades. The spirit of Arabia, on the one hand, was able to tame even Germans into the honest courtesy and devoted altruism of a Hermann von Salza, while, on the other, it so worked upon the ferocious Kurdish stock of Shadi that his grandson, the famous Saladin, became renowned for every knightly virtue, and towers in history as the fit associate of Bayard or of the Black Prince. If such result could be achieved on material so unsympathetic as Gothic harshness or Assyrian cruelty, there is no need for wonder that less hostile material would also be profoundly affected. A great French historian has drawn a pitiless picture of the unlovely life led by the provincial nobility of his own country during the early Middle Ages; and it is interesting to note that the few instances of persons who would be considered fit to mingle in civilized society nowadays are almost all those of men who had been to Spain or Syria and come in contact with the Arabian spirit.

Present times, enlarging our sympathies in many directions, are

bringing to the men of to-day a better opportunity of understanding the mediæval age than came to any previous generation. The whole Middle Ages may be looked upon as a long process of suffering and convalescence from the barbarian invasions, which influenced European thought down to and beyond the Reformation. Men's minds were constantly haunted by the Apocalypse and the more dismal chapters of the Prophets; much of the unprogressiveness of the Middle Ages in certain directions may be traced to this numbing belief in the imminence of the Last Judgment.

This shows the view of the world expressed by St. Gregory the Great in the sixth century persisting to Sir Thomas More in the light of Renascence and Reformation in the sixteenth. St. Gregory says:

"I ask, what is there now in this world to please us? Everywhere we see sights of mourning and hear the groans of men. Cities are ruined, towns are desolate, fields lie waste; the land hath become a wilderness . . . Some we see led into captivity, others maimed, others slain; what, therefore, my brethren, do we see of pleasure in this life? Nay, if we yet love such a world as this, it is not joys but wounds that we love. . . Let us therefore with all our soul scorn this present world, as already brought to naught; let us close our yearnings for this world now at least, at the very end of this world's existence."

To-day, perhaps, we do not believe that this world is at the very end of its existence; nor do we suffer, in England, from the general lawlessness of the Middle Ages. But we, better than any generation that has preceded us, are in a position to understand the mood of soul's scorn for this present world. When Shakespeare wrote, "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry," he had, we feel, nothing special to his time to complain of. When Keate turned longing eyes from "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of a not uncomfortable world to the æsthetic joys of fixed and ever unsatisfied desire, we are tempted, in these days, to declare that, after all, he had not much to worry over. We of to-day know what it is to see violence let loose, cities ruined, towns desolate, fields lying waste. It is no purposeless, senseless brutality that has brought us to uncertainty and sorrow. If life is to become, as it may well once more become, "solitary, poore, nasty, brutish and short," it will only be because the high purpose informing the present conflict in the field, the high though opposed purposes that will inform the political conflicts that are to follow it, must work themselves out through destruction.

Chivalry is one of those things which stirs the heart like the

sound of a trumpet, meaning as it does a refinement of the sense of justice—an instinctive capacity for sympathizing with every one who is the victim of oppression. It left on European manners a punctilious regard for honor, a generous reverence for justice, and a hatred for injustice. Chivalry is in morals very much what feudalism is in law: each substitutes obligations devised in the interests of an exclusive class, for the more homely duties of an honest man and a good citizen. Chivalry endeavored to consecrate and transform the rough struggle for superiority into an amelioration of society with a nobler ideal of war. The cavalier was not to desist from war-that was an impossible requirement-but he was to draw his sword for just causes only, to succor the oppressed, and to support his liege lord according to his oath. Whenever, and so far as, the Catholic faith inspires a people, then and in that proportion will the spirit of chivalry live. At the present it seems to be passive, but the temper of true chivalry when once it is again in full vigor, will not ask whether universal suffrage has decided this way or that, but whether it is just that this or that change should be made or unmade. In the old sense, chivalry was confirmed by a vow; and in the Pontificale Romanum there is to be found a special Benedictio novi militis. The Church consecrated knighthood by its blessing.

In a general sense, chivalry is closely bound up with the feudal system of Norman times. It has its roots right back in Germanic times, as Tacitus shows in his account of the manners and customs of that race. Chivalry was a late development of the feudal system, and the Arthurian and Charlemagne romances read back into an earlier age the development of a later. The romancers who wrote of chivalry in the decay of the feudal period brought ridicule on the institution, and "Don Quixote" was intended to make one laugh at the extravagances of the writer rather than at the idea itself. Being bound up with feudalism, the decay of the one induced the disappearance of the other.

In the embryonic days of chivalry the boys had a strenuous life. Before the age of seven they learned to ride, and their training in venery and falconry, in various sports, in the knowledge of the horse, the sword, the lance, was a chief part of their education between seven and fifteen years. But the intellectual training was not less elaborate and closely competed with the grammar school and university course. The indoor life of the page or damoiseau was varied by his having to learn the duties of the valet, the groom, the armorer. He was the pupil and the fag of his rather elder brother the squire. The squire, the sixth-form boy, so to speak, had to

teach the damoiseau manners and courtoisie. The castles offered opportunities for the mingling of the boys and girls, and it was by such intercourse that the chivalry of life in a rude age was deepened. All through the prolonged period of training there lay as a goal before the boy at the age of twenty-one the tremendous function of his investiture as a knight.

Similar provision was made in the houses of the great for the education of the girls. After the Wars of the Roses, when the old castles and houses of the nobility were largely destroyed and old customs lost, the schola domestica and its traditions were an educational influence which passed on into the non-local schools which received boarders; but unfortunately, the breaking up of so many of the old nobility and the institution of laws in Queen Elizabeth's reign against holding schools in private houses of the remaining nobility (mostly Catholics) sufficed to crush out of existence all attempt at organization of girls' education. But it is not going too far to maintain that efforts were made or at least suggested, from time to time, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to establish girls' schools on models suggesting the old type of scholae domesticae, in which the old mediæval characteristics should be revived.

Perhaps the most interesting reference to the importance of the continuance of the old world chivalric boys' schools to meet the wants of the new post-Reformation sons of the nobility is to be found where, à priori, we should have least expected it—in the remarkable "Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Thomas Lupset, Lecturer in Rhetoric at Oxford," (c. 1530-1540). Pole is the first advocate, apparently, of large schools. He complains that "every man privately in his own house hath his master to instruct his children in letters without regard to feats of chivalry." And, therefore, he says. "There should be some ordinance devised for the joining of these together." He demands compulsion, not for the people's education but for the nobles' sons. The nobles "should be compelled to get forward their children and heirs, in a number together, to be instructed in all feats of the body and chivalry, and in 'civility and politics." This would enable nobles to become noble indeed and turn their energies from the selfish interests of their houses to the public service. Hence, we see, implicitly, the conflict of the ideal of the schola domestica and the schola publica in the suggestion that in accordance with the ideal of the latter the nobleman exists to be trained to be of real altruistic service to the community at large, and will do this better if trained in the large rather than the small school-community, and on the basis of the chivalric joined with the Renaissance ideals.

As time advanced, the order of knighthood involved many duties and responsibilities. The king himself had to train for knighthood; he had to serve first as a page, then as esquire, before being presented with the golden spurs, which was one of the symbols of knighthood. Before a knight was admitted into his order, a vigil was kept by him in some chapel before the Blessed Sacrament. when he gave himself up to meditation before assuming his new duties and privileges. A true knight was obedient to the holy Church and submissive to the Roman Pontiff, and devout to the Blessed Virgin. His honor was to be without stain, and the word of a knight was accepted by friend and foe. In brief, the knight was to have all those perfections of character which the revelation of the Gospels renders possible: he would then be a perfect mirror of chivalry—this was his ideal. Henceforth he would serve Christ by purity of life and readiness of sword, especially against the infidels who held His tomb; by unswerving devotion to his king, fidelity to his chosen lady, and courtesy, together with fair play, even to his prisoners.

After the disruption of the empire of Charlemagne, the importance of horse-soldiers in war gradually increased, one reason being that the weightier armor used necessitated that the panoply should be borne by a horse, so that the wearer might preserve celerity and freedom. But the raison d'etre of chivalry and that of European society was shamefully forgotten in essence by the time Edward III. had instituted the Order of the Garter (1348). Needless to say, the present value of the Order has deteriorated, and it has nothing of chivalry about it except its name. The Order had no other aim than to contribute to the splendor of the sovereigns. In the fourteenth century the so-called knights made their vows not in chapels or churches, but in a banqueting hall, and the aspirants took their vow. not on the cross, but on some emblematic bird or talisman. And since that time, with few exceptions, chivalry has degenerated to a futile pastime and an empty promise. But its abiding merit was its power to transmit "the honor of a gentleman," a tradition of personal ethic which, despite its many follies, has made noblesse oblige a living maxim of the common day.

It is the fault of history that she should have combined with Father Time to preserve more copious and fully illustrated records of the tournament in its decline than of what it was like when the participants were more ready to hazard their persons than was the case in the decrepitude of the sport. We cannot picture Sir John Chandos or Sir Bertrand du Guesclin ambling at one another in

the array of the second Maximilian, or mounted upon horses swathed about the eyes and ears and girt with vast quilted pinafores across their chests, just as it is difficult to compare the slow movements of late Italian combats when perhaps one man might perish—of suffocation, not by the sword—with the fierce action of Crécy or Poitiers.

Historians, like Freeman and Green, are largely responsible for the depreciation of chivalry; but before the question is thoroughly decided, we ought to imagine what had gone before. Take the case of England: the savagery of the Norman period, the selfish tyranny of William Rufus, the cruelty of the Barons under Stephen—none of them were either inspired or hindered by chivalry. The feudal system stood as a social contract, to be chivalrously interpreted, and fell as a system in which—as, particularly, in pre-Revolutionary France—effective service was all on the one side, the side of the dispossessed.

Our ancestors, however, although they did not share the modern craving for speed, appear to have had something of the nature of "a tank." Unfortunately, it lacked mechanical motive power. Consequently a horse had to be put inside to move the thing or, to be more strictly accurate, it was built up round a horse—but the animal was as far as possible assimilated to a machine by being deprived of sight and hearing, and to a certain degree of the sense of touch. As far as one can judge from pictures the tournament charger still retained the use of his nostrils and his legs—so far as these last were not impeded by the protective carapace which the animal had to support. Here was the "tank" of the period-slow and ponderous, and having the whole of its interior occupied by its motive power. In consequence of this, the crew, limited to one man by the exigencies of weight, had to sit outside the carapace in order to steer the "tank" and assail the enemy. From pictures and descriptions it is possible to observe the elaborate extension of the defensive armoring which was necessary in order to protect the crew in this exposed position. It is indeed remarkable that any horse born of mare could have supported so considerable a weight. and still more remarkable that the animal could advance at any speed beyond a jerky and unsteady walk. For the sake of the horses it is fortunate that our ancestors had not tasted the pleasures of speed. They knew not the exhilarating rush of a powerful car or the swoop of a plane—they had never been enthralled by the bewildering rapidity of a cinematograph pursuit, or they would have sooner dismissed the ponderous display of the slow tournament into the romantic oblivion where it lies.

"Between the age of Charlemagne and that of the crusades,"

writes Gibbon, "a revolution had taken place among the Spaniards, the Normans and the French, which was gradually extended to the rest of Europe. The service of the infantry was degraded to the plebians, the cavalry formed the strength of the armies, and the honorable name of miles, or soldier, was confined to the gentlemen who served on horseback and were invested with the character of knighthood." No knight was thought to be properly equipped without at least three horses, viz., the battle horse, or dexterarius, which was led by the hand, and used only for the onset (hence the saying, "to mount one's high horse"), a second horse for the road and a third for the luggage. With the advent of a revival of infantry armed with arrows, chivalry, which had rested almost entirely on the importance of the horseman in warfare, rapidly declined, as we know from the results of the battles of Crécy (1346). Senhach (1386), Agincourt (1415) and Morat (1476); and with the introduction of firearms it disappeared altogether.

Usually at the age of twelve the noble boy was transferred by his parents to the household of a prince or knight of well-established reputation for order and discipline, to serve as page and learn the militant arts. With advancing age and experience the page was promoted to the position of an esquire, in which he had to accompany his master to the field as arm-bearer to lead his war horse, to take charge of his captives, to guard his banner or his person, to tender to him in battle. Finally, at the age of twenty-one, if he was deemed worthy, he was dubbed knight. The immediate preparation comprised a twenty-four-hour fast, a vigil, Confession and Holy Com-Thereupon the candidate was led into chapel, hall or church, having been armed previously by knights or noble ladies, to receive from the king or his liege lord the accolade, or stroke with the sword, which knighted him. The sword was delivered by the priest into the hand of the person who was to be made a knight with these words: "Serve Christi, sis miles, in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

From the point of view of human progress the relation of chivalry to education is a vital one. The connection, historically, is much closer than is commonly imagined. Sir Henry Newbolt has well pointed out the persistence of the chivalric factor in the English public school. He traces the genealogy of the typical English public schoolmaster to the knightly influences in the environment of the castle, to which boys, in mediæval times, were sent as pages. Fagging, he suggests, arises from the survival of the claim of the elders in the castle on the services of young pages, in every direction of usefulness and of consideration. The system of prefects he derives from the senior squires in the castle, or "masters of the

henxmen," in the court school for younger nobles. Athletics were part of the free games and the organized outdoor life of old and young, in the training of the nobles—in tournament, in joust, and in all the spontaneous joy of active physical games. They had, we remember, to "play the game," for all was determined according to the chivalric rules, in war and in peace, besides which they were taught the principal blasts or notes of venerie, to be sounded when the hounds were uncoupled, when the prey was on foot, when he was brought to bay, and when he fell: in the old forms of mediæval household education, in the homes of the barons. Cities were few and far between, and constant warfare and struggles with the barons rather identified the towns with restless agitation than with the continuous security favorable to solid education; and it was the aspiration of all the most prosperous families to get their sons admitted into the educational facilities of the larger barons, who tacitly admitted the principle of noblesse oblige to have an educa-Thus, chivalric ideas, methods and environment became the tradition, the handing on of what proved, in educational experience, to be of most value in preserving the continuance of manly prowess and becoming conduct toward superior and inferior in social station.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall was the first to illustrate in detail the chivalric education as it manifested itself in the houses of the nobility. The essence of the idea of the schola domestica was that the sons of one family went to the house or castle of another noble family and were joined there by at least several others from other families. Furnivall traces this type of school back to Anglo-Saxon times, and it was characteristic of families of both higher and of lower ranks. No doubt this form of domestic education is to be traced back to the education given as part of their office, to the young in the houses of the Bishops in early Christianity.

When a lad was robed with a white tunic for purity, a red robe (his blood for the faith), a black doublet of death, when the night of watching came, followed by Confession, Communion, the ritual of the Missa de Sancto Spiritu, the sermon on the Knightly Life, then at least in no mean degree had he been trained to live and die for righteousness. No doubt the training exceeded in its theory the possibilities of youthful human nature, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, and in fact the training reacted on the whole spiritual life of the people. The training lasted into the days of change. When we read of the training and life of Pierre du Terrail, le bon chevalier sans peur et sans raproche, le gentil Seigneur de Bayard, we know something of what the mediæval tra-

dition of chivalry meant His mother's advice to him as he set forth into the world of chivalry is unforgettable:

"Devant toutes choses vous aimez, craignez et servez Dieu
. . . tous les matins et tous les soirs recommandaz à Luy, et
Il vous aidera . . . Soyez doux et courtois à tous gentils
hommes . . . Soyez humble et serviable à toutes gens. . . .
Soyez loyal en faits et dictes. Tenez votre parolle."

When Bayard was killed in a skirmish while defending the passage of the Sesia on April 30, 1524, at the age of forty-eight, friend and foe alike mourned for him, and the monks of Grenoble city prayed God that he might be brought back to earth since with him the age of chivalry had died. But it was not to be so. Cervantes and Shakespeare preached and sang, and not in vain.

The Popes, beginning with Urban II. (1080-99) and ending with St. Pius V. (1566-72) preached, blessed and aided all the holy wars undertaken by Christendom against Moslem thraldom. Numerous orders of chivalry were instituted, such as the Knights Hospitallers (1110) or of St. John of Jerusalem, the Templars (1118), the Teutonic Knights (1197), etc., the labors of which were an honor to human nature and a benefit to mankind. Unconsciously or consciously the knights in the brave days of old were moved to do some worthy deed by the thought or example of the saints. We must all have a model to copy and we are influenced by our heroes. Richard Cœur de Lion and St. Louis were, perhaps, the most conspicuous leaders of martial piety of the ideal Crusaders; but geography and the economics as well as the fortunes of war were against them.

The so-called knight-errantry, the spurious and fantastical chivalry of a later age, was largely produced by the exaggerations of wandering minstrels and troubadors. The spirit of true chivalry had been refined and exalted by the invention of fruitful conceptions of it, such as that of the Holy Grail, by which the whole tone of romance and literature was elevated. The poetry of the troubador and the institution of Courts of Love had good effects in refining and humanizing an otherwise rough and lawless age. At tournaments beauty incited the combatants to deeds of daring. When the chatelaines were left unprotected in dangerous times while their lords were in the Holy Land, imagination and romantic charm was enough to keep woman safe. As nearly all men wished to imitate the knight, and love for a woman was regarded as a necessary part of knightly character—and though at times there seemed danger that true love would degenerate into courtly trifling and conceited jargon-the mediæval idealization of love did good service in

purifying the affections, as well as in refining the world. Dante's love for Beatrice, the inspiration and subject of "Le Vita Nuova," was at once romantic and spiritual. Following this Catholic sentiment Shakespeare has given us plays of the highest conventional spirit of chivalry in "Romeo and Juliet," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labor Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," etc. The sight of brave knights must have often stirred in a boy ambitions hitherto unknown, and have made him restless for the day when he should be old enough to win his lady. But under the influence of the romancers, love became the mainspring of chivalry; and, as can be imagined, often with dire results.

That the romances were the outcome of chivalry cannot be urged, though doubtless in a later age they helped to keep the spirit of knighthood alive. Edward the Black Prince, the very model of mediæval chivalry, avowedly studied the ancient romances for patterns. When Pedro the Cruel had prevailed upon the Prince to defend his cause, the Princess bitterly bewailed her husband's decision. "I see well," said the Prince, to whom her expressions were related, "that she wishes me to be always at her side and never to leave her chamber. But a Prince must be ready to win renown and to expose himself to all kinds of danger, as in days of old did Roland, Oliver, Ogier, the four sons of Aimon, Charlemagne, the great Leon de Bourges, Juan de Tournant, Lancelot, Tristan, Alexander, Arthur and Godfrey, whose courage, bravery and fearlessness, both warlike and heroic, all the romances extol. And by St. George, I will restore Spain to the rightful heir."

To appreciate the better side of English chivalry we must go to Chaucer. He was a patriot who sang of the true knight's democratic spirit. We may ask to what degree did the knight carry out his vow? It is certainly true that human passions and perversity played their part in the days gone by. In Chaucer's time, the self-respect of the true knight was depraved into a pride of class, which looked down on the laboring non-fighting multitude as base plebians, the shedding of whose blood was of a trifling account. Human rights and equality were ignored. But this was not the genuine doctrine of chivalry, it was a corruption of the true doctrine. The true, good and noble knight went on ever giving and helping. Yet in the "Canterbury Tales" we have an opviously realistic account of a state of affairs almost incredible to our modern notions of social distinctions. To take a modern parallel, imagine a colonel in the life-guards, a young squire, a monk, a skipper of a tramp steamer, a chef, an Oxford undergradute, a bank manager, a vulgar old woman, a country yokel, a publican, a nurse, a poet,

a couple of scavengers, all going on a journey together, telling each other stories to pass away the time. This cannot be regarded as a burlesque comparison. Among Chaucer's medley there is no train of social cliques. The true knight is quite "at home" with them all. That was the secret of his victory. Knighthood bound knights together by a union which kings were proud to share with the poorest of their subjects. Inability to pay the proper fees for armorial bearings was not looked upon as a disgrace; the Visitation Books contain many allusions to pedigree and arms entered gratuitously. This was done in order to guard against possible imposters.

England has always been the home of chivalry. La Colombière in his "Vray Théatre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie ou le Miroir Heroique de la Noblesse" remarks that the greatest number of the old romances have been more particularly employed in celebrating the valor of the knights of this kingdom than that of any other; because, in fact, they have always loved such exercises in an especial manner. "The city of London," writes Francisco de Moraes in the "Palmerin de Inglaterra," "contained in those days all, or the greater part, of the chivalry of the world." In Perceforest a damozel says to his companion, "Sire chevalier, I will gladly parley with you because you come from Great Britain; it is a country which I love well, for there habitually (coustumierement) is the finest chivalry in the world; c'est le pays au monde, si comme je croy, le plus remply des bas et joyeulx passetemps pour toutes gentilles pucelles et jeunes bacheliers qui pretendent a honneur de chevalerie."

When a knight was "disgraced," he was looked upon as dead to chivalry, and this was the severest punishment the Court of Chivalry could administer; apparently it was inflicted with great reluctance, as very few cases are known. Commonly the culprit had his coat of arms inverted, which was in consonance with the ordinary procedure at funerals, by which the herald of the defunct nobleman wore his late master's tabard inverted. That this symbolic custom is as old as the first days of armory may be seen from the reversed shields drawn by Matthew Paris in the margins of his "Historia Minor," where he records the death of the owners. According to contemporary accounts the actual ceremony was something like the following: First, the offender was placed on a sort of stage wearing the emblems of knighthood, his belt, gilded sword and gilt spurs; a herald read the order which deprived him of his title. That done, his belt was cut and the sword fell to the ground, his spurs were hacked from his heels and flung away to left and right, his sword was broken over his head and the fragments treated in the same way; thenceforth he was to be reputed "an infamous, errant knave." Knighthood, however, was not hereditary, though only the sons of

a knight were eligible to its ranks. Every knight was qualified to confer knighthood, provided the aspirant fulfilled the requisite conditions of birth, age and training. When the condition of birth was lacking in the candidate, the sovereign alone could create a knight, as a part of his royal prerogative, as is our present custom. But as late as the time of Elizabeth, Leicester and Essex conferred knighthood in the field, and the complaint made against the latter was not that he had usurped the right, but that he had used it too freely. To be knighted on the field was a most coveted honor, and we read of squires begging to be knighted before a battle, so as to be able to fight in the front ranks ("au premier chef de la bataille"), and of others winning their spurs like the Black Prince, in their first battle, and being knighted after it.

We are accustomed nowadays to look upon chivalry merely as a knightly institution which had to do solely with tournaments, banquet, knight-errantry, and the rescuing of encastled maidens. The modern acceptance of the term omits all those gentle qualities of mind which go to make the true chivalric disposition. We associate chivalry with "fair play" combined with "manliness;" and humility has no part in it. Indeed it never enters into our mind that it was a system of "humanyte, curtosye and gentylnesse." More, it was a religion deeply ingrained in the hearts of men, a religion which spread through all grades of society, and one which consisted in the beatifying of the noblest qualities of human nature; and it has left an indelible mark upon our national character. Chivalry is not dead to-day, as thoughtless people so often exclaim; it will never die so long as our national characteristics endure. though to-day it passes under a different name. "Sport," we call it now, and we pride ourselves in being "sporting" even in the hour of death.

Chivalry is a term which may be said to embrace the duties and obligations, rather than the rights and privileges of knighthood, and to include, therefore, those more romantic aspects of the institution which became more fully developed in its later stages. The great fields for displaying the virtues of chivalry were the exercise of arms and the attitude towards women. The love of a lady implied a deep and reverent attachment to the whole of womanhood; usually of a platonic nature. The general teaching of a military age tends to glorify and honor man, thus giving grace and refinement to a life of hardship. The development of the sentiment of honor contributed to protect the weaker sex. No true knight would harm one who could only appeal to his gallantry as her defense. Poets sang the praises of women and the ennobling in-

fluences of love; while the true knight did his best to make ransoms a dictate of mercy, although fellowship of an aristocratic caste doubtless favored a practice which had substantial inducements of gain. At this stage it would be well to note that during the age of chivalry in the West, the maturer civilization of the East looked on the aggressive, unreasoning courage of the Crusaders as crude and barbarous, while the knightly spirit of the Franks regarded Eastern subtlety as mean and cowardly. Chivalry and its history are not confined to the habits and ideals of a few thousands of men and women who held political and social power in mediæval times: it was an important part of the general history of those times. So far as it was based on pride and contempt for inferiors, and condoned and regulated, it degraded; so far as it upheld religion, honor and courtesy, it elevated society. We must not dwell entirely on the former point of view, nor see in the fantastic ceremonialism of chivalry merely an empty pageant and a cloak for social immorality.

The history of the fifteenth century in England leaves, on a first acquaintance, the impression that it is somewhat barren of interest and deficient in unity and concentration of purpose. It does not present the same richness of promise or achievement as we find in the thirteenth, or even the chivalrous glamour of the fourteenth century. On the other hand, it hardly seems to foreshadow the new enterprises and development of the sixteenth. We are struck by the disastrous ending of the French war, by the complex tumult of civil strife, and by the consequent breakdown of the government and prevalence of social disorder. Its apparent lack of unity and concentration is to be explained by the fact that it was a time of transition.

By far the most complex and enthralling phenonemon with which the historian of this century has to cope is naturally the vast, many-sided movement known as the Renaissance. Michelet's magnificent definition, "the discovery of the world and of man," hints the part which it was to play, within the field of literature, in transforming the fading remnants of the old romance into the enduring, the eternal romance of Ariosto and Rabelais, of Spencer and Shake-speare. It gave imagination a larger range by quickening the apprehension of the real world and the saving need of truth. Its emancipating power was rooted in a hard, positive eye for fact. It dissipated as many dreams as it kindled. The first impact of "German thoroughness and practicality," to use a phrase of a modern critic, upon modern thought, was when Reuchlin brought the mystical Hebraism of Mirandolato the touchstone of what Hebrew really taught, by writing the first grammar of that "simple, uncor-

rupted, holy, terse and vigorous" tongue. The clearer vision of eternity made it but the more imperative to "settle Hoti's business" here and now. More's fable of an ideal republic grew out of his own vivid perception, in an atmosphere thrilling with Plato and Atlantic discovery, of the abuses of the English land system before his eyes. The Reformation, with all its revelations and all its allusions, had its intellectual root in the scientific postulate that the original text is more veracious than the secular gloss.

The literary development is in some respects full of literary interest. It is no mere chance that the victories of Henry V. should coincide so clearly with the first displacement of French or Latin by English as the recognized medium of official correspondence. The battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and the defense of Calais, furnish the occasion for two of our oldest groups of historical ballad poetry; and the most valuable of the "Pastor Letters" date from this time.

The Crusaders with their central idea of serving the cause of God, defending the oppressed, and combating the infidels, developed the spirit of chivalry. Knighthood was the goal to which the ambitions of every youth aspired. It was to be conferred only on the pious, the gallant, the modest, the virtuous, who had gone through a long probation. The knight's requisite for success was "the joy of combat" which is like wine to a true soldier, and the conviction that for every member of the race there is a battle to be fought out to the finish, on the issue of which each must stand or fall. The line "Faint heart never won fair lady," brings back to us the vision of history wherein brave men pitted their strength and skill against others of the same type for the sake of a guerdon which rendered death despicable in comparison with the joy set before them of bliss with their beloved. Woman in those days was not to be bought by money unearned by honest labor: she could only be had at the price of blood and fearlessness. At all events, in the days of romance, no maiden of beauty or merit would condescend to yield herself to a man who had proved himself incapable of keeping his seat on his horse. En passant we may note that the Gothic tournament took the place of the Olympic games. This spirit is manifest in the many knightly exploits which fill the annals of the long contest between England and France during the Hundred Years War. The chronicles of Froissart give a vivid picture of this epoch, when bloody battles alternate with tournaments and gorgeous pageants.

In the Middle Ages men knew what they liked, and took it when they could. Some liked drink and food; and Hoccleve, Skelton, and many another will show us how hearty grossness may be. Froissart loved knightly splendor and news of great combats and acquaintance with great captains and princes; and he followed them assiduously. Roger Bacon loved learning and the dissemination of knowledge. Yet with all this glamour and brilliancy the result was a useless shedding of blood, misery to the poor and waste of money. But the fact that chivalry declined from its early purity casts no discredit upon the institution itself. When it ceased to be a guide of life it was time for it to disappear; chivalry did not make men unmerciful and savage—it found them so; that it did not by a miracle convert unmerciful and savage men to gentleness is no discredit to its humanizing tendencies.

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

London, England.

Book Reviews.

"The Credentials of Christianity." By Martin J. Scott, S. J., author of "God and Myself," etc. 12mo., pp. 257. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A brief but complete book of Christian apologetics which any one can read and understand. An answer to the assertion that Christianity has failed. A reply to the question which the Saviour of the world Himself asked, and which every man must answer: "What think you of Christ, whose Son is He?"

A remedy for a sick world—almost sick unto death. An antidote for the poison of infidelity, immorality, rebellion and destruction that threatens the world. If men would only accept the invitation, as St. Augustine did: "Take and read."

The world with all its agencies is attacking Christianity to-day. Is not that glorious? It helps to prove the divinity of the Founder of Christianity, because he foretold this irreconcilable conflict. The stage, the screen, the newspaper, the novel—all conspire to combat the teachings of Christianity. The so-called learned men of the day, in the mis-called halls of learning, are spreading the poison, while the ill-gotten millions of the lords of creation are devoted to its perpetuation. How flippantly these teachers tell the young men and women who sit under them that Christianity has failed, that religion has been tried and found wanting, that God is a myth, or an unknown force, but certainly not a Person.

It is so easy to be a destructive critic. Just a pen and a pot of ink, with no conscience to stay them. God is in the way? Deny Him. Christ is troublesome with his doctrines of self-denial? He never existed. The Church is insistent with her claims for a hearing? Stifle her with ridicule or persecution. Deny without examination: assent without investigation. Very few know any better; fewer still care to know, and the verdict of the crowd is that the destructive critic is a very smart fellow indeed, because he smashes everything before him. But there is still hope in second thought, and buoyed up by this hope, Father Scott presents to us the credentials of Christianity in this brief, clear, concise form, which no one who thinks at all can refuse to accept, or afford to reject.

All Christians should unite to make this book known and have it read. If it can be gotten into the hands of the young men and women students of this country to-day, we are saved.

"Reflections for Religious." Edited by the Rev. F. X. Lasance. 12mo., pp. 591. New York: Benziger Bros.

A collection of quotations from approved sources and approved authors on every subject that conduces to holy living, arranged not according to subject, but generally in groups according to source or author. Scripture maxims and thoughts from the "Imitation" naturally take the lead. Next in importance come quotations from such great saints and masters of the spiritual life as Augustine, Theresa, Philip Neri, Ignatius Loyola, Vincent de Paul, Alphonsus Liguori, Francis de Sales and Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. Following these we find such well-known names as Father Faber, Archbishop Ullathorne, Cardinal Manning, Bishop Hedley, with many modern and lesser lights.

The principal merit of a book of this kind lies in the compiling, and no one who is acquainted with Father Lasance's previous devotional works need be told that he is a master in this field. A very full table of contents enables one to find direction in any particular need.

If we might suggest an amendment that would make a good thing even better, it would be a biographical note with each author's name the first time it appears. It need be but very brief. We listen more attentively to a man if we know him.

At last she has come into her own. At last, after nearly five hundred years, the Maid of France has taken her rightful place in the ranks of the Church Triumphant, and has been placed upon the calendar of saints, having received from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff the highest honors it is possible for the representative of Christ on earth to confer. It was Pius X., of saintly memory, who first elevated the Maid among the blessed, and she was canonized on May 13, 1920, by our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. The client of two Popes in so short a time.

We have already had several lives of the Warrior Saint, and one at least since her canonization. When reviewing it the QUARTERLY expressed the hope that a life for young persons and especially for young girls might soon appear. We hardly hoped for so early a realization of that hope. We had in mind a simple, straightforward narrative, that would not dwell too much on the sordid facts of the story, nor on the wretched mistakes and downright wickedness of the authorities who sat in judgment on her, and here it is—the wonderful story of this great and saintly heroine told in captivating style, especially for American boys and girls.

[&]quot;A Child's Life of St. Joan of Arc." By Mary E. Mannix, author of "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," etc. 12mo, cloth, beautifully illustrated cover and 6 full-page illustrations. Net \$1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is therefore a most timely offering the author makes to Catholic children of this story of the simple, pious girl, chosen by God to carry out a most wonderful mission, so they also may learn of her and her heroism, patriotism and true Christian maidenly virtues. Intensely interesting and easily readable, the book will appeal in a special manner to parents and others desiring a gift book for boys or girls.

"Life of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque." By Right Rev. E. Bougaud, D. D., Bishop of Laval. 8vo, with 12 full-page illustrations and cover richly stamped in gold. Net \$2.75. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Treating of a beautiful theme in a beautiful manner, this life of the chosen apostle of the Sacred Heart is issued timely and appropriately in befitting garb as a tribute to the hallowed memory of St. Margaret Mary, whose canonization has just taken place.

Catholics the world over have become more interested from year to year in the earthly career of the holy woman whose history, attractive and interesting, is herewith presented by Bishop Bougaud, who was so eminently qualified by his ardent zeal for religion and by his fervent devotion to accomplish this work.

Beginning with a picture, as faithful and complete as the limits of the work permit, of the Church in France at the birth of St. Margaret Mary, the author leads us to the home of Margaret Mary; we see her as a little child; and what a beautiful, unearthly child-hood was hers. Predestined undoubtedly of God for great things, she had nevertheless as she grew older to do battle against the worldly ambitions of her young heart. She had to struggle as so many other saints did, but the grace of God triumphed. She resolved to be a religious. The author gives an intimate picture of the days and trials of her novitiate and profession, and leads us with evergrowing interest through her entire religious life, dwelling at length on the missions and revelations by which she is best known.

This story of the wondrous manifestations of divine love and the Sacred Heart's revelations to St. Margaret Mary, so touchingly portrayed by Bishop Bougaud, will be found well worthy of careful study and refreshing to all interested in the history of the origin and the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The book will be sought for eagerly by the devout clients of the Sacred Heart, and their name is legion. It should increase the ranks of the League immensely.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC

QUARTERLY REVIEW

"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the REVIEW not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1800.)

VOL. XLV.—OCTOBER, 1920—NO. 180

THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY ACCORDING TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Is. lx., 1-5; 14-16. Col. i., 9-20.

IME passes, flows rapidly like a stream, glides away like the clouds carried by the wind, and everything, under the powerful action of this master of the universe, changes, dissolves, vanishes, because it is the very characteristic of time to pass, as the history of every material being is summed up by dissolution and transformation.

The splendor of light, the grace of youth, the vigor of life, everything is subject to this law. The spring of this year shows us a phase of nature quite different from that of the past year; another generation of living beings comes out to enjoy the brilliant sunshine; a deep fatality pushes on every atom, molecule or living cell towards other forms and arrangements. For everything there is a place, for everything there is some work to do in the great upbuilding of centuries. Nothing, either in the physical or in the moral world, can escape the far-reaching control of the leading power of the universe, as they depend on it in their very nature and existence.

This movement, which is generally subject to the control of our intelligence in the physical world, escapes it in the moral world; the general notion of humanity under its specific laws, towards its specific end, which motion we call history, viewed by the natural eyes of our mind, is matter of conjecture as to its intimate laws and general issues. We walk on the edge of deep mysteries; we our-

selves are instruments carrying forward some mysterious action of the eternal power which dominates events.

But surrounded by the smiling seductions of nature, busy in the little incidents of our own daily life; nay, plunged so often in a stream of frivolities, we cannot be aware of the hidden action which supports and rules our own little actions as well as the great drama of mankind. It will be useful, therefore, to recall the principles which may renew in us the vision of universal history in the plan of God. At this fateful turning point of history, nothing could be more profitable than to lift up our eyes and consider once more what is everlasting under the turmoil of events. While the uproar of revolution is spreading over the world, and the disruption of alliances follows the most boastful declarations of peace and plans of a league of nations, we shall be struck on the one hand by the vanity of such designs, and on the other by the real foundations of all true progress based on the supernatural power inherited by mankind in the Church from our Lord Jesus Christ.

First of all we shall eliminate some interpretations of history based on mere natural reasons, and secondly we shall set down our principles according to divine revelation. Isaias and St. Paul, the most prominent teachers of this philosophy, will be our leaders.

We must suppose at the outset that as it is the whole of history which we wish to survey in its general principles, no one particular event of it can explain this whole, but something outside and above it. But at the very beginning we are confronted by a difficulty that threatens to overthrow the very foundations of our inquiry. Since universal history embraces the future as well as the past, how can it be possible at all to sketch its plan. The difficulty is more specious than real, for the plan of history is not history itself, and as we can conceive what a building is going to be even before the first stone is laid down, so the task of the philosopher of history is not first of all to put together all the facts, and then to discover their laws and mutual relations, but to draw the fundamental lines according to which history must shape itself. In such an inquiry the mere amount of historical data (whether drawn from what is now past or still to be learnt from what is yet to come) matters but little. All that is needed is that we should gain information enough to discover a path by which we may reach that central point from which all history is revealed to us in its general plan.

And in fact such information is to be found in the past of human history; it contains already all those elements which are and must be found in all times. It is as if you take and examine a seed in its embryonic stage; with a microscope you may easily trace in it the

shape of the future organism. Consequently the past, if examined in its true perspective, will form the base of our great historical construction. I said "in its true perspective," because there are certain interpretations of history based upon narrow or biased points of view.

Let us then briefly eliminate them in order to bring to light the only one corresponding to the real ways of Providence.

We suppose a man instructed in every form of philosophical, social and political science, but who has no suspicion of any revelation at all. With the light of such intellectual training, as he looks back on the past of humanity, he consults whatever monument may help him to get the most correct understanding of man's past. And thus by an accurate investigation of all available sources he is able to establish some connections, some periodical returns in history. But we can surely assert that he will never reach a satisfactory issue. By mere philosophical light he cannot grasp the eternal idea which lies at the real source of things and attracts history like a powerful magnet. Even granted that he might gather all the facts with their obvious, natural interpretation, that cannot be enough. All these facts are led in history, they do not lead history; they are stones in the building, they cannot exhibit the design of the architect, unless they are already disposed by him in this whole. Now that is not yet the case. The historian can never be sure that any particular event will tell him the idea of the eternal dominating power which is at the base of all natural energies in the universe.

As a matter of fact it would be for any philosopher of history an exceedingly difficult task to gather all the events, to connect them and give them their right interpretation. The difficulty becomes insuperable if we consider some further elements which escape all inquiry; deep influences of the physical upon the moral world: innumerable intermingling; connections in the universal solidarity of things and facts; above all the great riddle of human freedom. Considerations such as these prove impossible any foreshadowing of the future by the past on the base of its natural elements. While no genius is able to grasp and coördinate all the innumerable forces of the physical world which interfere in historical development. nobody, placed before the great mystery of human will, on which so many issues depend in social life, can follow the mysterious path of this singular power. As a matter of fact the problem must remain forever a sealed book to philosophy, because the leading factors of history are supernatural. If this be true, only the Master of the world can determine the laws of historical events. God alone, I say, as He has ordained already the final issue of all things and knows how He leads by His universal power the development of all created activity, either necessary or free, is able to reveal to us the leading thread of historical evolution. Happily we possess this revelation.¹

Now in the examination of its data, there are two ways open to us. We can start from the fact, which according to every point of view, supposing the general light of Christian faith, presents itself as the actual dominating factor in history: the Catholic Church. Here it is the task of the apologist to show both the internal and external qualities of this divine institution which proves to be the most sublime, comprehensive and universal. It answers to every human aspiration; it harmonizes all human activities both individual and social; it establishes the principles by which alone the true and satisfactory issue of the tremendous struggle for life can be attained; it resists any human opposition; it conquers the world by its invincible power and consistency. Therefore the Church is and must be, as a matter of fact, the pivot round which the sphere of events turns.

Now let us remark that this society which claims such an absolute universality is a human congregation, a social body. But such claim cannot be based upon human elements, otherwise we return to the insoluble difficulty proposed before. Consequently we must soar far

Here answering in note to the objection drawn from the fact of human will he says that its "determinations" follow the causes called motives, according to as strict laws as those which "are supposed" to exist in the world of matter . . . a person's actions necessarily follow from his character; "that is to say" that he invariably does act in conformity to his character, and that any one who thoroughly knew his character would certainly predict how he would act in any supposable case. . . "

Then he goes on in the text developing his idea: "And if any particular state of the entire universe could ever recur a second time, all subsequent states would return, too, and history would, like a circulating decimal of any figures, periodically repeat itself:

"Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna . . . alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo delectos heroas; erunt quoque altera bella (etiam altera bella) atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles."

And though things do not really revolve in this eternal round, the whole series of events in the history of the universe, past and future, is not the less capable, in its own nature of being construct d "a prori" by any one who we can suppose acquainted with the original distribution of all natural agents, and with the whole of their properties, that is the laws of succession existing between them and their effects saving the far more than human powers of combination and calculation which would be required, even in one possessing the data, for the actual performance of the task.

("A System of Logic." Vol. I. 7th ed., London, 1868; chap. 5, p. 385-6.)



¹ That is directly against the principles of a philosophy of history exposed by J. Stuart Mill: "The state of the whole universe at any instant, we believe to be the consequences of its state at the previous instant; insomuch that one who knew all the agents which exist at the present moment, their collocation in space and all their properties, in other words, the laws of their agency could predict the whole subsequent history of the universe, at least unless some new volition of a power capable of controlling the universe would supervene."

higher and recall what is divine and eternal in this society. The Church leads us to Christ; the Church is in a sense Christ Himself in his human body; the Church is the continued Incarnation of Christ, and by this link she attains the divine and eternal, embraces all time, overshadows the universe. It follows that Christ is the proper centre of history.

This is one way through which we can reach our conclusion; a perfect historical method, "a posteriori," which is necessary as a preparation for any further inquiry. But there is another way, far higher and nobler than the one just indicated. It is by approaching the design of God itself, by reading beforehand in the mysterious book of revelation the series of events with their causes. The succeeding empires, their rise and fall, confirm the prophetic word which rang through the valleys or under the walls of the cities of Palestine. Christ by his coming fully realizes the prophecies; St. Paul sums up for us all that revelation which concerns the universal conception of history. Let us sketch it by proposing the parallel between the Old and the New Testaments, so far as it concerns our question, drawing the chief lines of the picture.

There is no more familiar view arising from the deep insight of the prophets into the future than that of a kingdom which will last forever. The background is always the deliverance, development and growth of the temporal kingdom of Israel, which will pass through every trial, or after its fall rise again from its ruins, and at any rate survive the mightiest empires. But in the second part of Isaias, in the Psalms and in the later Prophets, it shapes itself conspicuously into a universal kingdom of peace, morality and wisdom—quite spiritual, therefore,—under the immediate rule of the God of the world. This prophetic view is not expressed to us directly, but in terms of the history of the Jewish people during the three and a half centuries from the division of the Hebrew kingdom to the Babylonian exile. Through terrible crises, the little nation, which comes now into close touch with the great world powers, enters consciously the path of universal history, led by the gradual revelation of the Prophets. Behold, from the barren land and from the desert emerge the first great prophetic figures, whose vehement eloquence has the task of preventing the contamination of their beloved people. We see, therefore, that the immediate purpose of their teaching is a political as well as religious one. The most tragic changes of dynasties, the policy and religious reforms of the kings of Israel and Judah start from the word of prophets such as Elijas, Eliseus, Amos. The vision of Jehovah as the exclusive ruler of Israel has now altered; He has become once forever the ruler of all

nations. He will deliver the little kingdom or prevent its impending doom; He will overthrow the great empires, which are but tools in His hands. The majestic and always more or less tragic figures of the Prophets, who bear in themselves the most striking characteristics of their mission, like symbols of their message, while denouncing the crimes of Israel, or forecasting the judgments of the Eternal, rise to a sublime grandeur.

From the high perspective of their vision passes before us the history of Asshur, Babylon and Nineveh; the stream of tremendous invasions flows before their eyes and sinks beyond the horizon. Daniel, like a sculptor, carves the history of the great empires in a statue; the tumult of nations rises and passes before him. Rome extends its iron hands over all of them, and finally, after having prepared the cradle of the Deliverer in a little village of Judah—how strange that such a great empire had been established for such a little thing!—yields to his omnipotent power, and waits for the moment when she will become the Jerusalem of the new world; the veritable seat of the King of the universe, our Lord Jesus Christ. Dante expresses this very thought when he says that Rome had been built for the seat of the greatest Peter:

"La quale (Roma) e il quale (impero) a voler dir lo vero, fur stabiliti per lo loco santo u' siede il successor del maggior Piero" (Inf. ii., 31-35). "The which and what, wishing to speak the truth, were established as the holy place, wherein sits the successor of the greatest Peter."

(Transl. Longfellow.)2

Isaias had seen all this in his grand visions when he uttered those memorable verses: "1. Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is arisen upon thee. 2. For,

² Dr. Foster Kent in his valuable volume, "Kings and Prophets of Israel and Judah," sums up in this way the prophetic vision of universal history: "The three centuries and a half, which began with the division of the Hebrew empire and extended to the Babylonian exile, were in many ways the most important period of Israel's history. It was during this epoch that the Israelites ceased to be a provincial people, limited in their outlook to the narrow horizon of Palestine. (As a matter of fact it should be pointed out that they had been in close contact with Egypt, a world power.) Events over which they had little control brought them into close contact with the great world powers of the day, thereby vastly broadening their faith as well as their vision of history and of their relation to the human race. It was a period marked by supreme political, social and religious crises, which fundamentally transformed Israel's religion and institutions. [We do not share, of course, this erroneous opinion with Dr. Kent.] These crises called forth the great ethical prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries B. C. and their work and teachings made Israel's experiences during these trying years one of the most significant chapters in human history. These prophets were the conscience of their nation, its guides in the hour of peril, and the heralds of those great ethical and social principles which are the external foundations of law and society." (Preface, p. v.).

behold, darkness shall cover the earth and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee and his glory shall be seen upon thee. 3. And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. 4. Lift up thy eyes round about and see; all these are gathered together, they are come to thee. Thy sons shall come from afar and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. 5. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged; when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee."...

"14. And the children of them that afflict thee shall come bowing down to thee and all that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet and shall call thee the city of the Lord, the Sion of the Holy One of Israel. 15. Because thou wast forsaken and hated, and there was none that passed through thee, I will make thee to be an everlasting glory, a joy unto generation and generation. 16. And thou shalt suck the milk of the Gentiles; and thou shalt be nursed with the breasts of kings. And thou shalt know that I am the Lord thy Saviour, the mighty one of Jacob." (Is lx., 1-6; 14-17.)³

These outlines of the historical future as foreseen by the prophets agrees with the highest religious and moral teaching, and, accordingly, the future kingdom of God will be one of religious peace and prosperity (cf. Is. lv., 1-5; lxvi, 20-24; and passim). We cannot show the details of this plan in each prophet. Let us only remark that, as everything in this universe, the prophetic revelation also was progressive. Consequently it would be no serious objection to point out that there is lack of distinctness and great obscurities. There is on the countrary almost an excess of light as to their unmistakable relation to the future realities. Remember that the prophets were men of their own time, sent by God for the needs of their own time; hence, as the times were developing under the pressure of events, and the needs and aspirations of the people were widening, so the teaching and prophetic vision was opening accordingly.

"Yet I doubt not thru' the ages one increasing purpose runs, And the thoughts of man are widening with the process of the suns. (Tennyson—"Locksley Hall.")

Now Hebrew history was in its very reality, as well as in the parallel teaching of the prophets, the shadow of the future world; "umbra futurorum" (Col. ii., 17), as it is called by St. Paul, and so we must complete our sketch of the parallelism between the visions of the prophets and the far deeper insight of the inspired writers of the New Testament.

^{*}cfr. Is. ii., 2-5; xxiv., 21-23; lv., 15; lvi., 20-24; the philosophy is outlined in the chapter xiii., 2-5; cf. xiv., 9-11; xxiii., 6-9; xxxvii., 26-29; l., 1 cf. and chap. xiv.



The Messianic world was at last a reality; the prophets had foreshawoded it; the writers of the New Testament reveal its very nature in its intimate and universal connections. But here, too, we must recognize some progress. The teaching of Jesus Christ on this subject as it is outlined in the parables differs very much from His teaching as it is stated by St. John. In both, however, we meet the same essential features of the kingdom of God, far wider and deeper than it had been shown by the prophets. Everything in the world, every moral power of mankind, will bow to the Cross, the sceptre of Christ. The Church under such a ruler will embrace all the nations of the world. It must break with the Synagogue once for all. The Hebrew race will scatter all over the world, as an eternal mark on the path of history; providential race, which from the "umbra futurorum" becomes, by way of contrast, humen saeculorum. The main lines of the future organization of the new world empire are set down by Jesus Christ in the Apostolic College. The great institutions which will transform the human race and establish an eternal stream of life between heaven and earth, from the shadow of the figures and the prophecies, emerge to the light of perfect reality and receive the breath of the divine fecundity. Their application to the details of society will subsequently bring out more distinct features, but both the institutions and revelations close with the apostolic age. Hence, from this last stage we must draw the final shape of the world.

A glance at the teaching of St. Paul as the deepest and broadest view of the plan of God, will suffice for our purpose. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his sublime epistle to the Colossians, brings briefly together all the teaching of the New Testament on the subject. An Apostle chosen by God for the particular mission to strike the final blow at Judaism was the fittest of all to show the connections between the old and the new economy of the world in the plan of God. This is the passage in question, from the first chapter of the Epistle (Col. i., 0-20):

"9.... we... from the day that we heard it, cease not to pray for you and to beg that you may be filled with the knowledge of His will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. . . 12. Giving thanks to God the Father. . . 13. Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and has translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love. 14. In whom we have redemption through His blood, the remission of sins; 154 Who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature. 16. For in Him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominations, or principalities, or powers. All things

were created by Him and in Him. 17. And He is before all; and by Him all things consist. 18. And He is the head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the first born from the dead, that in all things He may hold the primacy. 19. Because in Him, it hath well pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell. 20. And through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, making peace through the blood of His Cross, both as to the things that are on earth and the things that are in heaven."

These words which could be confirmed by parallel quotations from the other Epistles, and which are a further commentary on the sublime prologue of St. John's Gospel, if compared with the poems on the Servant of Jehovah, prove to be the most exhaustive formula of a truly philosophic interpretation of history. As chronology of all time, in the great majority of civilized peoples, centres in Christ, so only from Him comes the word which sheds the light on all progress and on all true civilization.

Do not object that in the passage quoted from the Apostle we have a mere theological speculation on supernatural subjects, and that therefore it is quite outside the pale of philosophy. Because all philosophical reasoning on history must start from the reality of the actual elements, leading the human race to the final settlement, and not from a purely partial point of view; such as the economical, political or any other social standpoint. A history based on such grounds does not exist. In such a philosophy there may be some explanation of some series of phenomena; not of the whole of the destinies of actual humanity. If we reject the supernatural point of view as stated by revelation, and take no account of the deep spiritual current which permeates humanity, every system of interpretation must fail to reach its goal. Man who does not see it, has no eyes to see the splendor of the universe. Hence we do not agree with Fred. Schlegel, in eliminating the theological point of view from the problem. St. Irenæus, St. Augustine, Dante and Bossuet stand on a quite different basis; on the basis of Isaias' and St. Paul's teaching. How could we, for instance, separate from history the spiritual, but by no means unreal or uneffective influence of the priest, who stands on the path of Providence as the "dispensator mysteriorum Dei"? Consider only the great drama of the Mass, the powerful action of Confession. As in Christ and in the Church, in history also there are supernatural as well as natural elements. Everything in Christ, for Christ and through Christ; so. too, I do not hesitate to say, everything in the Church—though perhaps not always within its visible body-for the Church and through the Church; by these words everything is explained. As in Christ

all elements, even the most contradictory ones, are reconciled, so in the Church, so in history. Then everything is transformed in its deep and divine reality. From this vision of history we get an eternal standard of historical criticism. As Greek tragedy still grips our interest so powerfully on account of the intermingling of the divinity, so, but in a far higher way, the drama of mankind will fascinate the mind of the philosophic spectator of events.

Consider for a moment, how in Christ recognized as the centre of history, the darkest problems of life may be reconciled, and put in their true place when seen in their eternal significance. Sorrow becomes one of the most constructive elements of progress; work, the most crucial problem of modern times, becomes a combination of powerful and sound energies directed towards the creation of a more peaceful society than democracy can ever promise; evil itself is shown to be but the background upon which the power and wisdom of Providence is thrown into clear relief.

It is not on the ground of any dry philosophical principle that the living reality of history can be reconstructed, but on the basis of a personal being. Our knowledge depends on events, it is not their cause; therefore it may fail to grasp them thoroughly. Any real thing, any concrete reality supposes in its immediate background not an abstract idea, which in itself does not include any causal element, but a primitive power by which it sprang into being. This power is the power of God; but God, according to revelation, has made the universe in Christ, with Christ and through Christ, so that this Divine Person became, I might say, in the centre of the universe like a living formula summing up all reality, whether divine or human, the link connecting together the finite with the infinite. Christ, through Incarnation became visible to us; He entered the path of human history; but He came to dominate it, not to be a subordinate part of it. As a matter of fact He belonged to history before it came out in the light of creation, as He was the leading idea according to which God was going to shape the universe. And do not think that He, the Word, has behaved in a passive way in the creation and subsequently in the government of the world; not in the least, because He works as God Himself works, and also because His Person is the main point of attraction of all things, sharing with them through His human nature a part, at least, of their own nature, in the same time that He really lives in the eternity of God. These considerations must form an object of serious meditation for truly thinking men in order to regard history from a higher point of view, reducing its innumerable facts to the unity of the divine plan, and so solving all apparent contradiction in the harmony of Christ.

Let us conclude: Such an interpretation of history, as it enlightens the past, foreshadows the future, it widens the human intelligence, and is thus a great lesson to individuals and to society.

FULIRO CORDIGNANO, S. J.

Rome.



⁴ Lightfoot in his exposition of the Epistle to the Colossians, makes this excellent remark: "The doctrine of the Person of Christ is here stated with greater precision and fullness than in any other of St. Paul's Epistles (p. 122). More especially in the Epistle to the Hebrews first and in the Gospel of St. John afterwards, the form of expression is identical with the statements of St. Paul. In both these writings the universe is said to have been created or to exist by and through Him (Christ). This is the crucial expression, which involves in itself all the higher conceptions of the Person of Christ (ibid., p. 123).

CAPUCHIN MISSIONERS IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

HAT out of evil cometh good may seem to be paradoxical, but it is an aphorism that has received confirmation in one of the results of the recent war of nations. The British conquest of Palestine, an historic event of the first importance, though not due to a revival of the Christian chivalry of the days of the Crusaders, redeems from utter sordidness a sanguinary conflict, largely motived by racial and commercial rivalries. To rescue the Holy Land from the blighting dominion of Turkish rule was the unrealized day-dream and engrossing object of the distinguished Capuchin, Pére Joseph du Tremblay, the alter ego of the great statesman and ecclesiastic, Cardinal Richelieu.

Among the orders that for centuries have been fostering the faith in the birthplace of Christianity, the Capuchin Order has borne no inconsiderable share. Father Clement of Terzorio, in the fifth volume of his work, "Lei Missioni dei Minori Cappuccini," details the results of the labors in Syria and Palestine of the religious brethren of "his Grey Eminence," the first organizer of the missions in the East and the Levant.

The first Capuchin to set foot in Syria and Palestine was Father Pacificus, of Provins, in 1622. He was the pioneer or precursor of two friars from the Provinces of Touraine and Brittany, Father Francis of Saumur, and Father Giles of Loches, who, after many troubles and dangers, reached Sydon or Saida—the oldest city and for a long time the capital of Phœnicia—and were well received by its ruler, Fakhr-el-din, a man of genius and ambition, who had restored it to its former importance as a great commercial centre. The missioners, full of zeal for the salvation of souls, first went to convert the people about the court and used the chapel of the French consul, but shortly after had a small church of their own, subject to an annual tribute to the neighboring mosque. It was the mother-house of the whole mission.

It was an epoch when corsairs roamed the seas, over which for a time they exercised a dominion that no modern nation possesses, terrorizing Europe. Three of the friars sent to Egypt to found a mission there, were captured by Algerian pirates and made slaves. Others, designated for Persia, finding the way thereto barred by an armed movement of the Turks, established a hospice or residence in Aleppo, where they received a warm welcome not only from the French and Venetian consuls, but from all the French Catholics and heretics and even from some schismatical superiors, who visited

them; although the Jesuits and Calced Carmelites, who wished to gain a foothold there, had been maltreated. There were then in that city 160 or 200 poor Nestorian Christians, who for six years had returned to the Catholic faith, but were without a church, a pastor or one to speak to them of God or the sacraments. The Maronites were somewhat in the same condition, but had, however, a church and a married priest.¹ The latter, though he and his family worked all the day, could not pay the excessive tribute exacted by the Turkish governor, and he was, moreover, extremely deficient in Biblical and theological knowledge. The two Capuchins, who started the Aleppo mission, first lived in a shop, but, having acquired a small house, constructed a pretty chapel therein which was dedicated to Notre Dame des Lumières in 1627.

The Jews stirred up opposition, denouncing the Capuchins to a Turkish inspector from Mecca because they said Mass. "And why should they not celebrate it?" he replied. "Are they not priests like the others?" And when the Jews said the others—the chaplain of the Catholic consulates—had the "firman," or official permission of the Grand Vizier, which the friars had not, the Turk cut him short, saying that the Capuchins were fine people. He visited the mission residence, made a minute inspection of it, and, finding therein no provisions but a little rice, no furniture but some mattresses laid on tables or on the floor, no other clothes but the poor habit they wore, and hearing from an Armenian that they never received any money. was so edified that he went away, exclaiming: "By the holy God, these men are saints, real hermits! I will protect them in every place, I will be their friend!" Their calumniators, when the Grand Vizier came to Aleppo, sought to influence him adversely towards the Capuchins by the presentation of rich gifts, but, having heard their accusations, he replied that the Capuchins being recommended by the French ambassador, he could not believe they were spies from Spain. Through the intermediary of a renegade Frenchman who was barber to the Vizier, they obtained the necessary "firman" to enable them to remain undisturbed in Aleppo; whereupon the friars repaired to their chapel and chanted a "Te Deum." The Vizier, in addition, recommended them to the Cadi and other high officials; and they were granted a second "firman" permitting them to establish themselves in any part of his territory. Father Pacificus was able to write: "At present we live quietly; the house is founded super firmam terram; we celebrate Mass in our little church; we chant the Divine Offices and preach publicly, to the great joy and contentment



¹The Maronites and Greeks are permitted to enter the married state before they take holy orders, not afterwards.

of every nation. And so the Lord God crowns the patient obedience of His servants."

Among the notable conversions they effected was that of the schismatical Armenian Archbishop of Orfa, Metropolitan of Aleppo. Monsignor Melchior, who, on May 25, 1627, wrote to Pope Urban VIII. a long letter in praise of Father Pacificus and his Capuchin brethren. On July 27, 1628, Louis XIII. wrote from the camp at Rochelle, ordering the French ambassadors and consuls to help and favor the Capuchin missioners in the Levant and to prevent their being molested in their functions. This was very needful and helpful. as Olliver, the French consul at Aleppo, had thrown obstacles in the way of the Capuchins, whose missionary activities he did not favor. The mission, however, progressed daily. When, for the first time, the Holy Week ceremonies were held, they were frequented by everybody, and at Easter over four hundred Communions were administered in place of the three or four persons who had been present in the chapel in the previous years. In a communication to Propaganda in 1629 Father Chrysostom of Angers, wrote: "In Aleppo we are studying most assiduously the dialects, because the principal means, after prayer, to gather fruit and save souls is speech. We interrupt this study at times to get into touch with schismatics; and truly we find a great disposition among them for the Catholic faith, so that they seem to me to be outside the Church more through ignorance than malice, more materially than formally. Not knowing what to believe, they believe all that is taught them by their fathers; but we have hopes that they will readily believe the salutary doctrine of the most holy Roman Church. I believe that many of them are already without any error on this account and find themselves Catholics without knowing that they are converted. We also perceive among the Turks themselves marvelous dispositions; but this affair demands great prudence and secrecy, so as not to lose at one stroke all that is hoped for in time by wanting to gather it before it is ripe."

God also blessed their apostolic solicitude by the conversion of Fakhr-el-din, Emir or prince of the Druses, who, stricken with a serious illness in 1633, in the midst of his agony sent for Father Adrian of Brosse, from whom he received baptism and the names Louis Francis, directing his sons to follow his example. The conversion of a simple Turk is a crime punishable by death according to all Mohammedan laws; that of a prince by the most terrible reprisals. As soon at it became known, the Capuchins were arrested and sent to Constantinople, where they were threatened with death, if, abjuring the Christian faith, they did not at once embrace

that of Mahomet. They replied that in defense of their faith they were ready to suffer the most atrocious punishment. They were then thrown into a very dark, narrow, fetid prison cell, where they were so straitened for room that they could not have a moment's rest and were bastinadoed and deprived of water. Four died in prison in 1634, and one, liberated, died in Turin. The Emir some time after was beheaded and two of his sons strangled.

These events gave rise to the greatest disturbances. The other missioners were subjected to numerous vexations and persecutions. Father Sylvester, of St. Aignan, and Father Boniface, of Moulins on Mount Lebanon, were saved by a miracle. It is recorded that Turkish emissaries sought them everywhere, but never could find They were concealed in a cavern. One day the two religious having nothing to eat, and unable to go elsewhere on account of the great snow, an unknown man appeared to Father Sylvester, took him by the hand and led him to a neighboring village. When he returned the priest found in his cavern three hundred little loaves. sufficient for two or three months. The persecution continuing. they retired to Tripoli, helped by a Venetian merchant, and there founded, in 1633, a mission among the Greeks and Maronites who had been abandoned by their own priests. Gradually quiet was restored and the mission resumed its normal course, the Capuchins devoting themselves earnestly to the sacred ministry, not only among schismatics, but even among the Mussulmans themselves at the risk of their lives, converting the Grand Mufti of Aleppo and a Scherif; as well as pursuing their apostolate among Christians scattered through two hundred villages, the Druses, and among the Jezidi, who were neither Jews, Christians nor Turks, but who attended their lectures and particular exhortations, sermons, and Masses, as if they were Christians, though they had not the faith. begging the priests to lay hands on them and taking holy water to give it to the sick with a devotion almost incredible. When the missioners represented to them the blindness with which Mohammedanism had stricken them, they cursed the false prophet and lamented the difficulty of returning to the true faith, which was not only very dangerous to them, but to others, a fine of over 5,000 piastres being imposed for aiding in a conversion, two Capuchins and five merchants being imprisoned on that account. The Druses often begged the priests to celebrate Mass in their houses, that they might hear them more freely and receive thir blessing. Their ignorance was so great that hardly two in every twenty knew the "Our Father" or "Hail Mary" in their mother tongue. There were whole villages where Mass was only said once a year, where not a single one knew how to read, and where it was by a species of miracle they adhered to the Christian faith without any other help.

Most of the Syrian Christians were good people, but contaminated with the Eutychian heresy, propagated in Mesopotamia by James or Jacobus Bardanes, from whom they acquired the name of Jacobites. There were, here and there, 50,000 with a Patriarch at their head. Several were re-united to the Catholic Church by the Capuchins. Father Sylvester, of St. Aignan, a learned and saintly religious, effected the conversion of three Patriarchs: Ignatius, Simeon XXII., who got many of his flock to follow his example, and was obliged by the irritated sectarians to retire to Aleppo, where he died: a Greek Patriarch named Macarius, and an Armenian Patriarch called Khatchadur. For this the enraged sects, by means of bribing a Turkish Pasha, a hypocritical tyrant who masqueraded as Grand Vizier, had him imprisoned along with the two converted Patriarchs, Syrian and Armenian, for whose liberation he demanded 13,000 piastres. They had as fellow-prisoners two Capuchins accused of having built a church into which they admitted Maronites, although the friars protested that it had been been built more than five hundred years before they came there. A Jesuit, Father Gilbert Rigault, wrote: "I am very much surprised at this event; I say, however, that it is very glorious for Father Sylvester, who speaks in his prison like the martyrs in their chains. Asked by the Pasha's chiaia if he had constructed a church, he replied that he did not, that Christians pray to God in every place, that the very prison which deprives the body of its freedom cannot deprive it of that of praying to their Master; that if they wanted to put him to death, because he prayed to God, he would receive death as a favor and would think himself happy in dying for such a holy motive. Father Sylvester has shown the courage of a martyr: and I beg you to ask of God for me to imitate such constancy, so necessary to all apostolic persons." As the Capuchins could not ransom themselves by the payment of a large sum-1,500 piastres having been demanded for the release of twelve Maronites, accused of having frequented the churches of the French missioners—they were thrown into an iron dungeon with an iron chain round their necks and their feet firmly fastened to two beams.

At last, released through the intervention of the French consul, Father Sylvester went to Rome in 1658 and presented to the Pope, Alexander VII. the three Patriarchs' profession of the Catholic faith, and from thence to France to console the exiled Patriarchs, priests and Oriental Christians who had to leave their own countries; returning to the East in 1660 with 2,352 piastres collected for the

needs of the missions. He was called "the Father of the poor," whom he spent his whole life succoring spiritually and materially. He died in Aleppo on June 24, 1670, after forty years of missionary labors. The three convert Patriarchs, eight Bishops, sixty priests, and a weeping multitude of people attended his obsequies, the funeral oration being delivered by the Patriarch Andrea. The office was chanted in the Maronite church in five languages—Latin, Greek, Armenian, Syriac and Arabic. "In a word," records the archives, "there never were seen and never will be seen funeral ceremonies so beautiful and so honored in the Ottoman Empire." Another comments on the presence of so many nationalities, otherwise divided among themselves, as emphasizing the need of being united in the profession of the one faith under the one headship, that of the Roman Pontiff.

Father John Baptist, Father Sylvester's successor as superior of the Aleppo mission, continued, along with his religious brethren, to assist the Patriarch Andrea, who wrote to the Pope eulogizing the work of the Capuchins. That worthy prelate, who purged the Church of Aleppo of every error, died in 1676, when a heretical Patriarch named Abdel-Messieh intruded himself, in virtue of a firman purchased from Constantinople, and persecuted the missioners, handing over their converts to the Turks that might be forced to return to the Capuchins acting in conjunction with the Jesuits brought about his deposition and the election in his stead of the Bishop of Jerusalem, Peter Gregory, who, as Syrian Patriarch of Antioch, had jurisdiction from Babylon to Egypt and the subject provinces in which he was confirmed by the Pope, who sent him the Pallium by Father Justinian, a Capuchin who printed in Rome a controversial work he had written in Arabic, Armenian and Latin.

As time went on, victories and defeats, triumphs over error and subjection to persecutions, prevarications and opposition from heretics and Mohammedans, conflicts with the civil power, with Turkish Governors and satraps, wars, pestilence, famine and earth-quakes, crucial trials endured with heroic fortitude, even to blood-shed, assassinations and martyrdoms alternately marked the progress of the missions. Their history, as narrated by Father Clement, who has drawn his information from authentic archives, covers four centuries. It is a record of heroism, like the history of all Catholic missions in infidel countries or in savage lands, evidencing that the apostolic spirit of self-sacrifice lives and energizes wherever the Church sends its pioneers and propagandists.

Some incidents culled from Father Clement's voluminous record² will best illustrate this. Though Aleppo, the Lebanon and Antioch were the chief centres of missionary work, their activities extended over a large field, taking in Nicosia and Cyprus. When the Capuchins set foot in Nicosia the Church of St. James of Persia, martyr, with a house or hospice adjoining, were in possession of a wealthy Janissary, who entertained a deadly hatred of Christians. Through contempt of the Catholic religion he stabled his camels in the church. One night while he slept he had a terrible vision. He seemed to see a great personage, environed in light, holding a pastoral staff and clad in sacerdotal vestments, who in a threatening and angry manner said to him: "Perfidious infidel that thou art, thou hast had the audacity to make a stable for animals of my house! Know that if thou dost not at once remove them, I will cause thou and all thy family to perish! I give thee this warning, otherwise thou wilt receive the merited punishment of thy impiety!" At these words he awoke, terrified. He told the vision to his servants to get their opinions; but to show that he was courageous and not credulous like the common people, related it jestingly, and they had a great laugh together at the apparition. On the following night he had the same vision again, but more terrifying than the first, as the saint, besides the terrible threats he uttered, looked as if he would pierce him with his pastoral staff and give him his last blow, if at that moment he had not made reiterated protests of amendment and obedience. The saint added: "Since thou hast not taken any account of the warning I have given thee on the previous night and hast treated this vision as an ordinary dream, in order that thou mayest be persuaded to the contrary, I shall give thee evident proof of it by the sudden death of thy camels. Go and see them, and if the result corresponds to what I tell thee, learn from that the truth, and resolve either to perish with all that is dearest to thee in the world, or leave my church and the house where thou art, which from this moment I forbid thee to occupy." The Janissary awoke with a horrible shriek, perspiring and more dead than alive from fear. Suddenly summoning his domestics he ordered them to go into the stall to see what took place, and if his camels were alive or dead. Before going, the servants, to quiet him, assured him that they were very well and that only three hours ago they had given them their meal. But the Janissary, not satisfied with these assertions, exclaimed, excitedly, "Go and see, I tell you!" They went and to their great surprise, found them

² P. Clemente da Terzorio. Defenitore Gen. ex-Segretario Gen. per le Missioni dei Min. Cappucchini. Le Missioni dei Minori Cappucchini. Stunto Storico. Vol. V., Turchia Asiatica. Roma. Cooperativa Tipografica Manuzio, Via Piave. 1919.

dead. Confused and trembling, they returned to convey the news to their master, who saw by their dismayed appearance that the vision and the menace were too true. Stupefied, they told what they had seen; and, although there could not be the least doubt of the truth of what they said, they wished that he himself should be an eye-witness of it. A manifest sign was that he resolved to leave the place with all his family and abandon it, so that the threatened punishment might not fall upon him. The news of this miracle spread throughout the whole city of Nicosia, and was confirmed by the deposition of the Janissary, who affirmed it on oath, and by the sight of the dead camels, who were carried through the streets in presence of the whole people to be the prey of dogs and vultures. When the Janissary left it, no one would take the house, buy it or pull it down to build another out of its ruins; so that, seeing it abandoned and of no profit, the design was formed of selling it to the French consul to put religious into it, and convert it into a little convent. But the consul, unwilling to become the purchaser, it was sold to the Capuchins, who had long been desirous of establishing a mission in the island, particularly as it seemed manifest that God willed to be honored in His saint in that place. Such was the origin of the Capuchin convent and church in Nicosia, where they labored so zealously and successfully that the Church of St. James was frequented not only by Christians, but even by Turks, who begged from the religious a little oil for the lamp that was continually kept burning before the image of the saint to anoint their sick. Another mission was founded at Larnaca and the friars ministered to the poor Christian slaves in the Turkish galleys and converted some Lutherans and Calvinists, fettered along with Catholic prisoners and who abjured their heresy; many expiring in their arms in devout sentiments who otherwise would have died despairing and in sin without confession or the sacraments.

It was in Damascus there took place the most startling and tragic incident in the history of the Capuchin missions in the East. Long notorious as the most fanatically Mohammedan of all the cities in Asiatic Turkey, it appeals to the historic imagination on account of its great antiquity and its Biblical associations. Proudly proclaimed as one of the first cities built by the hands of man, it was already the capital of an independent State in the time of David and Solomon. The Prophet Isaias predicted that it would be destroyed. When it fell under the yoke of the Assyrians and Arabs they reduced it to a heap of ruins. Though once surrounded by a superb wall, it is now largely in a ruinous state. The most beautiful of its numerous mosques is the Zekia, a temple dedicated to St. John the Baptist,

built by the Emperor Heraclius. The history of the city up to the coming of the Arabs resembles that of the other Syrian cities successively conquered by Persians, Greeks, Romans and the Emperors of the East. Finally, after many vicissitudes, it fell in 1517, into the hands of the Turks, and remained under the Ottoman Empire until, during the great world war, it was occupied by British troops along with Jerusalem, Nazareth, Beyrout, etc.

The Mussulmans gave a new life to Damascus, which they regard as one of the holy cities of Islam, calling it "the perfume of Paradise." The pashalate, or pashalik, of Damascus is the most important of the five into which Syria is divided. The pasha of this city is distinguished from others and bears the title of Emir Hagi, or Prince of the Pilgrimage; he alone is commissioned to accompany the caravan of Mussulmans to Mecca, and is regarded as a sacred personality. Damascus is the place of departure, where assemble pilgrims from Syria, Asia Minor, Persia and Constantinople. The pilgrimage to Mecca lasts four months: forty days in going, forty in remaining, and another forty in returning. Before the expedition of Ibraim Pasha a traveler could not enter the city on horseback, and woe to him if he ventured to appear therein attired as a foreigner!

It was in 1637 the Capuchins penetrated into Damascus and settled in the Maronite quarter. Although they had to suffer many severe vexations, their ministry was largely blessed by God with glorious conversions, among their converts being the Greek Metropolitan, the Bishop of Tyre and Sidon (December 20, 1683), who, in a letter to Pope Innocent XiI. makes mention of the exiles, imprisonment, contemptuous treatment and spoliation of the necessaries of life to which he was subjected at the hands of Mohammedans at the instigation of some Greeks, their priests and their Patriarch, Cyril, for having professed the Roman Catholic religion. The Pontiff, in his reply (August 19, 1684), speaks of the great joy he derived from his letter and from what he heard from the lips of its bearer, the Capuchin, Father Accursius of Chateaunent, who had received him into the Church.

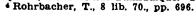
In the beginning of the last century the poor Christians in Damascus had much to suffer from greedy governors, a fanatical populace and insolent soldiery. The mission shared their fate, and if it was able to hold its ground it was through the exertions of two Italian friars, Father Francis of Ploaghe and Father Thomas of Calangiano. But the worst suffering was at the hands of the Jews, who put the latter to death under singular circumstances. A native of Calangiano, in the province of Gallura, in the island of Sardinia, he sailed on April 14, 1807, for

Damascus, where he spent thirty-three years of an active, zealous and fruitful missionary life. A resolute upholder of the Church and its ordinances, he would rather sacrifice his life than contravene them. A memorable instance of this was often related by the Observantines of the Holy Land, then in their Damascus convent, and who were eve-witnesses. A certain French traveler, whose lawful wife was living, wanted to marry another and used every means, but in vain, to gratify his capricious desires. He thought to put pressure upon Father Thomas to force him to accede to his wishes, and one day presented himself at the convent and with an arrogant and imperative air and with sophisms, subterfuges and threats sought to move him to join him in illicit matrimony. Finding the friar immovable in his resistance, he became furious, laid rough hands on him, and raised his sword to strike him. The priest threw himself on his knees, not to plead, but to protest, saying: "If you want to kill me for defending the ordinances of the Church, kill me, but I forgive you"; and, pointing to his neck, added: "Here is my neck-strike, do with me what you like; but know that God will not fail to make you pay dearly for your crime." The man who uttered those words had within him the spirit that makes martyrs; and it was a fate akin to martyrdom that awaited him in the sequel.

He went very much among the Jews, with whom he was very affable, trusting in Providence to be able to convert them. But he was to meet with no better fate at their hands than the Master, although he was in great repute among all the inhabitants of Damascus, particularly the Turks and Hebrews, visiting, consoling and curing the sick, distributing out of his little store as much alms to the poor as his poverty enabled him. Such was the esteem in which he was held by Turks of every class that in his regard they laid aside every prejudice or jealous exclusiveness, so that he was even accorded full liberty to visit and converse with their ladies in their private apartments, to which their nearest relatives were not allowed access.

Father Clement relates in detail, quoting his authorities, a case of ritual murder which reads like a page out of some mediæval chronicle, rather than a grave statement of fact, a well-attested incident of the nineteenth century. Prefacing his narration by alluding to the teaching of the Talmud, the disclosures of Sisto of Siena³ and a converted rabbi, and of alleged similar atrocities at Beyrout (1824), at Antioch (1826), at Tripoli (1834), at Rodi

Sisto da Siena, Hist. Santa, p. 124. Paris, 1610. See also Gougenot Des Mousseau, Les Juifs, le judaiome et la judaiattione des peuples chretiens. Cap. VI., L'assassinat Talmudique. Paris, 1869.





(1840), at Der-el-Kamar in the Lebanon (1847), and, much later, at Smyrna, he states that a Damascus rabbi, Kakam Jacub Elantabi, a great observer of the Talmudic laws, at the approach of the Pasch, said to seven of the most hypocritical and venal that they needed human blood for the feast of the Azymes. The latter accepted the atrocious task and from religious or monetary motives, plotted a plan of carrying out the orders of the rabbi. The victim designated was Father Thomas, of Calangiano, who was wont to frequent their quarter to visit and care for their sick. His assassination was made known by his confrère, Father Francis, of Ploaghe, who, on March 5, 1840, wrote from Damascus: "On the day of February 4 the Jews apprized Father Thomas that the next day, which was the 5th of the said month, he was to go to the house of a Jew, near the dwelling of the Hebrew, David Harari, to vaccinate a boy. Without apprehending anything, he went to the house indicated an hour before sunset, and entered it, but did not vaccinate, because the boy was not in good health. From thence he was led to the house of David Harari, as it were, on invitation. He had hardly entered when they bound him, stuffed cotton into his mouth with a handkerchief tied tightly, so that he could not cry out. There were there the three brothers Harari, that is David, Aaron and Isaac, and their uncle, Joseph Harari, Joseph Legnado and Musa Solonichli. Then came the Rabbi Musa Abu, who said: 'This friar is too well known, he will be sought after, and evil will befall our nation.' replied, 'Now it is done, we cannot let him go.' Then they summoned a Jewish barber called Soliman and said to him, 'Come and cut this friar's throat.' He excused himself by saying he had not the courage. Then David Harari took the knife, put Father Thomas on a mat and commenced to cut his throat; but his hand trembling, his brother Aaron came and finished the throat-cutting, the barber Soliman holding up the beard. The blood was collected in a large silver vessel, because it was to be used at the feast. When he was dead they stripped him of his habit and other garments, which were burned, and carried him into another room. There they began to cut him up in pieces; the big bones were pounded with an iron piston, and then the whole put into a coffin sack and thrown a conduit of dirty water that went through Jewish quarter. Those who cut him up in bits were the Jew barber, Soliman, and David Harari's servant, called Murad. The blood was put into a bottle and sent to Musa Abu." With the habit burned, the flesh in fragments and the bones pounded, and the whole

⁵ P. Francesco da Ploaghe. Relazione dell' uccisione del P. Tommaso fatta dagli ebrei. (Archives of the Capuchin Missions, Rome.) Busta: Siria, anno 1840.

thrown into the water, the murderers hoped that their horrible crime would remain undiscovered. To endeavor to cover one crime with another, they decoyed the Capuchin's faithful servant, Ebraim Amarah, subjected him to the same fate and flung his dismembered mortal remains into a sewer.

On the morning of the murder when the people went to the convent for Mass, they found the church closed. Many had seen Father Thomas and Ebraim on the previous evening in the Jewish quarter: none had seen them return. The French Consul and the Turkish Scherif took steps to unravel the mystery of their disappearance. Domiciliary visits were made in the Ghetto. Greeks told how they had met there Father Thomas' servant looking for his master. Suspicion first fell upon the barber Soliman, who was arrested, bastinadoed, and made to divulge the names of those who had taken part in the homicide. The latter having been summoned and persisting in their denials, Soliman, on promise of pardon, detailed the whole diabolical plot and its execution. Though they first denounced the charge as "calumny," when the eight Hebrew accomplices were put on their trial they afterwards confessed everything. During the trial two of the assassins died, one became a Mussulman, three were released for giving evidence, and ten were sentenced to death. The sentence would have been immediately executed, but the French Consul, Count De Ratti Menton, had the whole proceedings sent to Ebrahim Pasha, generalissimo of the Egyptian troops in Syria, for his approval; and this respite sufficed to save the lives of the convicted Jews, because, in the interval, there arrived in Alexandria two delegates from the European Jews. Montefiore and Crémieux, who presented a petition to Mehemet Ali, from whom they asked a "firman" for the revision of the whole trial of the Damascus Iews and to make further investigations. When they presented themselves at the Divan, Mehemet Ali said to them: "You ask from me a reply to your note; and I tell you that the prisoners are free and the fugitives will return home, and larger protection will be given to your brethren; and I think that will be better than a revision and investigations, the more so, as nowadays the journey to Damascus is not safe, and the wish to reopen previous trials is the same as to stir up hatreds between Christians and Jews, while I seek to extinguish them. I shall signify my will to the consuls, and this very evening I shall send my orders to Scherif Pasha; and although I may be immersed in my grave occupations, notwithstanding that I shall not neglect your affair, because I love the Jews, they being submissive and indus-

[•] The Jewish quarter in Damascus is subterraneously channeled with an infinite number of conduits into which the refuse of the district is thrown.



trious. Therefore, I give with pleasure to their delegates this proof of sympathy."

As a result Mehemet Ali issued two "firmans." in virtue of which all the Jews who had been sentenced to death (September 5, 1840) were set at liberty and every one returned safe and sound to his own house. "So the assassins of Father Thomas and his faithful servant, Ebrahim, remained unpunished. Certainly," comments Father Clement, "neither our character nor personal sentiments permit us to call for blood for blood and proclaim a vendetta against a band of scoundrels; we only say that the decision was not just; pardon is granted for personal offenses, not for the assassination of others. For the rest, innocent blood speaks for itself, and such was that of Father Thomas', according to the confession of his very slayers. The French Consul having had occasion to speak of the homicide of Father Thomas directly with Mussa Abu Elafieh, said to him in Spanish, 'How, in your position, could you ever have deliberately consented to such an act towards a person so inoffensive as Father Thomas.' He replied: 'I myself cannot yet understand it, he was so good and did so much good.' Thus spoke the English Consul, John Barker: 'I have not the least doubt that the sacrifice of the Rev. Father Thomas will go down to posterity with the Massacre of the Innocents."

When they recovered from the conduit a portion of the remains of Father Thomas, they were first deposited in a tomb near the altar of St. Elias in the Capuchin church; the Turks, who attended the religious function, denouncing the perfidious Jews and bewailing the loss of Father Thomas, many of them on their knees venerating the bones of the murdered friar; while the lamentations of the Christians, not only Catholics, but schismatics and heretics, were indescribable. The sacrilegious outrage was universally condemned by the whole city of Damascus.

Monsignor Massimo, Patriarch of Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem for the Greek Catholics, sent, on April 6, 1840, a long account of the occurrence to Propaganda, in which he said: 'As this Father, while he lived, sought continually to inspire the spirit of charity and peace among all, after his death there is found in a particular manner union and love among all, Mohammedans, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians and Maronites who are all unanimously grieved over this deed." He notes how some poor Mohammedans composed ballads in honor of the Capuchin which were sung in the streets; how it appeared manifest from their confessions that the Jews for thousands of years had been accustomed to commit these ritual murders; how antecedently many men had been missed from that

city and could not be traced until Providence had permitted that they should, through this misdeed, discover the reason; and how it was prayers to the Blessed Virgin that led to the discovery of the murder and of the remains of the victim, notwithstanding the scornful boast of a Jewess, the daughter of Nogius, the treasurer of Damascus, who said: "Yes; it was we who killed him, and we have thrown the body into Kalith; now if the Virgin can, let them make her find it."

Father Francis, of Ploaghe, put the following epitaph on the modest tomb, in which the body of Ebrahim was also subsequently deposited: "D. O. M. Here rest the bones of Father Thomas, of Sardinia, Capuchin Missioner, assassinated by Jews on the 5th day of February, of the year 1840." The remains were afterwards removed to Beyrout to place them in safety from the horrible massacre of Christians in Damascus on July 7, 1860.

A Roman painter, Constantino Giusti, out of gratitude for some services rendered him by Father Thomas, being in Damascus four years before the assassination, painted the portrait of the Capuchin friar, and, at the latter's request included in it that of his faithful servant, Ebrahim, faithful unto death. Two copies of it were made, one being sent by Father John Baptist, of Mondovi, to the King of Sardinia, and the other to the Most Rev. Father Eugene, of Rumilly, Minister General of the Order.

Father Thomas was not the only Capuchin who made the supreme sacrifice on the mission battlefield, where the forces of the Church militant were always in action, alternately combating and conquering or suffering temporary defeat, to rally again and fill up the gaps left in their ranks. During a rising in the Lebanon, in 1845, when the Druses and Maronites fought fiercely for two months, when thousands were slain and hundreds of villages were burned, Father Charles Andrew, of Loreto, a saintly man who, through humilty, declined the office of Prefect Apostolic, was killed by the Druses, who had attacked the Christians. When they swooped down upon the Capuchin mission of Abev. Father Charles, either to save his life or to endeavor to quell the mob, went out from the convent, but at sixty paces from it was cut down from head to foot by a scimitar and then shot and burnt, his corpse in a few minutes being reduced to ashes. Father Ignatius, of Aleppo, a member of another religious order, who had taken refuge in the Capuchin convent, thinking he was safe there, was killed as soon as the Druses entered it. Some Maronites at night collected the ashes of the Capuchin missioner and buried them, along with the body of Father Ignatius, in the mission church.

Father Basil, of Novara, the founder of the mission in Antioch. was another victim. That city included in its population Turks. Iews and schismatics, all hostile to the Catholic religion. Though loved by many for his zeal, his agreeable manners and his gifts of mind and heart, the schismatical Greeks hated him, they could not abide the great and growing fruits of his apostolate; knowing that if he continued his mission there they would lose numbers and influence. They resolved to get rid of him and had recourse to the most efficacious means in Turkey-bribery. The schismatic Greek Patriarch of Damascus supplied the thirty pieces of silver for the betraval: Omar Effendi, Governor of Antioch, was the Judas: the crucifiers, two Turks, pretended friends of the missioner. The plot was laid while Father Basil was in Alexandretta, at Easter. The schismatic Greeks, availing of his absence, went to the Governor, Omar Effendi, a fanatical Moslem, and said to him: "Effendi, there has resided in this city a foreign emissary, sent by the head of the Christians, who call themselves Catholics, the Pope, resident in Rome, the enemy of our religion. If you leave this man free, be certain that the Moslem religion, more than our Greek one, will suffer loss. It is a dishonor to you, Governor of this city, to let him live!" While the schismatic Greeks uttered these words, they dropped into Effendi's hands the purse with the thirty coins, which was more efficacious than words to permit everything and send them away contented. When Father Basil returned from Alexandretta, Omar Effendi summoned him to his presence and said to him: "Who has allowed you to turn your house into a church and pray there? Know that Antioch is a Moslem city!" To which the Father replied: "You have no right to address such observations to me, and in accordance with the mission with which I am entrusted. I can pray in any place." He then returned to the convent, where he continued his apostolate with still more ardor, and where he met his fate at the hands of his enemies. The Prefect of the Mission. Father John, of Termini, writing to Propaganda on June 5, 1851, says: "Finding myself in the Lebanon, visiting my brethren, the sad news reaches me of the assassination of the indefatigable, zealous and patient Capuchin missioner, Father Basil, of Novara, who for five years dwelt in the ancient capital of Syria, Antioch, the place of the primitive Christians. This son of St. Francis, the first missioner sent by His Holiness Pius IXI., in the first year of his pontificate, went to trace the footsteps of the Apostles. With tears in his eyes he affectionately raised the scattered stones of that sacred, celebrated, antique altar which cost such labors to the Apostles in the persons of Peter. Paul and Barnabas, such blood to the European

Crusaders, and ultimately such sufferings to this zealous missioner.

Ten days before his death I received the last letter he sent me from Alexandretta, where he had gone to get the faithful there to fulfill the paschal precept. From thence he returned to Antioch, where, on the 12th of the past month, at broad noon, the poor Father was found in his little church, barbarously assassinated, with his head cut off.

After celebrating Mass on the morning of May 12, 1851, Father Basil was approached by two Turks on the pretext of wishing to speak to him. One, who stood behind his shoulders, drew him somewhat backward, seizing him by the hands, while the other, who was in front, cut his throat with a cleaver. The victim, murmuring the names of Jesus and Mary, fell in a pool of blood. "The assassination consummated," says Father Giambattista, of Castrogiovanni, "the two Turks took the body of the new martyr and, by divine inspiration, unknown to them, deposited it in a worthy place—on the altar of the chapel! They covered it with a carpet and quietly retired, content with having gratified Mohammedan rancor with the murder of a minister of Christ. Shortly after there arrived at the convent the first pupils of the school, two sons of the Tew, Isaac Picciotto. Entering the courtyard they called the "abuma"; nobody answered. Finding the hall-door open, they went in and saw the floor inundated with blood, also the blood-stained altar, upon which they observed an unusual heap covered with a carpet; drawing near, they raised the edge of it, and what did they see? Their dear murdered master! Dismayed, they ran to tell the sad news to their parents. When the misdeed became known it fell like a thunderbolt on the whole city. Jews, Turks and Greeks (including perhaps the assassins) went to see the horrible spectacle! Omar Effendi, the Governor, whose office it was to take cognizance of the homicide, was the only one not seen there. What wonder! He was engaged in counting the thirty coins."8

Though the murder was committed in broad noonday, the authors of the assassination were able to remain concealed and unpunished. A long trial took place, but Omar Effendi and the others implicated were acquitted, as we learn from a record sent by the French Consul in Aleppo, E. De Lesseps, to the French ambassador in Constantinople; while their accusers, Hagi Mahomet Misserli and Behmez were declared the sole assassins of Father Basil, and were



⁷ Archives of Propaganda, 1849-1854, Vol. XVII. "Scritture riferite nei Congressi." Siri.

⁸ Unpublished manuscript, p. 349, in the Capuchin Missionary Archives, Rome.

imprisoned. Misserli declared that Effendi had promised him 500 piastres to murder the priest.

There being no cemetery for Latin Catholics in Antioch, Father Basil was buried in the Greek cemetery near the grotto of St. Peter, held in great veneration both by Catholics and schismatics and to which he often went to pray. This cemetery and grotto were afterwards purchased by order of Propaganda and are now the property of the Capuchin convent in Antioch. Twenty years afterwards, with a view of giving him more honorable sepulture, a marble tomb was made in Beyrout bearing the following inscription: "D. O. M. P. Basilius Novariensis. Ord. Min. Cap. Mis. Apostolicus, ob Zelum dilantandæ, Fidei Antiochia Missionem fundavit, ideoque ibidem Turcharum opera meridie cultre jugulatus est anno Domini MDCCCLI, ætatis suæ XLIII. iv idus Maii, exuviæ ejus his quiescunt." It was carried to Antioch; but the eye-witnesses of the interment were dead, no one could point out the exact spot where the remains had been deposited, and, notwithstanding careful excavations in the cemetery, the body could not be found, giving rise to the suspicion that the Turks and schismatics had made away with it secretly.

During the fanatical uprising of the Mohammedans in 1860 the Capuchin missioners, in common with all the Christians in Syria. suffered greatly. Wild anarchy, accompanied with slaughter, sackings, rapine and burnings, was let loose and swept over the country like a whirlwind. Father Vincent, of Serravezza, was saved by a miracle at the burning of the Capuchin convent and church at Salima. At the approach of the ferocious hordes, he took the Blessed Sacrament, pyx and chalice, and in the midst of dense darkness at night made his way to Beyrout, which he reached at 8 o'clock in the morning, more dead than alive, passing by precipices and cliffs and the most dangerous places, keeping far from the villages of the This was one of very many episodes which thrilled the people with fright and horror. In a space of sixty leagues long and twenty broad everything was in ruin; five cities and three hundred and twenty villages were given to the flames by the Druses. Damascus, where six thousand houses were burned and great heaps of corpses were buried under piles of rubbish, was a large charnelhouse. More than twenty five thousand victims were killed in two months.9

All Europe was moved; England alone said it was not so grave. France spoke loudly; its Bishops protested and the French Chamber urged the Government to take the initiative in armed intervention,

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, Vol. XXXII., pp. 401-402.

as the missioners and nuns massacred were mostly French and were under the protection of France. Lord Palmerton put forward the principle, which then prevailed, of non-intervention; the English papers asserting that the Maronites, at the instigation of France, were the slaughterers, and the Druses, the innocent victims of French policy and propagandism! This was said at a time when seventy-five thousand Christians, fleeing from their dwellings reduced to ashes, taking refuge on the coast or in the mountains, despoiled of every means of sustenance, were dying in large numbers of their wounds, from hunger, or from typhus or cholera. victims were six thousand widows and ten thousand orphans. The Pope, the French Emperor and the Christians of Europe, headed by France, sent relief. All the religious houses existing were turned into hospices; the missioners stripping themselves of everything they possessed to succor the needy. Napoleon III. sent an expedition of 12,000 soldiers to Syria, but they were outnumbered by the enemy. The English Cabinet, although it had first approved of it, after six months insisted upon its recall. But Napoleon held firm. The armed intervention prevented the total extermination of the Christians, put an end to the massacres, subdued the ferocious Druses and compelled them to pay an indemnity to the Christians in compensation for houses burned and property destroyed. At the close of December there were still in Beyrout and its neighborhood not less than 30,000 homeless Christians, mostly fugitives from Damascus. Upon the death of Abdul Medjid and the election of the Sultan Abdul Azis, peace was restored. But the results of the war were not soon effaced. A Syrian, after a year's absence from Damascus and the Lebanon, was shocked on his return to see thousands of unburied corpses and, in place of inhabitants, serpents and birds of prey, and all around him the silence of death; no longer flocks and cultivated fields, no convents on the mountain tops nor bells to call the faithful to prayer, and, in place of houses, caves and caverns or cabins of rushes sheltering the unfortunate victims, attenuated by misery and hunger. Desolation was everywhere. The glory of Lebanon, the beauty of Carmel, the majesty of Thabor had vanished!

From the principal parishes in France were sent about eight hundred sacred ornaments for the churches, while the missioners devoted themselves to the work of restoration. The Capuchins were soon in possession of all their residences, except Damascus. At Beyrout, when the number of Catholics had increased, they built a new convent and church, restored the houses in Salima and Antioch, and vigorously pursued their apostolate on Mount Lebanon.

where they rescued from schism many strayed sheep who had wandered from the true fold, and inaugurated a mission among the Kurds at the entreaty of some leading men of that tribe, seven thousand of whom in 1869 were ready to receive baptism, their high priest declaring: "We are of Christian origin and we wish to become Christians again." Some tried to dissuade them from this perilous undertaking, saying they would be poisoned or otherwise killed, but, trusting in Providence, they set out, passing over the mountain of St. Simon Stylites, where the missioners knelt at the remains of the column of the famous pillar-saint, invoking his intercession and blessing on their work. On the banks of the Euphrates they visited about eighty new Armenian Catholics, abandoned, without any priests to minister to them; other Catholics to the west of Aleppo being in the same spiritual destitution.

After the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, a calm followed the stormy times through which the Syrian missions had passed, the Ottoman Government relaxing its oppressive domination over its Christian subjects, while the animosity of the Greek schismatics against the Latins was mitigated. The Capuchins availed of this to open a large number of schools in the Lebanon to oppose Protestant propagandism and establish a college at Salima in 1882. In 1912 they had 117 schools with 5,685 pupils and five colleges with 385 students. Antioch, which suffered so much from a terrible earthquake that the missioners, whose chapel and convent were destroyed, had to live in a little cabin, became an important centre of missionary activities. A movement towards Catholicism in the surrounding villages was manifest in 1889, but it met with much opposition from the Armenian heretics. However, in 1891, thirty families received baptism in the village of Koderbek, where the mission of Seleucia was founded under the protection of Mary Immaculate. This mission received a great impetus during the prefecture of Father Marcellino, of Vallarsa, who, in 1896, saved from massacre the whole population. In 1899 a new house, which cost the mission 40,000 lire, was acquired at Tarsus, and in the same year was reopened the convent of Abbey, where there is a Capuchin college with 45 intern and 200 extern students. In 1903 the Syrian Missions which, during the French Revolution,10 had been placed under the juris-



¹⁰ During the French Revolution the missioners were temporarily under the protection of the Porte until peace was restored. When the Civil Constitution of the Clergy was decreed by the Constituent Assembly, the missioners of the four religious orders represented in Aleppo refused, on principle, to join in a Mass of thanksgiving and "Te Deum," which would imply approval of a schismatical order of things condemned by the Holy See. For this they were denounced by the local Jacobites and their convents sacked. The Turkish Government imprisoned the republicans and selzed upon their property. The Capuchins visited the French prisoners in the citadel of Aleppo and ministered to them, returning good for evil.

diction of the Italians, were re-entrusted to the French Fathers, of the Prince of Lyons, at the request of Father Bernard, of Andermott, Minister General of the Order.

Just when the missions were about to enter on a period of progress occurred the massacres of the Armenians in 1909. From the 14th to the 28th of April red ruin and desolation prevailed over nearly the whole mission field. When, on April 22, the Capuchins in Antioch heard that the little chapel of St. Peter in the old city had been sacked, one of them, Father Celestine, of Cotatay, went through the Armenian quarter, where a gruesome spectacle met his gaze, heaps of corpses infecting the atmosphere. The little church dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles, and where, hard by, is a fountain of limpid water held in great veneration by all Christians, was devastated and profaned by Mohammedan fanatics. The Capuchin residence at Koderbek was saved by the appearance of an English cruiser; but 150 men from that village, who were working in Antioch were all slain. Koderbek is in the midst of a region inhabited by seven thousand Armenians, mostly schismatics. Fifty of that persecuted race were massacred at Kirkhan in the Antioch region, the women and children finding refuge among the Carmelites at Baylan, a large Armenian village. Farther northward the Circassians sacked the environs of Akbes, where the Vincentians and Trappists have houses; but, fortunately, these missioners were not molested. The Capuchins at Tarsus were not so fortunate. In 1909 it contained 30,000 inhabitants, including 4,000 Armenian schismatics, 1,000 Greeks, 500 Catholics and the rest Mohammedans, or fellahs. There were four religious in the Capuchin convent. The mission had a school frequented by 130 pupils and a house of Sisters of the Holy Family to whom, were confided 160 girls. When, on April 14, the guardian, Father Constance, of Pellissonne, heard that the massacre had begun at Adana, he went to the Kaimakan, who said: "They are false rumors, it it nothing serious. You are safe, I am ready to maintain order and protect you." Somewhat reassured, the missioners went to the Armenian quarterseparated from the Turkish quarter—where they found that the Armenians had been killed in their own houses. The next day two of the Capuchins returned to the Armenian quarter to tell them to go at once to the Capuchin convent. Many followed them, but the Kaimakan, who was in agreement with the Mussulmans, told them that they had nothing to fear. The poor people, in their simplicity, believed the hypocrite's words and returned to their homes; but they had only put foot on the threshold when 300 Mussulmans began to rush through the streets, crying out: "We have finished with Adana,

let us do the same with Tarsus!" The Capuchins went back to the Seraglio; but the Kaimakan's reply was always the same: "Make your minds easy and quiet the people; above all, don't receive any one into your house.." The superior's answer was: "We shall receive all that come." They had already two or three hundred. The situation became worse when it was falsely rumored by the Turks that 1,500 Armenians from Adana were going to kill the Mussulmans, the falsehood being deliberately spread through all the surrounding villages. The brutalized Afghans, like madmen. battered in the doors of the powder magaine, obtained possession of weapons and, reinforced by Bashibazouks, traversed the city and, passing before the Capuchin convent, cried out: "The Armenians are within, we see them; let us begin here." Two of the friars heard one of them remark: "It is the French school, let us leave them alone," and another reply: "It is full of Armenians who have brought with them money, let us begin with them." But they made their way to the Armenian quarter first, intending to return. One of the Capuchins ran to the Seraglio. The streets were full of Turks armed to the teeth; but he went on boldly. "What do you mean by speaking like this, Excellency?" he said, to the Governor. "Twice you have said to us that there was nothing to be feared, that you would answer for order, and now they are killing the Christians! You are responsible; dread the vengeance of God!" The Governor stammered: "I can do nothing. I am powerless and distracted." The missioner then obtained from the Governor two soldiers to accompany him on his return. Passing through the Turkish bazaars he met a Moslem sheik with a green banner in one hand and an axe in the other, calling out: "In the name and for the love of Mahomet kill the Christians: if you don't you'll not enjoy Paradise." At such a sight the intrepid missioner went back to the Seraglio and saw the Kaimakan again. "You say you are powerless," he said, "and cannot you then have the sheik, who exclaims, 'Death to the Christians!' arrested?" The Kaimakan, to satisfy him, had the sheik arrested, at least provisionally. From all sides was heard continual firing, each shot meaning a victim. Christians of all rites, Catholics or dissenters, repaired to the Capuchin convent; Catholic, Armenian, Maronite, Greek and Syrian clergy being received as guests. They thronged from all places to the Capuchins. Poor mothers hurried thither with their children; for the least delay might cost them their lives. The religious of the Holy Family, heedless of danger and self-forgetful, attended to these unfortunate people. A French flag was improvised and upraised. The two soldiers, thinking it would draw fire upon the convent, were taking

to flight, but were held back. Father Constance, the guardian, and another friar remained day and night on guard at the door, knowing well that little trust could be placed in the soldiers, unless continually watched. Meanwhile the firing increased and incendiaries were at work. The Capuchins, at great risk, left the convent and secured a reinforcement of a dozen soldiers. It was providential, for, on their arrival, a band of Bashibazouks was before the convent, crying out: "Let us set fire to it! The Christians are inside!" Some of the latter had carried into the convent old guns wherewith to defend themselves, but the guardian strictly ordered them not to fire and prudently made them give up their arms; for one shot fired would mean the death of everybody. All prayed together fervently in the chapel, although most of the refugees were schismatics. At the approach of danger the Armenians fled into the orange gardens: about a hundred were surprised and slain. A fugitive Armenian was leading with him his two sons, when he met a Turk. "Give me your children," the latter said, "I will take care of them, and you can more easily escape." But at that very moment the unfortunate man was massacred before the eves of those two innocent creatures. When the pillaging and sacking of the houses of the poor Christians ended, the burning began, spraying the doors with petroleum and then setting fire to them. But that not being quick enough, they got the fire engine filled with petroleum and pumped it on the burning building. The whole city was soon a prey to the flames and resembled an immense brazier. Enormous clouds of smoke, black and reddish, rising upwards, flames ending in crackling sparks, human cries mingling with detonations, walls falling with a crash. shadowy minarets silhouetted against this lugubrious background, presented a spectacle at once grandiose and horrible. The fire continued all night; by the morning it had devoured everything: six hundred houses were only smoking ruins, four thousand Armenians had not a roof to cover them.

A Capuchin missioner who was an eye-witness of all these sad scenes wrote: "What nights our refugees spent! All prepared for death; Catholics and schismatics besieged the confessional. Weariness or fear did not disturb us. Some days afterwards, on the evening of Tuesday the 27th, on the resumption of the massacres and burnings at Adana, we were greatly alarmed. Not venturing to enter into this establishment, where hundreds of Armenians were protected by the French flag, they thought of setting fire to it. They began by pouring a bottle of petroleum over the front, covering the liquid with straw, and, saying they did so to prevent the bad smell, applied the fire. The sight of the flames enabled us

to intervene in time. Everything was to be feared at that moment; but presently things became quiet when the deposition of Abdul-Hamid, of which we learned during the night, was announced. The military commandant, an avowed Young Turk, came the day afterwards with fifty soldiers to reassure us: he spoke to the refugees and promised them that they would be no longer molested. To say that they took his word for it would be saying too much. However we breathed freely; the incubus of keeping vigil was removed."11 The number of victims in the whole Tarsus region was 553.

Father Constance, after visiting the Armenian quarter, wrote: "It is impossible to recognize this quarter which I have so often traversed, now incumbered with stones, tables, windows, half-burned garments and calcimined beams—desolation the most complete, the uttermost ruin. The presbytery and little Armenian-Catholic school were a prey to the flames, but the roofless walls of the new church are intact. The sacristy, transformed into a provisional chapel, was, however, saved from the fire, but the bandits forced the doors and sacked everything. The demolished tabernacle lay on the ground, the smashed baptismal font and basin in the middle of the chapel, the books scattered here and there, and the sanctuary lamp broken in fragments scattered over the pavement. A few paces from there is the schismatical Armenian church, the finest in all Tarsus. The efforts of the incendiaries were powerless against this stone-built edifice, but it was pillaged, and presented the same spectacle, but in a greater degree, as the Catholic church. The lamps, books and remains of the windows lay on the ground; the Bishop's throne had disappeared, and in its place nothing was seen but a heap of ashes; the large pictures defaced by sabre slashes or broken by kicking—everything in these churches or private houses was dispersed, given to the flames or fell into the hands of the pillagers."12

For such misdeeds there was no real redress, no one responsible was made to answer. The outbursts in Adana (April 14) had their repercussion in Mersina on the same day.¹⁸ The population there, composed of 4,000 Greeks, 1,000 Armenians, 1.000 Latin Christians or Catholics, and 15,000 Moslems, had good reason to fear on account of the numerical preponderance of the last named. It was known that bands of Circassians and Fellahs were roaming around Mersina, ready for the extermination of the Christians and for incendiarism, acting in concert with the Moslems in the city. There were two Capuchin missioners helped by three Marist lay brothers

^{11 &}quot;Antioch and Tarsus, Massacres and Missioners." Beyrout, 1910, p. 37.

¹² Op. cit., p. 38.13 Mersina is two hours' train journey from Adana.

and ten nuns of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph of the Apparition; while the Capuchin convent harbored more than a thousand refugees. The energetic action of the Mutasserif, or Governor, saved the city; all the inhabitants of Mersina paid this honorable testimony to him. But he was suddenly removed. Finally, on the night of the 21st a German battleship arrived and signalled its presence by a cannon shot; the same day it was joined by the French cruiser Victor Hugo; and then came English, Austrian, German, Russian and American cruisers. From that moment Mersina was considered safe, and all the refugees in the Capuchin convent went back to their own houses. But refugees from elsewhere, from Adana, Tarsus and the interior, fleeing from death, began to arrive in groups. knocking at the door of the Capuchins, where they were received with great hospitality. For three months the Mersina residence or convent was at the services of three thousand refugees whom the Capuchins succored, fed and clothed and saved from death. In the four northern convents of the Syrian missions, Antioch, Tarsus, Mersina and Koderbek, thousands during the days of the massacres and hundreds in the succeeding months found refuge. The Capuchins gained the esteem and good will of the whole population, and effected so much good that it might be chronicled as one of the most fruitful years of their missionary apostolate.

When tranquillity was restored the mission resumed its ordinary course. "That part of the East," concludes Father Clement, of Terzorio, "the birthplace of humanity and religion, tenaciously preserves the traditions of ages; in those regions schools from which prayer, the idea of God, religion and Christian morals is banished, cannot exist. The Orient is believing; true, it wrestles with doubt, then arrives at religious indifference; allured by the desire of becoming rich, it often and easily neglects religious duties; it passes betimes from one religious sect to another; but at the bottom of its heart it preserves the faith; it does not deny the sublime dogmas of God the Creator and Saviour, or the fall of man, the immortality of the soul, and a future life, happy or unhappy, beyond the tomb. And on occasions of illness and other mishaps, they have, before aught else, recourse to God, to the missioner, and make their confessions. It is a very rare thing for an Eastern Christian to die an atheist, and there is no instance of it. One may be steeped in ignorance or corruption of heart, but in the acute crises of life his faith awakens, his hope in the goodness and mercy of God assumes the form of pardon."14

For centuries Capuchin missioners in the Near East have been

¹⁴ Op. cit., p. 479.

laboring zealously and successfully, despite all obstacles and opposition, for the glory of God, the triumph and extension of the Church, and the salvation of souls. "God, in whose hands is the future of peoples," says Father Clement, "continues to diffuse His divine graces over that land of Patriarchs, Prophets, holy fathers and doctors, in which were accomplished the great mysteries of our common redemption, and fosters in our missionaries the spirit of abnegation whereby they are enabled to continue with everincreasing alacrity their difficult apostolate and bring back to the Fold of Christ the lost sheep." 15

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Dublin, Ireland.

¹⁵ Op. cit., p. 480.

ST. PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY.

T. PAUL, whose mission it was to loose Christianity from the cerements of Judaism and to inspire the pagan world with joy and hope, has a perennial interest and charm for the modern mind. Amid the intensive research and instructive investigations of philological experts in the field of that religious and philosophic syncretism which prevailed in the Græco-Roman world between 300 B. C. and 300 A. D., his epistles are continually the focus of fascinating questions. No other section of the New Testament seems to stimulate so many strange and often contradictory theories. In the middle of the nineteenth century, Bauer and the followers of the Tubingen school, basing their historico-exegetical method on the postulates of Hegelian evolutionism, accepted only the great controversial epistles of St. Paul as authentic. The remainder of his writings were looked upon as "tendential" documents whose purpose was to conceal the division in the Apostolic Church. Sane and sober critics, however, with the exception of a number of Dutch scholars, represented especially by Van Manen,1 regard most of the Pauline epistles as truly the works of the great apostle. Hence we may once more consider these as conveying to us a true picture of Christianity in the beginnings of its history, and not as documents mostly of the second century, in which the conditions of that age were transferred to the century preceding it. So too, all that we read in them concerning Our Lord, His Person and His life, comes to us certified and warranted by one of His own generation.2

But though the epistles of St. Paul have issued triumphantly from the test and scrutiny of the most acute theologians of the last century, a result which may be considered as one of the greatest gains which scholarship as applied to the New Testament has won for the world, yet somehow or other advanced criticism cannot leave St. Paul alone. It no longer emphasizes questions of authenticity, but the primary question now at issue is the essential nature and the sources of St. Paul's doctrinal system. Especially does there seem to be a feverish desire to disassociate Christ from Christianity and to lay upon St. Paul the responsibility of transforming the original

² A return to the traditional standpoint in regard to problems of authenticity was thus prophesied by Professor Harnack: "Es wird eine Zeit kommen, und sie ist schon im Anzug, in der man sich um die Entzifferung litterar historischer Probleme auf dem Gebiet des Urchristentums wenig mehr kümmern wird, weil das, was überhaupt hier auzumachen ist, zu allgemeiner Anerkennung gelangt sein wird, namlich das wesentliche Recht der Tradition."—Chronologie der altchristlicher Litteratur. (J. Hinrichs' sohe Buchhandlung: Leipsig, 1897.) pp. 10-11.



¹ "Encyclopædia Biblica." Art. "Paul"; Vol. III., pp. 3603-3637. (Adam and Charles Black: London, 1902.)

Jewish, prophetic and eschatological gospel message into a universalistic gospel of redemption, Greek in form and content. With the recent critics it is an incontestable axiom that St. Paul was the second founder of Christianity and the creator of a theological system. His inventive genius is exaggerated beyond all limits, and the distance separating him from Christ is deliberately emphasized. But the more the critics stress the originality of his doctrine, the more difficult it becomes to explain it solely according to the laws of natural evolution. Looking upon Christianity as a huge plagiarism, they seek its roots in Alexandrian Hellenism, Palestinian Rabbinism, Mathraism and in the Chaldean and Babylonian myths. The motive underlying the transformation assumed to have taken place in the character of Christianity as it was preached by St. Paul is said to have been the task which fell upon him of making his religion acceptable to the pagan world around him. Of late, however, the critics are beginning to be shocked at their own extravagant claims, and shifting their position they seem to repudiate their very basic principles, and blame St. Paul for every antipathy to modern thought in traditional Christianity. Hence the cry, "zuruck zu Jesus," which has been resounding among German theologians is inspired by the ulterior motive "los von Paulus." Our Lord, they say, preached but one dogma, the Fatherhood of God, and inculcated but one precept, brotherly love. In view of these aberrations of modern criticism it is fitting that we should inquire into the fundamental relation between St. Paul and his Master. For the apostle has been accepted on only one condition, namely, that he speak as a faithful disciple of Our Lord, and that his teaching has been received on no other supposition that that it reproduces faithfully the mind of Christ. Accordingly, out of this problem there arise certain questions regarding St. Paul's relation to the formation of Christian teaching, and we shall group our discussions under the following three headings: I. How far was St. Paul acquainted with the historical Jesus? II. What was the relation of his teaching to that of Christ and of the early Church? III. The specific contributions of the apostle to the development of Christian doctrine.

I. In regard to the first question, it is maintained by the principal followers of the Tubingen school that the apostle had but a vague knowledge of the historical Christ. They base their contention on the following misinterpreted text: "Wherefore henceforth, we know no man according to the flesh. And if we have known Christ according to the flesh; but now we know him so no longer."

³ II. Cor. v. 16. St. Thomas thus paraphrases this passage: "Ante conversionem meam opinabor Christum tantum esse hominem . . .; nunc credo quod sit verus Deus." Cfr. also xii., 18-22; Phil. iii. \$-8.

If any one will look at the context for a minute, however, he will see that St. Paul is here speaking of his own ministry and of certain people who had condemned it. Far from wishing to be judged by appearances, he desires to be considered not as what he seems to be, but as one who is a new creature in Christ. He himself, he says, has left off judging according to the flesh. There was a time before his conversion when he knew only a fleshly Messias, a national deliverer, the object of material hopes, the warrior king of an earthly Sion. But his conversion has changed all that: "but now we know him so no longer.' Now he knew a Christ whose love for him constrained him, in whom God was reconciling the world to Himself. Hence the distinction noted in the text is not between the historical and the glorified Christ, but between the Messias, such as the unbelieving Judaizers represented Him, and the Messias as He manifested Himself in His death and resurrection. St. Paul expresses elsewhere the same contrast when writing to the Corinthians: "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews indeed a stumbling-block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness. But unto them that are called. both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. For the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."4 To have seen the Lord Jesus with the eyes was in itself nothing to boast of. Herod had seen Him, and Annas, and Pilate, and many a Jewish merchant, and many a Roman soldier. But to have seen Him with the eyes of faith, to have spiritually apprehended the glorified Redeemer-that was indeed a privilege which belongs only to a Christian. And this is true of any one else who is in Christ. He must be judged not in accordance with earthly manifestations, but according to his spiritual nature.

By some, however, the above text is understood to mean that St. Paul had seen Our Lord during His earthly life. Both Ramsey and J. Weiss⁵ maintain that "Paul knew Jesus in the vision on the road near Damascus, because he had seen Jesus in life and recognized the man whom he had known." The question seems at first sight to be answered affirmatively in his first epistle to the Corinthians, where St. Paul asks: "Am not I an apostle? Have not I seen Christ Jesus our Lord?" But here St. Paul cannot possibly be alluding to any knowledge of Jesus before His crucifixion, for he certainly cannot found any argument on this acquaintance in favor of his



⁴ I. Cor. i., 23-25.

⁵ W. Ramsey: "The Teaching of Paul," pp. 21-30 (Hodder & Stoughton: New York, 1914). "The Expositor," May, 1901, pp. 356-360. J. Weiss: "Paul and Jesus," pp. 16, 29, 31, 40 (Harper: New York, 1909.)

⁶ L. Cor. ix., 1.

apostolate, for such a meeting would have taken place while he still disbelieved in Him. It can only apply to the appearance of Christ to him on the way to Damascus or to some subsequent revelation. Indeed the question, "Who art Thou, Lord?" in his conversion, seems distinctly to imply that the personal appearance of the Lord was unknown to him. In fact it seems inconceivable that Saul could have seen Jesus in His lifetime. If Our Saviour's personal ascendency awed even His most bitter enemies, and troubled the callous conscience of His Roman judge, if one glance from His eyes of infinite sorrow caused hot tears to gush from Peter's eyes, how much more heart-rending would similar reminiscences be to one who so pathetically complained that he persecuted the Church of God. Had he been in Jerusalem when Our Lord came there for the last Pasch. had he been present at the scenes in the Sanhedrin and the Prætorium, he surely would have violently opposed Jesus, and his voice would have mingled with the tumultuous outbursts of "Crucify Him!" Would he not, in view of his intense impressibility, have afterwards continually reproached himself for having thus persecuted his beloved Master? Had he been present at the sacrifice on Golgotha, to which he afterwards looked as the most momentous event in the whole of history, would there be no allusions to it to be detected in his writings? The question naturally arises: Where, then, was he at this time? He may have been at Tarsus, which after his conversion he regarded as his home. He was about twenty years old when the Galilean ministry of Our Lord began. His studies at Jerusalem were now over, and he had left Gamaliel's home, and probably because of his poor health went to his native city of Tarsus. When he returned later to the Holy City, where his married sister was also living, he eagerly joined the discussions about the Crucified One, began fiercely to persecute "the Way," and was finally conquered himself by the Master. Still another explanation of his absence from Jerusalem may be found in his epistle to the Galatians,10 where he represents himself as having once been a preacher of the circumcision. One of the special characteristics of Pharisaism was an active zeal in winning proselytes, as is evident from Our Lord's solemn warning: "Woe to you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you go round about the sea and the land to make one a proselyte."11 Now we know from St. Paul's epistles how impetuous was his zeal and how restless his desire of doing good

⁷ Acts xviii., 9; xxii., 18; II. Cor. xii., 1.

⁸ Acts ix., 5; xxii., 8; xxvi., 15.

⁹ Acts ix., 80; xi., 25; Gal. i., 21.

¹⁰ Gal. v., 11.

¹¹ Matt. xxiii., 15; Acts ii., 10; vi., 5; xiii., 48.

during his missionary career among the Gentiles. His conversion, while it changed his earliest and most fundamental convictions, only gave a new direction but did not destroy his impulsive temperament which must have worked in him also when he was a preacher of Judaism. Hence, during the brief visits of Our Lord to Jerusalem in the course of His ministry on earth, Saul may have been absent on some journey enjoined upon him by his party.

Thirdly, some critics understand our text12 to mean that St. Paul had but a scant knowledge of the life and teaching of the historical Christ, and that he even disdained and disparaged such knowledge as inferior and useless. The apostle's interest, they say, was only in the Divine Christ. Yet, while it is true that Jesus as the Messias was the central point of his teaching, and that the details of the earthly life were for him transcended in importance and in vividness by the realities and activities of the risen Lord, it is equally true that he knew of this Divine Christ only through His manifestation on earth. On the road to Damascus, in response to Saul's query: "Who art Thou, Lord?" the answer came: "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." Had our Lord uttered those vast, bright and lofty titles that were His by right, Saul would well have answered that this is not the Crucified One whom he was persecuting. But that he might know that he is persecuting Him who was made flesh, took the form of a servant, died, and was buried and rose from the dead, Our Lord tells him: "I am Jesus of Nazareth." And regarding this Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul, as we shall now proceed to show, testifies to almost every single primarily important fact. such as His Incarnation, Life, Suffering, Betrayal, Last Supper, Trial, Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension and heavenly Exaltation.

That St. Paul was well acquainted with Our Lord's Incarnation and earthly life we have sufficient evidence in his epistles. Writing to the Corinthians, he tells them that Jesus is a man: "For by a man came death, and by a man the resurrection of the dead"; that "if by the offense of one many died, much more the grace of God, and the gift by the grace of one man, Jesus Christ abounded unto many." And again: "God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and of sin, hath condemned sin in the flesh." The Messias was born, as true man and subject to the Law, in the "fullness of time." He was "made of woman"—a phrase which probably indicates the miraculous and Virgin Birth of Christ, for

¹² II. Cor. v., 16.

¹⁸ I Cor. xv., 21.

¹⁴ Rom. v., 15.

¹⁵ Rom. viii., 3.

¹⁶ Gal. iv., 4; Jn. i., 14; Phil. ii., 7; Lk. ii. 21, 27.

while it is true that all the apostle says is that He was born of a woman, yet notwithstanding the importance which as a Jew he attached to it, he says nothing of male generation. Our Lord, we are further told, was a Jew, a son of Abraham; for enumerating the prerogatives of the Israelites, St. Paul singles out above all the fact that of them is "Christ according to the flesh.¹⁷ The same Christ was a descendant of David. It was the apostle's mission to proclaim the "laetum nuntium" "concerning His Son, who was made to him of the seed of David." The apostle also knows of the "brethren" of the Lord, who were His cousins or the children of Joseph from a former marriage, and that one of these was called James.¹⁹

Our Lord's manifestation to the world is not in a manner consistent with His nature, rights and exalted titles, but He appears as a servant of all. The apostle, writing to the Church of Corinth, tells them that the churches of Macedonia, afflicted as they were, yet with a spontaneous liberality and affectionate enthusiasm for his wishes subscribed large amounts for the collection of saints; so too the Corinthians, abounding in so many gifts and graces should abound in this; he would not order them, but only asks a proof of their love even as Christ had set the example of enriching others by his own poverty: "for you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that being rich, he became poor for our sakes; that through his poverty you might be rich."20 While the reference in this passage is not specifically to Our Lord's poverty in material things, but to the poorness of His earthly life as compared with His heavenly glory, yet the context to the passage shows that most probably the poverty of the life of Jesus helped to complete the picture of His self-denial. The same idea seems to be implied in the well-known passage of the Epistle to the Philippians.²¹ In striving to urge upon these the example of humility and unselfishness as the only possible basis of unity. St. Paul sets before them the Divine lowliness which had descended step by step into the very abyss of degradation, yes, even to death on the cross. The Saviour was of a meek and gentle disposition-St. Paul beseeches the Corinthians, through the "mildness and modesty of Christ" not to despise his apostolic authority. He came to preach peace to the Gentiles "that were afar off, and peace to them that were nigh."22 He chose from among His disciples twelve apostles, several of whom are mentioned

¹⁷ Rom. ix., 5; iv., 1; Gal. iii., 16; Mt. i., 1-16.

¹⁸ Rom. i., \$; I. Cor. x., 18; Jn., i., 14; Mt. i., 1.

¹⁹ Gal. i., 19; I. Cor. ix., 5; Mt. xii., 46.

²⁰ II. Cor. 8., 9; II Cor. 6., 10; Mt. xx., 28.

²¹ Phil. ii. 6-9; H. Cor. iv., 4; viii., 9; Heb. ii., 17; v., 8; xii., 2; Mt. xx., 28; xxvi., 39; Jn. i., 1; v., 18; x., 18; xiv., 28.

²² Eph. ii., 17; ii., 14; Acts ii., 39; x., 36.

by name, who were to continue His ministry; among these St. Peter occupies a position of pre-eminence.²⁸ He limited His ministry to Israel, and did not go outside the confines of Palestine, for no other purpose than to fulfill the promises given to His people: "for I say that Jesus Christ was minister of the circumcision for the truth of God to confirm the promises made unto the fathers."²⁴ He taught that we should bear one another's burdens,²⁵ and is an adequate subject for imitation by men.²⁶ Our Lord's miraculous activity is not mentioned directly by St. Paul, but His miracles are presupposed when the apostle speaks of the "signa Apostolorum" accomplished in His name. Besides, we must remember that the working of miracles had not the same significance to one of St. Paul's age and surroundings as to a modern.

When we come to the institution of the Eucharist we find that the apostle gives us a minute and detailed account, one which would well fit into the synoptic scene, and which testifies that the author was well capable of writing as a historian. The house of Chloe had broken to him the news that the Church assemblies and Sunday services had become noisy and disorderly. Even the Agapæ lost their traditional purpose in connection with the Eucharist. The deadly leaven of selfishness, greediness, egotism and drunkenness, insinuated itself into these once simple and charitable gatherings. The simple narrative of the institution and object of the Lord's Supper, and the solemn warning which attended its profanation, is meant to serve as a remedy against these gross disorders. The Lord's Supper is traced for us in all its dramatic beauty: It was the same night in which He was betrayed, Jesus takes bread, blesses and breaks it; in like manner after he had supped, He takes the chalice: he pronounces the sacramental words over both species, adding each time the recommendation which should perpetuate the mystery.27 It is worthy of note in this connection that the reference to the Lord's Supper was called forth by certain disorders in the Church at Corinth. Had no such occasion existed, the epistles of St. Paul might have been altogether silent about the Eucharist, and then the critics would certainly hasten to assure us that St. Paul knew nothing about it.

The allusions to the death of Our Saviour are very numerous, being called forth by their dogmatic value. The apostle tells us that Our Lord took His repast with the disciples on "the same night

²⁸ Gal. ii., 7; I. Cor. i., 12; ix., 5; xv., 5.
26 Rom. xv., 8; Mt. xv., 24.
25 Gal. vi., 2.
26 I. Cor., xi., 1; iv., 16.
27 I. Cor. xi., 23-24; Mt. xxvi., 26-28; Mk. xiv., 22-24; Lk., xxii., 17-20.

on which he was betraved."28 These words contain "in nuce" a large part of the history of the Passion. The reference to the "night" implies a chronological knowledge of the events, and the word "betrayed" points to information concerning the traitor and the arrest. St. Paul also knows of the outrages and invectives with which Jesus was overwhelmed: "For Christ did not please Himself, but as it is written: 'The reproaches of them that reproacheth Thee fell upon Me.' "29 In him, he says, the sufferings of Christ abound, 30 nay, he was mulcted of all things to know the fellowship of His sufferings, being conformed to His death.⁸¹ In fact, is there not an allusion to the abandonment of Christ and to His prayer on the Cross in the description which the apostle gives of his own desertion at the moment of death? "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me; may it not be laid to their charge. But the Lord stood by me and strengthened me-and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."82 The Saviour out of love88 died voluntarily for us, having been fastened with nails84 to a wooden85 cross86 and afterwards buried.87 The Crucifixion took place at the time of the feast of the Passover88 under the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate89 and the Tews were responsible for the death of their Lord.40

So, too, the Resurrection of Our Lord is strongly attested in St. Paul's epistles, especially in that immortal chapter⁴¹ to the Corinthians in which he confirms their faith in this doctrine, and removes their difficulties respecting it. If they would not nullify their acceptance of the gospel in which they stood and by which they were saved, they must hold fast the truths which he again declares to them, namely, "that Christ died for our sins. . . . and that he rose again the third day⁴² according to the Scriptures.⁴⁸ He enumerates the Saviour's appearances to Cephas, to the twelve, to more than five hundred at once, of whom the majority were still

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28 I. Cor. xi., 23.

29 Rom. xv., 3.

30 II. Cor. i., 5; iv., 10; Col. i., 24.

31 Phil. iii., 10.

32 II. Tim. iv., 16, 17.

38 Gal. ii., 20; i., 4.

34 Col. ii., 14.

35 Gal. iii., 13; Acts v., 30.

36 Rom. vi., 6; Gal. ii., 20; vi., 14.

37 I. Cor. xv., 4.

38 I. Cor. v., 7.

39 I. Tim. vi., 13.

40 I. Thess. ii., 15.

41 Chapter xv.
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⁴² Does not this incidental statement that Christ rose on the third day imply a knowledge of the fact recorded in the Gospels and of the empty tomb?

⁴⁸ xv., 8-4.

living, to James, to all the apostles and lastly to him, as "one born out of due time." That St. Paul had taken much trouble to obtain sound evidence of the fact of the Resurrection is clear from his emphatic statement: "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.⁴⁴ The day of resurrection seems to have a religious significance for St. Paul, for on that day he establishes the weekly offertory for the saints at Jerusalem. Finally, we are also told that Our Lord ascended "above all the heavens" and that He sits on the right hand of God, whence He will come to judge the living and the dead.⁴⁷

Besides these testimonies which can be adduced from St. Paul's epistles to show that the apostle's knowledge of the historical Christ is all that could be desired, it is necessary to state in addition a few general considerations. In the first place, the critics lay too much stress on the argument from silence. Confident assertions and inferences based on silence are dangerous. Thus, for example, the common authorship of the Fourth Gospel and the Johannine epistles is undoubted. Now in the Gospel, St. John gives us an account of the human life of Christ, shows interest in it, in fact there seems to be internal evidence in his Gospel that he was acquainted with the synoptic account.48 But if we examine the epistles we find in them a characterization of Christ even more transcendental than in St. Paul, and scarcely a single reference to the human life of Jesus. 49 If we had no Fourth Gospel, could any one conclude from the silence of the epistle that the author was ignorant of the gospel story? Or again, if we argue that St. Paul was ignorant of the gospel narrative because of his scanty references to the earthly ministry of Christ, what is to be said of the Epistle of James or of the Petrine Epistles, Christian literature which according to critical authority is of later date than the Pauline Epistles and whose authors were familiar with the gospel story? Yet we find in them less reference to the earthly life of Jesus than in St. Paul's epistles. And to expand this argument from silence still further, what is to be said of John the Baptist, whose mission is attested by secular history? St. Paul must have heard of that mission even before he heard of Jesus, and as a zealous Iew he must have been keenly interested therein, 50 but in his epistles he nowhere mentions the great precursor. Similarly, although he was a Roman citizen, he makes no allusion to events of contemporary Roman history.

⁴⁴ xv., 14. 45 Eph. iv., 8-10. 46 Rom. viii., 34; Eph. i., 20. 47 I. Thess. i., 10; iv., 6; Phil. iii., 20. 48 Jn., i., 26, 27, 32, 38; vi., 68; xii., 27. 49 I. John iv., 2. 49 Acts xiii., 24.

Again, St. Paul's epistles everywhere presuppose what is known as the apostolic catechesis, an oral instruction which the apostles imparted to the neophytes before or after baptism.⁵¹ Hence the apostle knew more than he tells us in his epistles, and what he omits formed part of the essential elements of his preaching. It is omitted not because it is unimportant, but on the contrary because it is fundamental. Instruction about it had to be given from the very beginning, and did not often have to be repeated. St. Paul was a missionary before he was a theologian, and preached the Gospel in places where neither Jesus nor the Messias had ever been heard of. All this early historical instruction about the life of Christ necessarily therefore belonged to a period of St. Paul's life antecedent to that which gave rise to his epistles. If his writings therefore do not contain many allusions to the Gospel narrative, they nevertheless assume in their believing readers a previous and fairly detailed knowledge of the history of Jesus. We have ample evidence in the Pauline epistles to show that in the primitive Church such a preliminary oral instruction was given to the catechumens.⁵² Thus when writing to the Thessalonians, St. Paul admonishes them not to be stationary, but to advance more and more in that Christian cause which he had marked out for them. "We pray and beseech you in the Lord Jesus, that as you have received from us, how you ought to walk, and to please God, so also you would walk, that you may abound the more.⁵⁸ He exhorts them to "stand fast and hold the traditions" which they had received from his words and his genuine letter.54 They are to have no intercourse with all those who were "walking disorderly and not according to the tradition which they have received from us. 55 So, too, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, in trying to dispel their doubts and anxieties on the subject of the resurrection of the dead, he recalls to them his oral preaching: "I make known to you, brethren, the gospel which I preached to you, which also you have received and wherein you stand; by which also you are saved, if you hold fast after what manner I preached unto you, unless you have believed in vain."56 But not only does the apostle allude to his own preliminary oral instruction, but he makes us understand in his epistles that there were catechists who either voluntarily or officially instructed the

⁵¹ Mt. xxviii., 19; Mk. xvi., 15.

⁵² Lk. i., 4; Acts xviii., 25; I. Cor. iv., 17; Rom. vi., 17; Heb. vi., 12.

⁵³ I. Thess. iv., 1; Eph. iv., 1.

⁵⁴ II. Thess. ii., 15; I. Cor. xi., 2.

⁵⁵ II. Thess. iii., 6.

⁵⁶ I. Cor. xv., 1-11.

neophytes: "And let him that is instructed in the word, communicate to him that instructeth him, in all good things."57

Thirdly, St. Paul must have known of Our Lord already before his conversion. He was in intimate relations with the leaders of the Sanhedrin who contrived and brought about the death of Jesus. Being a man of alert and keen intelligence, he would not take it for granted that an obscure visitor to the feast was suddenly seized and crucified because of some indiscreet utterances, but he would diligently inquire concerning the events that led up to the crucifixion. Probably he was one of those who had disputed with Stephen, on whose face he saw the expression of such heavenly enthusiasm and serene hope as the Mosaic law could never inspire. And during his fierce persecutions of the Christians he must have continually heard from them some reminiscences of the Saviour. Who was he who had worked so many miracles during his ministry in Galilee, and who had caused so much commotion and excitement among the people? Who was He who had inspired the simple fishermen and ignorant publicans with a wisdom unattainable by a Hillel or a Gamaliel? Who could it be to whom his followers turned their last gaze and uttered their last prayer, and who seemed to breathe upon them from the parted heavens a peace that surpassed the understanding? Who was this whom they declared had risen from the dead and whose body certainly had vanished from the rock-hewn sepulchre in which it had been laid? These and similar questions must have haunted Saul in his unswerving determination to persecute and root out the Church of God.

Again, St. Paul was a man of commanding genius, of keen and alert human interest, and of an emotional temperament.⁵⁸

⁵⁷ Gal. vi., 6. Cfr. Zahn: "Einleitung in das neue Testament; pp. 171-172 (A. Deichert: Leipsig, 1907).

as St. Chrysostom finds in St. Paul's Epistles: "Isocratis tersum levorem, Demosthenis amplam sublimitatem, Thucydidis verendam majestatem, Platonis excellentem dignitatem" (lib. 4, De Sacerdotio). And again: "Cor Pauli coelis ipsis sublimius, orbe latius, radiis solaribus splendidius, igne ferventius, adamante solidius fluvios emittens et rigans, non terrae superficiem, sed animas hominum." (Hom. 32, in epist. ad Rom.)

And Bossuet pronounces the following panegyric on the great Apostle: "Il ira, cet ignorant dans l'art de bien dire, avec cette locution rude, avec cette phrase qui sent l'etranger il ira en cette Grece polie, la mere de philosophes et des orateurs; et malgre la resistance du monde, il y etablira plus d'eglises, que Platon n'y a gagne de disciples par, cette eloquence qu on a crue divine. Il prechera Jesus, dans Athenes, et le plus savant de ses senateurs passera de l'areopage en l'ecole de ce barbare. Il poussera encore plus loin ses conquetes, il 'abbatra aux pieds du Sauveur la majeste des faisceaux romains en le personne d'un proconsul, et il fera la majeste des faisceaux romains en le personne d' un proconsul, et il fera trembler dans leurs tribunaux les juges devant lesquels on le cite. Rome meme entendra sa voix, et un jour cette ville maitresse se tiendra bien plus honoree d'une lettre du style de Paul addressee a ses citoyens, que de tant de fameuses harangues qu'elle a entendues de son Ciceron." (Panegyriq. de s. Paul.) Ad loc. cit. Van Steenkiste "S. Pauli Epistolae." Vol. I., pp. 19-20 (Burns and Oates: London, 1899).

a man of marked characteristics, of an intense individuality, and marvelous intellectual power. He was trained in the technicalities and methods of Jewish theological learning. He had sat as a "disciple of the wise" at the feet of the most eminent of the rabbis, and had been selected as an inquisitional agent of the Sanhedrin because he surpassed his contemporaries in burning zeal for the traditions of the schools. He was intensely interested in all that concerned his people and his own religion. Hence it is hard to believe that such a man was ignorant of anything concerning Jesus, and His life on earth. For is it impossible that during his double sojourn at Damascus he would not question the faithful concerning the mortal life of his Master? That he had learned and retained nothing of his conversations at Antioch and at Jerusalem with the prince of the apostles, with the beloved disciple, with James, Barnabas and Silas, and with the other members of the nascent Church? That he passed so many years with the future historians of Jesus. St. Mark and St. Luke, without having heard of the miracles and discourses of the great Wonder-Worker whose preaching had revolutionized the world? It is inconceivable that St. Paul would take no interest in the life of Him for whom he was willing to suffer the loss of all things and count them as dung. The claim that a crucified Iew was to be obeyed as Lord and trusted as Master must surely have provoked the question as to what kind of a man Jesus was.

Finally we must be careful not to regard St. Paul's epistles as deliberate treatises and systematic expositions of Christian theology. We must not consider them as something studied and literary. St. Paul's epistles were simply letters, not personal, but pastoral, written on a specific occasion and to a particular body of his converts. They were suggestions in regard to local difficulties or arrangements, or words of counsel, encouragement, and consolation. They were subsidiary to the ordinary teaching, and he does not dwell in them on anything which is not a matter of difficulty or controversy. Hence they were not called forth by an inward purpose or necessity on the part of the apostle to formulate his thought, but each of them in response to particular conditions in the community to which it was addressed; and the contents and its form is often due to the apostle's intensely vivid realization of the situation to which he is addressing himself. Thus the epistles to the Thessalonians were principally evoked by the necessity on the part of St. Paul to quiet the apprehensions of his converts in regard to certain points of his eschatological teaching. Again, the question of legal observances, though settled by the compromise at Jerusalem and by the triumph\of St.

Paul's principles at Antioch, continued for a long time to harass the primitive Church. The apostle in solving the difficulties arising out of the problem left us the four great epistles. At the same time there arose in the Church certain theological and practical doubts on different points of the catechesis. The first epistle to the Corinthians gives us an idea of the many cases of conscience which the apostle was called upon to solve. Soon after this the purity of the Gospel began to be threatened by coming into contact with profane science, philosophy, and oriental theosophy. The Person and mission of Christ now became the main issue. In his epistles of the captivity. St. Paul answers and satisfies the questions of his converts, and explains the role of Christ in the order of salvation. Finally, fully aware that he had "finished his course" and that the "time of his dissolution was at hand," St. Paul began to feel the need of organizing his churches and guarding them against false and strange doctrines. Hence in the pastorals his main concern is to solidify the government of the Church and to exhort his followers to "guard the deposit."

II. Having gathered up the passing allusions and brief indications found scattered throughout St. Paul's epistles, and having corroborated them by some general considerations, we find that the apostle's knowledge of the historical Christ was more definite and more substantial than could at first sight be imagined. We come now to the second question, namely, the relation of the teaching of the Epistles to that of the Gospels. In the latter, we are told, we find a simple narrative, in the former a scheme of theology. How was it possible, it is asked, for St. Paul or any one having only the former to go upon to develop the latter out of it. In fact it is held that the distinction between the Gospel of Our Lord and the Gospel of St. Paul is so fundamental that the apostle may in truth be called the second founder of Christianity. Before we discuss the apparent divergences on which this contention is based we shall first show by a careful study that the relation of St. Paul to his Master is one of harmony and substantial agreement. From his own epistles we shall demonstrate that St. Paul did not regard himself as an innovator, and secondly we shall prove that he was not regarded as an innovator either by the apostles or by the early Church.

Nothing can prove more effectively that Christ was at once the Founder and the very substance of Christianity than St. Paul's own unquestioned statements, nothing demonstrates more overwhelmingly than the apostle's own epistles that it was not St. Paul that

made Christ, but Christ that made St. Paul what he was. For if St. Paul was in fact the founder of Christianity how is it that he constantly refers all his teaching and all his knowledge to the crucified and risen Christ? "For I judged not myself to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."60 Whence his plain statement: "For we preach not ourselves, but Iesus Christ our Lord,"61 and that "other foundation no men can lay but which is laid; which is Christ Jesus."62 For the sake of the transcendence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, the apostle was mulcted of all things and counted them to be a loss.68 Christ is his very life: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."64 Christ alone is His supreme glory: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross The apostle constantly puts his of our Lord Jesus Christ.65 own personality behind that of Christ in order that He alone may be preached, and is always yearning for the day to be dissolved and be with Him. In fact Christ is the "point central," the "idea maitresse" of all his epistles.66 Open at random any one of his epistles, and infallibly some reference to the nature and works of the God-Man will be found. Surely, therefore, he who pronounces even an angel from heaven accursed if he preach any other Gospel than that of Christ, would have indignantly repelled the reproach of having essentially altered or disfigured the Gospel of Christ.

Again, Christianity existed before the conversion of St. Paul, and hence he was not its founder. In two of his speeches and four of his epistles, the apostle reverts to his persecution of the Church. Twice to the Galatians does he use the same strong metaphor which was applied to his conduct by the Damascene believers. He tells the Corinthians that he is "the least of the apostles, not worthy to be called an apostle, because he persecuted the Church of God." He reminds the Philippians that his old Hebraic zeal as a Pharisee had shown itself by his "persecuting the Church." Even in his old age when he was thoroughly convinced that he was entirely forgiven

⁶⁰ I. Cor. ii., 2.

⁶¹ II. Cor. iv., 5.

⁶² I. Cor. iii., 11.

⁶⁸ Phil. iii., 8.

⁶⁴ Gal. ii., 20.

⁶⁵ Gal. vi., 14.

⁶⁶ The name "Christ" appears 203 times in St. Paul's Epistles. "Christ Jesus" 92 times, "Jesus Christ" 84 times, "Lord" 157 times, "Lord Jesus" 24 times, "The Lord Jesus Christ" 64 times, "Jesus" 16 times. Besides these we find many other titles such as Saviour, Son of God, and other incidental phrases where our Lord is not mentioned directly by name.

⁶⁷ i., 13; i., 23.

⁶⁸ I. Cor. xv., 9.

⁶⁹ Phil. iii., 6.

by his Master, he cannot forget the bitter thought that, though in ignorance, he had once been "a blasphemer and a persecutor and contumelious."⁷⁰ And when speaking on the steps of the Tower of Antonia to the raging mob of Jerusalem, he tells them not only of the shedding of the blood of Stephen and of the binding and imprisonment of Christians, but also that "he persecuted this way unto death."71 Finally, in his speech at Cæsarea, he says that armed with the high priest's authority he not only fulfilled unwittingly the prophecy of Christ⁷² by scourging the Christians often and in every synagogue, but that when it came to a question of death he gave his vote against them, and compelled them to blaspheme. 78 But not only did Christianity and the Church exist before his conversion, as the above statements show, but they were already widely spread. For he speaks of the "churches of Judea which were in Christ,"74 and when he was arrested on his way to Damascus, he was on an errand to persecute the Church even in that distant city. How then can St. Paul be said to be the founder of Christianity, which he did his very utmost to annihilate?

In this connection it may be interesting to ask why exactly did St. Paul persecute the Church. Was it not because he already knew a good deal about Christianity? He who laid waste and persecuted with unmeasured passion the Church of God must surely have known something about it. He was present at the trial of Stephen, heard his answers to the questions of the high priest, and approved of his death. Again, we learn from the Acts that Gamaliel was one of the Sanhedrin at the time that an inquiry was made into the missionary work of the apostles, and Paul assuredly must have heard his wise pleas for a toleration of Christianity.75 At any rate he would not have persecuted the Christians unless he had known enough of their opinions to give him a reason for doing so. If Christianity owed most of its existing features to St. Paul, if from him it derived its conception of the Messias, the idea of salvation apart from the law, its universalistic tendencies, if these had not existed in the early Church, there was no reason why St. Paul or any Pharisee should persecute it. He persecuted Christianity because it showed signs of a dangerous latitudinarianism which would break down the exclusiveness of Judaism, and destroy the rigor and supremacy of its legal system.

⁷⁰ I. Tim. i., 13.

⁷¹ Acts xxii., 4.

⁷² Mt. x., 17; Mk. xiii., 9.

⁷⁸ Acts xxvi., 11.

⁷⁴ Gal. i., 22.

⁷⁵ Acts v., 33-39.

Again, we must not suppose that the Christianity of the Gentile world was pure Paulinism. We cannot ignore those missionaries of whom many are unknown to history by name, but who labored efficiently before and at the same time as St. Paul. Before the missionary activity of the apostle began, Philip the Evangelist had already admitted the Ethiopian eunuch, and St. Peter had baptized Cornelius and his circle. And in the Acts we read that some of those who were dispersed by the persecution that arose on the occasion of Stephen's martyrdom, "when they entered unto Antioch, spoke also to the Greeks, preaching the Lord Jesus,"76 In the Acts. it is true. St. Paul's labors are described at great length as we would naturally expect from St. Luke, who was a follower and admirer of the great apostle, while the author's treatment of the other apostles leaves much to be desired. But it would be a mistake to conclude from the incomplete narratives of the Acts that St. Paul was the only missionary. We know that the apostles of Jerusalem sent St. Peter and St. John to labor in Samaria,77 and that the former made extensive journeys. 78 Again we read that St. Peter visited Antioch, 79 and very probably labored also at Corinth; on and from his own epistles we learn that he traveled considerably and that he wrote his first epistle from Rome, where as tradition attests, he planted the Christian faith. Hence, though St. Paul was the Apostle of the Gentiles, he was plainly not the first to preach the Gospel to them and admit them into the Christian Church.

This argument can be expanded by a consideration of the origin of the great Christian centres of the apostolic age. The first of these mother-churches is Jerusalem, but with the founding of this one St. Paul had nothing to do except to persecute it. The next mother-church is Antioch. But the seed of Christ's teaching was carried thither by some disciples from Cyrene and Cyprus, who fled from Jerusalem during the persecution that followed upon the martyrdom of St. Stephen.⁸¹ They preached the teaching of Jesus not only to the Jewish colony, but also to the Greeks and Gentiles, and soon large numbers were converted. It was only when the church of Jerusalem heard of this occurrence that Barnabas and Paul were sent to Antioch.⁸² So, too, the Church of Alexandria, the nucleus of a powerful patriarchate and the centre whence Christianity spread throughout all Egypt, was founded according to the

⁷⁶ Acts xi., 19-20.

⁷⁷ Acts viii., 15.

⁷⁸ Acts ix., 32.

⁷⁹ Gal. ii.

⁸⁰ I. Cor. i., 12; ix., 15.

⁸¹ Acts xi., 19-20.

⁸² Acts xi., 22-25.

constant tradition of both East and West not by St. Paul, but St. Mark the Evangelist. Finally we come to the mother-church of Rome, which in certain respects was the most important of all. The Gospel message was most probably brought hither already by the "advenae Romani," 88 who were present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. According to ancient tradition St. Peter came to Rome in the year 42, and it was only about the year 60 that St. Paul arrived as a prisoner, and exercised a vigorous apostolate during his sojourn. Several years before this, when the apostle wrote his epistle to the Romans, the Church in that city must already have been of many years standing.84 The Church of Ephesus, which he established and organized.85 and the churches which he founded in Asia, Macedonia, and Greece, never attained to such importance and influence as the great mother-churches mentioned above.

All the evidence which we have thus far accumulated is amply sufficient to show that St. Paul was not only a true disciple of his Master, but that in no sense can he be regarded as the founder of Christianity. Returning again to an examination of his epistles, we find not only remarkable coincidences and allusions,86 but actual quotations of the teaching of Jesus. Thus, writing to the Christians on the subject of Christian marriage, he says: "But to them that are married, not I, but the Lord, commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband."47 In the same epistle he appeals to the rule of Christ, when he maintains that as an apostle he has the right to expect the churches to support him: "So also the Lord ordained that they who preach the gospel, should live by the gospel."88 Again, he introduces his account of the Lord's Supper by the following words: "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you."89 He tells the Thessalonians "in the word of the Lord" that those who were still alive at the second advent should not be beforehand with, should gain no advantage or priority over those who slept.90 In his Epistle to the Galatians, where he defends his teaching and his authority, he says that it was by revelation that Christ made known to him the mystery that the Gentiles are co-

⁸⁸ Acts ii., 10.

⁸⁴ Rom, i., 8; xvi., 19.

⁸⁵ Acts xix.

⁸⁶ Compare: Rom. xii., 14, 17, 20, with Mt. v., 44; Rom. xiii., 7, with Mt. xxii., 21; Rom. xiii., 9, with Mt. xxii., 39, 40; I Cor. vii., 10-11, with Mt. v., 32; I. Cor. ix., 13, with Lk. x., 7; I. Cor. xiii., 2, with Mt. xxvii., 20; I Cor. iv., 12, 13, with Lk. vi., 28; Gal. iv., 17, with Mt. xxiii., 13; I Thess. iv. 8, with Lk. x., 16. Cfr. P. Gardner: "The Religious Experience of St. Paul," pp. 143-150 (William S. Norgate: New York, 1913).

⁸⁷ I. Cor. vii., 10.

⁸⁸ I. Cor. ix., 14.

⁸⁹ I. Cor. xi., 23.

²⁰ I. Thess. iv., 14.

partakers and co-heirs of the promise in Christ Jesus.⁹¹ And he definitely refers to the authority of the Lord in the Acts in a passage to which there is no parallel in the Gospels: "Remember the words of Our Lord Jesus how He Himself said, it is more blessed to give than to receive." If the apostle does not appeal beyond these few instances to the Saviour's words to establish or defend his doctrines, we must remember that he was far from regarding the teaching of Jesus as a collection of sayings, a law or written letter, which he had nothing more to do than to quote at every turn. From the beginning Christ was for St. Paul not so much the herald or preacher of the Gospel as an object of the apostle's faith and teaching. To know what Jesus Christ had said or done seemed less important than to love Him and give oneself to Him.

In attempting to prove that St. Paul's teaching differed fundamentally from that of the early Church, some lay much stress upon a statement of the apostle in his Epistle to the Galatians. where he insists upon the independence of his gospel. In this regard it must be noted in the first place that the apostle was favored with many revelations during his whole apostolic career. After his conversion the Lord directs him to go to Ananias, who becomes for him a channel of celestial communications. After his baptism the neophyte retires to the Arabian desert to meditate on the revelations received and to prepare his soul for new light. Three years later the Lord again speaks to him in the temple of Jerusalem. 94 and by revelation he goes to the same city to plead the cause of the Gentiles. 95 The Holy Ghost forbids him to preach in Asia, 96 "suffers him not to go into Bithynia,"97 but drives him irresistibly into Macedonia, 38 It consoles him at Corinth after the rebuff in Athens, 39 leads him forcibly into Jerusalem in spite of the certainty of a long captivity.100 and fills him with confidence when all hope of seeing Rome seems lost.¹⁰¹ To these revelations is to be added above all

⁹¹ Gal | 11-12

⁹² Acts xx., 35. "The books of the New Testament reflect, they did not originate the teaching of early Christianity. Moreover Our Lord originated the principles. It was these principles which inspired His followers; some of the words which are the product of and which taught those principles are preserved, some are not; but the result of them is contained in the words of the Apostles which worked out in a practical life the principles they had learned directly from the Christ." Sanday and Headlam: Epistle to the Romans," pp. 382-383 (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1901).

⁹⁸ Gal. i., 12.

⁹⁴ Acts xxii., 18.

⁹⁵ Gal. ii., 2.

⁹⁶ Acts xvi., 6.

⁹⁷ Acts xvi., 7.

⁹⁸ Acts xvi., 9-10.

⁹⁹ Acts xviii., 9.

¹⁰⁰ Acts xx., 22-23.

¹⁰¹ Acts xix., 21; xxiii., 11.

the grand ecstasy recorded in Second Corinthians which coincided approximately with the beginning of his active apostolate and which was perhaps an immediate preparation for his mission among the Gentiles. Not only, however, was St. Paul's whole missionary career under immediate divine guidance, but certain points of his teaching he received by direct revelation. The institution of the Eucharist, the indissolubility of marriage, the destiny of the just at the Parousia, certain great facts about the Resurrection, ¹⁰² the direct vision of the Saviour not only risen from the dead but exalted on the right hand of God, and especially the central and peculiar fact of his teaching, "the mystery of Christ," the free offer of salvation to the Gentiles, were undoubtedly all subjects of special revelation. As regards the life, miracles, discourses and the rest of Our Lord's teaching, these the apostle learned through human channels, for the history of revelation is against the fact that it is ever given unnecessarily.

But was St. Paul regarded as an innovator by the earlier disciples of Jesus? There were certain conservative Judaizers in the primitive Church who combated the apostle's doctrine of Christian freedom as a dangerous innovation. According to these the Jewish law was to be maintained even among the Gentile Christians; faith in Jesus was to be supplementary to it, not subversive of it. What then, was the relation of these Judaizers to the original apostles who were disciples of Jesus? According to Bauer, the relations between these was in the main friendly, but he holds that a conflict between St. Paul and the original apostles is a fundamental fact of apostolic history. This reconstruction of primitive Christian history is opposed by Ritsch and Harnack, who maintain that the conflict was between apostolic Christianity, including St. Paul and the apostles, and the Judaistic Christianity of St. Paul's opponents. The latter exercised no specific influence on the development of Christianity. The Catholic Church at the close of the second century was due to a natural process of degeneration of Pauline Christianity by the intrusion of Greek habits of thought.

In view of these various hypotheses we shall try to outline briefly St. Paul's relation to the early disciples and apostles of Our Lord. Immediately after his vision of Christ on the way to Damascus he was visited by a disciple named Ananias, who laid hands on him, baptized him, and gave him instructions. And the Acts continue: "And he was with the disciples that were at Damascus, for some days. And immediately he preached Jesus in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God." Similarly in the year 34 we find St. Paul at Jerusalem, spending two weeks with Cephas and making inquiries con-



¹⁰² I. Cor. xv., 22; I. Thess. iv., 15. 108 Acts ix., 10.

cerning the ministry and resurrection of Christ.104 Again, in the year 42 the faithful of the Church at Jerusalem, hearing that an important body of converts had been formed at Antioch, sent Barnabas to organize the new community. And "after a great multitude was added to the Lord. Barnabas went to Tarsus to seek Saul: whom when he had found he brought to Antioch. And they conversed there in the church a whole year, and they taught a great multitude, so that at Antioch the disciples were first named Chris-Hence St. Paul's teaching in this nascent Christian Church must have been similar to that of Barnabas, whose assistant he was, for it would be an untenable paradox to maintain that Paul was here an independent teacher. The collaboration of St. Paul and Barnabas was not limited, however, to the common preaching at Antioch, but we find them both together on St. Paul's first missionary journey. They preached in Cyprus, in Pisidia and Lycaonia, returning finally to Antioch, where they abode "no small time with the disciples." Hence St. Paul knew whatever was known about Christ and His teaching in the Christian Church of Antioch.

Some critics who insist upon the radical distinction between St. Paul's Gospel and that preached by the original apostles appeal to the following passage in Galatians: "to me was committed the gospel of the uncircumcision, as to Peter was that of the circumcision. For he who wrought in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision wrought in me also among the Gentiles."106 But who does not see that here St. Paul meant to indicate, as the equivalent terms substituted in the succeeding verse show, not the dogmatic content, but the twofold destination of the gospel. The legitimate existence of two apostleships, one appointed for the evangelization of the Jew and the other for that of the Gentile, St. Paul indeed did admit, but never of two essentially different gospels.107 Moreover the apostle ascribes these two apostleships and the abundant fruit they bore to one and the same act of God. If two hostile gospels are in question, it would have to be admitted that St. Paul attributes them equally to God as their supreme author. Hence the apostles could consistently give each other "the right hands of fellowship" since they felt themselves to be standing on a common basis. St. Paul in another place expressly says that he went to Jerusalem by revelation and communicated to the other apostles the gospel which he preached among the Gentiles "lest perhaps he should run or had

¹⁰⁴ Gal. i., 18.

¹⁰⁵ Acts xi., 25-26.

¹⁰⁶ Gal. ii., 7-8.

¹⁰⁷ Rom. i., 16; Gal. i., 7-9.

¹⁰⁸ Gal. ii., 9.

run in vain."109 In a passage of First Corinthians the Apostle shows how he estimated the work done by others alongside with himself and that which had been done before him in the Church. 110 So far from reproaching St. Peter for having built on a different foundation, he reckons him among those who were laboring on the building of God. And to God also he leaves the office of appraising the work of each. 111 In his Epistle to the Ephesians St. Paul calls this primitive foundation "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."112 But why then did the Judaizers appeal to the original apostles against St. Paul? For if the former were as Pauline as Paul himself. why should they be preferred to him? The explanation is not difficult to find. It was the life, not the teaching of the original apostles which appeared to support the contention of the Judaizers. Outwardly and to a superficial observer the early Christians in Jerusalem continued as a mere Jewish sect. Inwardly, however, Christianity was from the beginning no mere continuation of Judaism, but a new religion. It was only when the Christian Church began to transcend the Jewish bounds that the division became apparent.

So, too, the rebuke of St. Peter at Antioch, apparently the strongest evidence of a conflict between St. Paul and the original apostles, is rather to be regarded as evidence to the contrary. The critics make too much of this controversy which we find recorded in Galatians: "But when Cephas was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed. For before that some came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles: but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them who were of the circumcision."118 This passage, however, shows that in principle St. Peter recognized that the law of Moses was not binding upon Christians. 114 When he withdrew from the Gentile Christians to observe the Mosaic law of clean and unclean foods, it was not a question of principle, but of expediency, a concession to the scruples of the Jewish Christians. St. Paul himself says: "If thou being a Tew livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as the Jews do, how dost thou compel the Gentiles to live as do the Jews? For if I build up again the things that I have destroyed. I make myself a prevaricator."115 These words presuppose that at first St. Peter took up the same position in regard to the Iews as St. Paul¹¹⁶ and that only in

¹⁰⁹ Gal. ii., 2. 110 I. Cor. iii., 10-11. 111 I. Cor. iii., 22. 112 Eph. ii., 20. 118 Gal. ii., 11-12. 114 Gal. ii., 9. 115 Gal. ii., 14-18. 116 Acts xi., 4; xv., 7 sq.

this single instance, from a fear of man which he more than once evinces, he weakly gave way to the Jewish Christians.. But unfortunately this action of the first apostle had the effect of making some of the Gentiles believe that the observance of the Law was obligatory on all, and against this St. Paul protested. We must also remember that St. Peter was an apostle of the Tewish Christians who had not yet been absolved from the Mosaic observances, and that his action was justifiable on the principles laid down elsewhere117 by St. Paul himself. And, on the other hand, although St. Paul often condemned the Mosaic law, it was his hand that penned such beautiful passages concerning Israel as we find in his Epistle to the Romans. 118 He kept up constant communion with the church at Jerusalem, and faithfully cared for its wants by instituting frequent collections for the Iewish Christians among the Gentile churches. 119 And when we see in turn the Gentile Christians in Antioch. Macedonia and Greece ministering joyfully and often beyond their power to the Church in Judea, does this not betoken brotherly love and unity?

If we now turn to the writings of the Apostolic Fathers and of early Christian authors, we do not find in them any preponderant influence of St. Paul's teaching. If we search the Didache and the Epistle of Barnabas we can hardly detect any Pauline influence in them. In the Epistles of Ignatius, Polycarp and Justin the Martyr we have only a few brief quotations or reminiscences. In the great writers of the second century such as Irenæus, Tertullian and Clement of Alexandria, we find numerous quotations from the writings of the apostle, but in no way disproportionate to their quotations from the rest of the New Testament. 120 Nor is the type of doctrine that prevailed in the ancient Christian Church of a distintively Pauline form. Thus if we examine the Apostle's Creed as well as the Nicene and Constantinopolitan Creeds we find in them no specialties of so-called Paulinism. Amongst the Apostolic Fathers there is no definite form of Pauline doctrine,121 while among the great authors of the second century, such as Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Origen and Tertullian, there is not one that can be characterized as pronouncedly Pauline. Harnack himself confesses that "Marcion was the first, and for a long time the only Gentile

¹¹⁷ J. Cor. ix., 19-24; viii., 18.

¹¹⁸ Rom. ix., 1-6; xi., 24-32.

¹¹⁹ Gal. ii., 10; Rom. x., 25; I. Cor. xvi.; II. Cor. viif., 9.

¹²⁰ Cfr. Lightfoot, "Apostolic Fathers" (Macmillan & Co., New York, 1890); Part II., Vol. II., pp. 520-526; Part I., Vol. II., pp. 515-517. Cfr. also indexes in "Ante-Nicene Fathers" (Scribner's Sons, New York, 1905).

¹²¹ Lightfoot, o. c., Part I., Vol. I., pp. 95-96, 397 sq.; Part II., Vol. I., pp. 403, 584.

Christian who took his stand on Paul,"122 and that the "later development of the Church cannot be explained from Paulinism."128 Similarly Weizsäcker admits that "when we review the development of Christian theology in the period subsequent to Paul, we are astonished to find that only a part of his work was taken up and carried Out."124

The recognition of a distinction more or less fundamental between the gospel of Jesus and the gospel of St. Paul is established by the critics in the first place by the thoroughgoing criticism which the apostle in developing his doctrine of justification by faith brought to bear upon the law. St. Paul labors to show the episodical character of the Law, he belittles it, denounces it, almost as if it were hostile to the will of God. He rejoices in the conviction that for the believers in Christ it has ceased to be authoritative. Such views. however, seem to be foreign to the synoptic Gospels. It is nowhere therein stated that the Law was abrogated and that it was only a parenthetic expression of God's will. For indeed was not the Law divine, and was it not delivered among the terrors of Sinai? Could it have been enforced on one nation if it had not been intended for all? Did not Our Lord Himself live as a conscientious Jew. pay His visits regularly to the Temple, and inculcate obedience to those who sat on the chair of Moses? Had He not Himself been obedient to the commandments? If a distinction was to be drawn between commandments ceremonial and moral, where were the traces of any distinction in the legislation itself or in the words of Christ? Had he not bidden the leper to go show himself to the priest and offer for his cleansing such things as Moses had commanded for a testimony unto them?128 Had he not said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law and the Prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfill."126 Had He not even said: "Till heaven and earth shall pass away, one jot or one tittle shall not pass from the Law till all be fulfilled"?127

A contrast in language such as this, is capable of being stated in a very trenchant style, and may without difficulty be pressed into apparently absolute contradiction. If Our Lord said that He came to fulfill the Law, He also said many things which showed that these words had a deeper meaning than the "prima facie" application which might be attached to them. In the first place, Christ distinguished

^{122 &}quot;History of Dogma" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1899). Vol. I., p. 284.

¹²⁸ Ibid., pp. 148-149. 124 "Apostolic Age" (Williams & Norgate, London, 1912), Vol. I., p. 178. 125 Mt. viii, 4; Mk. i., 44. 126 Mt. v., 17.

¹²⁷ Mt. v., 8; Lk. xvi., 17.

between the Law and the official teachers of the Law. For the latter he has nothing but woes and commends them only in a very limited sense. 128 As regards the Law He frequently opposes the "I say" to the commands of Moses¹²⁹ and considers the Mosaic Law as capable of improvement.180 Jesus had indeed come to fulfill and not to destroy the Law. But what a change that fulfillment implies: "The Law and the Prophets were till John. Since that time the kingdom is preached."181 The Gospel is not merely a new presentation of the Law, but a new revelation. Certain features are common to both the new covenant and the Old Testament, namely the moral precepts, and in this sense the Law will persevere in all its integrity.182 Our Lord reduces the whole Law to two commandments.188 and tells us that the whole of it is fulfilled if we observe the golden rule of Christian morality. Certain other features of the old order. however, will either be fulfilled in their antetypes or being proper only to the Old Testament, will find no place in the New. These latter are the ceremonial and civil laws. Thus, for example, Our Lord dispensed His disciples from fasting.¹⁸⁴ and justified His action by two parables, which manifest the dualism of the Law and the Gospel, and show the imprudence of incorporating in the new dispensation observances that were proper to the old. Similarly, by the enumeration of a single principle: "That which cometh out of a man, that defileth a man," Jesus branded whole sections of the Mosaic Law with unimportance—all that had to do with uncleanness and purification. Again, every adult Jew was bound by the Law to pay half a shekel every year as temple dues, but Our Lord claims exemption for the children of the kingdom from the Mosaic tax. 185 Holier than the didrachma, however, was the temple, but even with its service Jesus dispenses. 186 When the world will have been redeemed by Him, its sacrifice will be replaced by the clean oblation foretold by Malachy. Finally, to take another example of Christ's attitude to the Law, the observance of the Sabbath was a precept of prime importance in the Old Testament, but Our Lord six times vindicated for the Sabbath a larger freedom than the Scribes admitted. Hence the divergences between Christ and St. Paul are more apparent than real. They are largely due to the different experience which Jesus and St. Paul respectively had of the Law,

¹²⁸ Mt. xxiii., 2, 4, xxvii., 15; Lk. xi., 46.

¹²⁹ Mt. v., 38. 180 Mt. xix., 4-9.

¹⁸¹ Lk. xvi., 16. 182 Mt. v., 8; Lk. xvi., 17.

¹⁸⁸ Mt. xxii., 87; vii., 12. 184 Mk. ii., 18-20.

¹⁸⁵ Mt. xxvii., 25.

¹⁸⁶ Mt. xii., 6; Jn., iv., 21-23.

and to the fact that whereas the criticism of the apostle was directed against the system, that of Our Lord was aimed at the persons who represented it. Both repudiate it insofar as it contained and sought to enforce ceremonial precepts the effect of which was to lead men to be satisfied with their performance, and both appeal from it to the divine purpose of which it was a relative expression.

The second main and even more important group of divergences is that connected with the teaching of St. Paul as to the Person and work of Christ. Can the Jesus of the synoptic Gospels, it is asked. be the Eternal Son in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead of the Epistle to the Colossians? The problem, however, as thus stated, no longer presents serious difficulties. The day is now past when the divine Christ of the Pauline epistles is confronted with the human Christ of St. Mark. Historical students of all shades of opinion have come to see that St. Mark as well as St. Paul present an exalted Christology, and it is not necessary to enumerate here the many proofs and arguments in favor of this fact. But not only is St. Paul in agreement with the synoptics, but he everywhere appears in perfect harmony with all Palestinian Christians. In the whole New Testament there is not a trace of a conflict, and this remarkable absence of struggle between the Pauline and the primitive conception can only be explained if the two were essentially the same. St. Paul had been in direct consultation with St. Peter and there is every reason to believe that from the very beginning the exalted Christology of St. Paul was accepted by the Church of Ierusalem. And ever since that time the gospel narrative and the theology of the Pauline epistles were received without misgiving by countless generations of Christian theology and Christian devotion. It is only in modern times that in spite of this unanimous belief of eighteen centuries, a Harnack, a Strauss, a Renan, a Drews, a Kaltloff, a Schmiedel, a Roberts, a Campbell, and others, have deigned to give us a true picture of Christ, and to point out the mistake of the apostles!187 And finally, we must remember that between Our Lord and and St. Paul there stand certain facts which both account for and justify the additional features in the Pauline teaching. The gospels create but leave unsatisfied a demand for an interpretation of Our Lord's function in the world, of His death, and of His Resurrection.

The problem, however, of the relation of the epistles to the synoptics has in later years taken on a new and more formidable aspect. It is now maintained by the critics that the gospels, especially the



¹⁸⁷ In regard to modern conceptions of the Person and Nature of Christ see S. N. Rostron. "Christology of St. Paul," pp. 196-229. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 1912.)

fourth, were written after St. Paul's epistles, and that they were affected by Pauline teaching. To a certain extent it is no longer the historical Jesus which the gospels describe, but the Pauline Christ. Accordingly, there is not a single document which presents a pre-Pauline conception of Christ. Hence any comparisons between the two are valueless. According to certain critics, as Brückner and Wrede, St. Paul's Christology had its origin in the Jewish Apocalypses and after his conversion was identified with Jesus of Nazareth. If this contention were true, then of course the very foundation of our arguments for the Divinity of Christ is destroyed. But this supposition has not even a semblance of truth. In order that Pauline conceptions should be able to affect the evangelical material by additions and modifications it is necessary to suppose that the material was at the time in a fairly fluid state, capable of responding to the moulding of a later scheme of thought, and that effective contact was established between the two. But granted these conditions. is it possible to explain how the traces of Pauline influence are so few in number? Why did it leave so much of the gospel material unaltered and especially those passages which now suggest antinomy between Our Lord and St. Paul. 188 It is inconceivable also that the Pauline conception could gain ascendency over the primitive conception without a struggle, but of such we have no trace. In the supposed Pauline passages the writers are quite unaware that one view is being replaced by another. This conclusion is supported by the positive evidence which has recently been urged for dating the gospels at a time when the Pauline epistles, even if some of them had already been written, could not have been collected and begun to dominate the Church at large. Hence the belief in the divinity of Christ in the primitive Church was not due to any Pauline influences but found its justification in the Divine Jesus Himself. For it is inconceivable that the early Christians came to regard the man Jesus as a divine being immediately after His death. Such an anotheosis of Jesus, as even critics of the most thoroughgoing naturalistic principles admit, would be absolutely unique, preternaturally rapid and unparalleled in the religious history of the race. 189

In like manner all the other fundamental doctrines of St. Paul are already to be found in the teaching of Jesus in the gospels. Thus the idea that the kingdom of God was to be extended far beyond the boundaries of Israel was explicitly taught by Our Lord¹⁴⁰ and inculcated by His actions;¹⁴¹ moreover innumerable sayings of the

¹³⁸ Compare Mk. x., 15, and vii., 27. 189 Lepin, "Christ and the Gospel" (J. J. McVay, 1910), pp. 129, 133, 176-183.

¹⁴⁰ Mt. xxviii., 9; v., 13, 14; Mt. viii., 11; Lk. xiii., 29; Mt. xxi., 43. 141 Mt. iv., 15; xv., 21.

prophets already predicted the reception of the heathen into the kingdom of God. 142 Again, St. Paul's doctrine of universal sinfulness¹⁴⁸ of the atonement, ¹⁴⁴ of salvation by faith, ¹⁴⁵ his teaching concerning Christ's headship over the angelic world, 146 his contrast between the spirit and the flesh,147 are all to be found in the Gospel narrative. The same is true with regard to the organization and ordinances of the Church. The offices of deacon, 148 of elder, 149 and of evangelist. 150 and the sacraments 151 are all pre-Pauline. Even those elements in the teaching of Jesus which by modern critics are regarded as most characteristic of Him, namely the Fatherhood of God and love as the fulfilling of the law are to be found in St. Paul's epistles. 162 The invocation of God under the name Father, which comes directly from the gospel, familiar invocation to St. Paul. 158 So, too, the apostle's whole life of tactful adaptation to varying conditions, of restless energy and untold hardships exemplify his love not only of Christ, but also of those for whom Christ died. And if St. Paul presents the teaching of his Master in a different form at times, we must remember that this is largely due to his peculiar Rabbinical and Hellenic education. The remarkable thing is that Christ's teaching should be so faithfully reproduced in St. Paul's epistles as it actually is.

III. What was then St. Paul's distinctive contribution to Christianity? St. Paul may be called the creator of Christianity because of his more definite formulation of the faith. Though in his epistles there is no specific creed, yet almost all his statements bear the impress of careful thought. The main beliefs of the early Church were already in the process of being formulated and certain traces of this can be seen in the epistles. The confession, "Jesus is Lord," with all that it implied was general among the Christian believers. Then there is the theological argument, 184 the gospels of the Incarnation and Ascension, 186 certain Trinitarian phrases, 187 and the final benediction of Second Corinthians. 188 Especially do we find a more

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142 Micheas iv., 1-4; Is. ii., 2-4; xix., 18-25; Ps. xxii., 28.
143 Rom. iii., 23; Mt. vii., 11.
144 Mt. xx., 28; Mk. x., 45.
145 Lk. xviii., 14.
146 Eph. i., 20; Mt. xxviii., 18.
147 Mt. xxvi., 41.
148 Acts vi.
149 Acts xi., 30.
150 Acts viii.
151 Rom. vi., 3, 4; I. Cor. xi., 23-29.
152 Rom. xiii., 8-10; Gal. iv., 1-7; I. Thess. i., 1.
153 Rom. viii., 15-17.
154 I. Cor. viii., 6.
155 Phil. ii., 6-11.
156 Eph. i., 20-23.
157 Eph. iv. 4-6; Col. i., 3, 4, 8.
158 II. Cor. xiii., 4.
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detailed enunciation of the doctrine which forms the central idea of all the Pauline epistles, namely, the redemption. St. Paul's teaching, which is Christocentric, is at base a soteriology, not from a subjective standpoint as was held by the founders of Protestantism, who made justification by faith the essence of Paulinism, but from the objective viewpoint, embracing the person and work of the Redeemer. From Calvary as from a central point of observation, the apostle examines the mystery in all its different aspects. Since the redemption was conditioned by the fall of our first parents. St. Paul proceeds to describe not only its author and its consequences. but also its antecedents. The apostle's development of the doctrine contains the following constitutive elements: God's plan of the redemption, the contrast of the two Adams, the antithesis between flesh and spirit, the function and purpose of the Law, the atoning death of Christ, justification by faith, the resurrection of Christ as an intrinsic complement of the redemption, the sacraments, and, finally, the fruits of the redemption. But in this connection we must again remember that St. Paul did not originate the doctrine of the redemption. It already existed as a historical fact in the Crucifixion. The germ of the teaching is already to be found in the Gospels. 150 and St. Paul only gave us a fuller and more detailed statement of the atoning significance of Christ's death.

In view of what has just been said above, it is to be expected that the central point of St. Paul's "gospel" would be the universal reconciliation and redemption of all men in and by Christ. The "gospel" of Paul, also called at times the "mystery of God" or the "mystery of Christ," is a plan of salvation conceived by God from all eternity, hidden in the penumbra of the old revelation, insinuated by the prophets, and now solemnly proclaimed to the whole universe, a plan whereby Christ is to be a universal Saviour and a common hope, not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentiles. This was in his eyes "the mystery which hath been hidden from ages and generations, but now is manifested to his saints." This according to the Ephesians was the "mystery which in other generations was not

¹⁵⁹ Mk. x., 45; Mt. xx., 28.
160 "Paul entend sans doute par 'son evangile' la forme speciale que prenait, le message du salut en passant du judaisme a la gentilite, le tour qui caracterise sa predication dans les milieux paiens. Ce serait donc en premiere ligne l'egalite des hommes dans le plan redempteur, l' admission des Gentils dans l'Eglise sur le meme pied que les Juifs, l' abolition de la Loi mosalque, la liberte qui en resulte pour tous, specialement pour les chretiens sortis du paganisme, la justification des hommes par la foi independamment des oeuvres de la Loi; l'ncorporation des fideles au Christ par le baptime. l'union de tous en lui avec la communion des saints qui en est le corollaire, en un mot toutes les proprietes du corps mystique du Christ." F. Prat: "La Theologie de Saint Paul," Vol. I., p. 53. (Beauchesne, Paris, 1908.)

known to the sons of men, as it is now revealed to His holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs and of the same body, and co-partners of His promise in Christ Jesus, by the gospel."162 It is this breaking down of the middle wall of partition which causes St. Paul to rejoice with great joy. This was the supreme truth of that "gospel" which St. Paul received "not of man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ,"168 and which was characterized by this special feature that it proclaimed salvation for the Gentiles apart from any necessity of coming under the Law of Moses. To this is due the title which he gives it, "the gospel of the uncircumcision,"104 as well as the propriety of communicating its specific character to the leaders in Jerusalem. 165

It is clear, therefore, that a closer examination of the relation between the teaching of Jesus and that of St. Paul confirms our primary contention that St. Paul reproduces in a very remarkable way the mind of Christ. The ultimate source of the apostle's teaching was the life and words of Our Lord; and equally did he share with the Apostolic Church the main elements of his teaching. At his conversion he accepted the belief that Jesus was the Christ, and at this moment also the foundation of his doctrinal system was laid. He perceived in himself a powerful spiritual change, and under this influence and with the aid of divine revelation and inspiration he worked out for the world the full significance of the life, death and resurrection of Christ. Radical critics in reconstructing primitive Christianity maintain that St. Paul was not a disciple of Jesus. We admit their contention; he was not a disciple of the Jesus which liberal criticism has constructed, but he was a disciple of the Jesus whom we find depicted in the Gospels.

RUDOLPH G. BANDAS, B. A.

St. Paul, Minn.

¹⁶² Eph. i., 1-13.

¹⁶⁸ Gal. i., 12.

¹⁶⁴ Gal. ii., 7. 165 Gal. ii., 2.

LOUVAIN.

A S IS now matter of history, one of the places which suffered most in the great war was Louvain, the fine old city, once the capital of Brabant, the city so famous for art and learning that it has been called the Athens of Belgium.

For the ordinary tourist remaining but a short time, and satisfied with a superficial glance, this dull old city on the Dyle had but little interest. Over the whole place there was an atmosphere of dinginess, of lifelessness. One quickly tired of the new portion, though its streets were wide and straight, yet wearisome and monotonous because of their regularity, whilst for the casual observer, as we have said, the somewhat gloomy mediæval quarter, so rich in historic associations, had little or no attraction.

From the beginning of the eleventh century Louvain—the name is derived from *loc* (a wooded height), and *veen* (a marble)—was the residence of a long line of counts who later succeeded in getting possession of the duchy of Lower Lorraine, where they assumed the title of Dukes of Brabant.

At one period of its history, notably in the fourteenth century, like many other Flemish cities, Louvain was very prosperous and of great importance, one of the chief centres of Continental commerce, numbering close on 200,000 inhabitants, most of whom were engaged in the cloth trade. A very turbulent set these weavers seem to have been, constantly in revolt against the authorities.

Wandering through the silent, deserted streets of the old town, a stranger found it hard to realize that they were once the scene of busy life, once were filled with a noisy, excitable population, and that they constantly reëchoed to the sound of strife. Often, before to-day, in the course of its history, have the streets of Louvain been reddened with blood.

In 1378, during a more than usually violent outbreak or insurrection, thirteen of the magistrates of the city, all of them patricians, were flung from the windows of the Hotel de Ville, to be dispatched by the spears of the revolutionary mob thirsting for their blood in the street below. In 1382, Duke Wenceslaus of Brabant, in revenge for this massacre, imposed such heavy taxes on the people that 100,000 of them migrated, numbers to Holland, but the majority to England, taking with them the secrets of their trade. From that time may be dated the decline in Louvain's material prosperity and importance.

But the chief glory of Louvain, that which made her famous amongst the learned of every nation, has ever been her University, which was founded in 1425, by Pope Martin II., at the instance of John III., Duke of Burgundy. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as many as 6,000 students yearly flocked to this great centre of learning and numbers of illustrious sons spread the fame of their alma mater throughout Europe. During these two centuries Louvain ranked high amongst the great Continental schools as a centre of learning and culture.

The world to-day is the poorer for the destruction of Louvain, but Ireland in particular has cause to mourn the ruin which has come upon the old University city. During the darkest days in her history, when persecution had quenched the lamp of learning in the land, Louvain opened her hospitable gates and welcomed to the halls of her famous University Irish students, Irish priests, some of whom studied there long before the foundation of the Irish Franciscan College. Amongst these early students was Archbishop O'Hurley, of Cashel, who afterwards received the crown of martyrdom.

The first Irish college in Louvain was founded by Eugene Matthews, who was appointed Archbishop of Dublin in 1611, being translated from the Diocese of Clogher. Driven into exile, Archbishop Matthews retired to Louvain, where in 1623 he founded a college for Irish students which ranked as the nineteenth in the records of the University. Archbishop Matthews' death occurred in the same year.

Early in the seventeenth century we find the name of Peter Lombard, the son of a wealthy merchant of Waterford, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, inscribed amongst those of the most distinguished students of Louvain University, which at that time had twenty-nine colleges under its constitution, then regarded as one of the first in Europe.

Peter Lombard remained in Louvain for fifteen years, and during these years his reputation for learning attracted the attention of Pope Clement VIII. Lombard was made Provost of Cambrai, and finally, in 1598, was chosen Archbishop of Armagh.

The state of Ireland rendering it unsafe for him to appear in his diocese, where he died in 1625, he was succeeded in the archiepiscopal see by Hugh MacCaghwell (Cavellus), a native of the County Down. Educated at Salamanca, MacCaghwell had joined the Franciscan Order in that city, and for many years held the chair of theology in the Louvain University. It was during his stay in Louvain that Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, with the learned theologian's assistance, prevailed on Philip III. to found the Irish Franciscan College of St. Anthony of Padua.

In 1626, Pope Paul III. appointed Hugh MacCaghwell Archbishop of Armagh. Whilst preparing to go to Ireland, the newly

consecrated Archbishop was seized with sudden illness and died in Rome on September 22, 1626. He was buried in the Church of St. Isidore, where a monument was erected to his memory by John O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone.

Florence Conry, the Archbishop of Tuam, to whose exertions was due the foundation of the Irish Franciscan College in Louvain, was born somewhere in Connaught, the exact place of his birth not being recorded. At an early age he went to Madrid, where, whilst still a vouth, he became a Franciscan. He was remarkable for his great learning, and still more so for his meek and gentle disposition. which rendered him universally beloved. He was raised to the archiepiscopal dignity by Pope Clement VIII. All Irish Bishops at that period, who, if not put to death, were exiled. Archbishop Conry was forced to leave Ireland. He sought refuge in the dominion of Philip II., who generously provided for his maintenance. The Archbishop died in Madrid, but was buried in Louvain in the Church of the Irish Franciscans, where a splendid monument testified to the loving veneration in which he was held. Another Irish Archbishop intimately connected with the famous University was Edmond O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh, who held the office of rector from 1637 to 1640.

Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, a young man named Hugh Ward, a native of Donegal, entered the Franciscan Order at Salamanca. He devoted much time and labor to Irish antiquarian research. Whilst thus engaged, he was sent to Louvain as guardian of the Irish College, where amongst his contemporaries were Michael O'Clery (Cleirigh), afterwards famous as the chief compiler of the "Annals of Donegal," or as they are now known, "The Annals of the Four Masters," and John Colgan, who wrote the lives of the Irish saints, under the title "Acta Sanctorum." Ward, O'Clery and Colgan were all three natives of Donegal. availed himself of O'Clery's assistance in his antiquarian researches, and Colgan, who was professor of theology at Louvain, also enlisted his aid for the "Lives of the Irish Saints." Accordingly, O'Clery was sent to Ireland, where he remained for twenty years. During that time he collected "an enormous quantity of historical matter, annals, chronicles, genealogies, biographies, family and clan histories, tales, poems and those legends and traditions which still survived amongst the people." From time to time as his work progressed, he sent the documents to Louvain. But meanwhile, O'Clery conceived the idea of compiling a work greater than anything yet undertaken by his brethren. With the mass of materials, he had collected, he settled down about 1630, near the ruined monastery of Donegal, and there determined to write "The Annals of

Ireland" from the earliest times to the death of Hugh O'Neill. His brothers, Peregrine and Conary, with his cousin, Fearfesa O'Mulconry, who, like himself, were skilled in Irish history and antiquities, assisted him in the work, which was written entirely in Irish. This work is now known as "The Annals of the Four Masters."

After O'Clery's death in 1643, the MS. of his huge work remained in the Louvain Library, until so late as the nineteenth century, when O'Donovan, the celebrated Irish scholar, undertook the task of translating and editing this marvelous record of Ireland's history. John Colgan died somewhere about 1663 at Louvain, whilst Hugh Ward was killed in 1635 outside Prague, then besieged by the Elector of Saxony.

In 1624, an Irish Dominican college was founded at Louvain, which speedily attained great celebrity, students flocking to it from all parts. In 1665, three brothers of the name of Joyce, from Galway, fitted up a large house in a healthy part of the town as a college for the Dominicans. In 1668, the illustrious Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, consecrated a beautiful Dominican Church, built close to the College founded by the brothers Joyce. In 1626, Isabella, Governor of Belgium, obtained from her nephew, Philip IV., of Sapin, an annual pension of 1,200 florins—£100 sterling—for the students, "who, up to this time had been supported by their friends at home."

In the eighteenth century, Belgium passed under the dominion of Austria and in 1749 the Government of that country, having first refused to pay the pension, reduced it to 400 florins, adding the condition that it should be begged for as an alms each year.

There are few churches in Rome which possess greater interest for Irish visitors than that of San Pietro in Montorio, which stands on the top of the Janiculum. For there beneath the marble pavement before the high altar sleep the exiled chieftains of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. There is no more touching episode in the history of Ireland than that of the "Flight of the Earls." "Driven to despair, and recognizing that their cause was lost, the two Earls resolved to accept the means of escape provided for them. They had been informed that a vessel to convey them away from Ireland was then lying at anchor in Lough Swilly under French colors. At midday on Friday, feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1600, the Earl of Tyrone, accompanied by the Earl of Tyrconnell, went on board the vessel, which was to bear them from the shores of Ireland, which they were never to behold again. The party on board, including kinsfolk and retainers, numbered ninety-four. They were Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, his wife, Catherine, and three sons, Hugh, John and Bernard. With O'Neill's party went Art Oge, 'Young Arthur,' son of Cormack, Tyrone's brother, and a great many more of the great Earl's clan. Accompanying Rory O'Donnell were his son, Hugh, barely a year old; his brother Cathbar, with his wife, the Lady Rosa O'Dougherty and her infant son, Hugh, with others of their friends and followers. 'A distinguished crew,' wrote the Four Masters, 'was this for one ship, for it is certain that the sea never carried, and that the winds never wafted from the Irish shores individuals more illustrious or noble in genealogy, or more renowned for deeds of valor, prowess and high achievements. Would that God,' continued the Four Masters, 'had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood.'

"The exiles encountered severe storms and suffered great discomfort owing to the smallness of the vessel, which was not suited to carry so many passengers. At last on October 4, twenty-one days after they had sailed from Donegal, they landed at Quillebreuf, their provisions being then reduced to one gallon of beer and one cask of water."

As the exiles passed through France and Belgium on their way to Rome, they were everywhere received with all the honors accorded to princes. Louvain was their last halting place before setting out on their Roman journey. Here, in the old city which sheltered so many of their fellow-exiles, they might, indeed, for a brief while, forget that they were in a foreign land. They were lodged with much state in the palace where the Emperor Charles V. had spent his boyhood. They remained in Louvain for some months, and on their departure they left behind O'Neill's two sons, John and Brian, with Hugh O'Donnell's baby son and his sister Nuala. The Archdukes made liberal provision for the maintenance of these honored guests entrusted to their care. O'Neill's son, Brian, was given into the charge of the Irish Franciscans, whose new College of St. Anthony of Padua was then in course of erection. Henry O'Neill, the Earl's brother, took John to train him as a soldier. On the 28th of February the illustrious exiles set out for Rome, escorted by a squadron of cavalry commanded by Henry O'Neill, then serving in the Spanish army. At Lucerne, they were lodged in the palace of the Papal Nuncio, who had received orders from Pope Paul V. to treat them as princes.

The chief architectural glory of Louvain was the Hotel de Ville, erected in 1448, a most beautiful specimen of late Gothic architecture, which it is said has a wealth of architectural decoration such as is to be found scarcely anywhere else on the Continent. Fortunately, this beautiful building, it seems, escaped the terrible destruction

wrought on the Church of St. Pierre, which as a masterpiece of architecture ranked second only to the Hotel de Ville.

The building of this church, which stands on the site of a much older edifice, was begun in 1425; it was finished in the early part of the sixteenth century. St. Pierre, like the Hotel de Ville, was built in the late Gothic style and possesses some beautiful sculptures and panels, the work of Quentin Matsy. It contained seven chapels, in one of which was a carved painted statue of our Lord dating from the fourteenth century. In another chapel was a beautiful stone Gothic tabernacle, forty feet high, which was executed in 1450; in this chapel was also a gilded wooden statue of Our Lady with her Divine Child, carved in 1441. This statue was known by the title of "Sedes Sapientiae," and at its feet it was customary for the doctors of theology to lay their profession of faith. The church also contained the tombs of Henry I., Duke of Brabant, founder of the earlier church, who died in 1235, and of his wife, Matilda of Flanders, who was buried with her daughter.

But the great treasures of St. Pierre were two paintings, now wholly destroyed. An art critic writes of these lost masterpieces as follows: "The chief treasures of the Church of St. Pierre de Louvain were two famous paintings by Dierick (or Thierry) Bouts, who is as closely identified with the now destroyed University city of Belgium as are the Van Dycks with Ghent and Bruges, and Roger van der Weyden with Tournai and Brussels. The earlier of these paintings is (or rather was) the remarkable triptych with the martyrdom of St. Erasmus in the central panel and the figures of St. Jerome and St. Bernard in the wings. But perhaps the masterpiece of Dierick Bouts, and certainly one of the finest examples of Flemish fifteenth century art was the polyptych painted by him for the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the Collegiate Church of St. Pierre. The centre panel of this work whereon was represented the Last Supper, was the chief adornment of that church and of the ancient city."

The Library of the Louvain University, scattered to the winds in fire and ashes, was one of the finest in Belgium, consisting of 150,000 volumes, and innumerable valuable MSS. Fortunately the beautiful Celtic manuscripts in the Irish College were taken to Ireland forty years ago, and are now safe in the library of the Franciscan Fathers, Dublin.

Already the restoration of Louvain has been planned and the work, we believe, has been entrusted to American hands. Louvain, we are told, will arise phænix-like from its ashes; a new University will spring into existence, whose glories will rival that of the ancient

one. It may be, probably will be, that a new, a stately Louvain will arise on the site of the dull, gray old town, with a splendid University and fine colleges. But this new city will be a stranger to us. The ancient city with all its memories, its traditions has passed away forever. No power on earth can restore it to us. For who can recall the dead past, and bid it live again? All those memories which clung to the old Louvain, making it so precious to us, have passed to the silent land, and now, like them, the city haunted by their shadows has passed, too, is but a memory. "The mill will never grind again with the waters that are past." And so to the olden city of Louvain we bid farewell, an eternal farewell.

E. LEAHY.

Dublin.

SOME POINTS IN THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT MEXICO THAT ARE NOT MYTHICAL.

HE history of Mexico is unique. Things happen there, even in our own generation, that would be unthinkable in any other country in the world. For instance: In 1828, the Masonic party of the Escoseses, or Scottish Rite, unexpectedly presented General Pedraza as their candidate for the presidency of the Republic, against General Guerrero, the candidate of the Yorkinos, or Masons of the York Rite. Pedraza was elected by a majority of only two votes. Santa Ana claimed that this result did not represent the will of the people. With a following of five hundred men, he took possession of the Castle of Perote and issued a proclamation declaring the election a fraud upon the people and asserting Guerrero, the Yorkino canndidate to be the legal Presidente. Pedraza declared against him; he was besieged at Perote, and after a heated action made his escape, but was eventually captured. While his pursuers had been hunting him down important events had taken place at the capital and by one of those turns in affairs, incomprehensible outside of Mexico, the captured general, within twenty-four hours after his capture, returned to the capital, in triumph, at the head of the very army that had been sent out to capture him.

There are instances during the revolutions of that period, in which generals, after a hard fight, passed over to the army they had been trying to slaughter. But all this belongs to the modern history of Mexico, and the purpose of this paper is to bring out some features in the ancient history not usually accessible to the general reader. We are accustomed to regard the history of Mexico as a continuous record of revolutions, and few of us realize that its history is really the ancient history of America. It will surprise many of us to find that it can be traced back uninterruptedly to the year 719-720, when Icoatzin founded the Toltecan monarchy.

True, the early history of the people who inhabited the central plateau (Mesa Central) of Anahuac is shrouded in doubt and uncertainty; it is vague, indeed, and perhaps belongs to the realms of fable, and none of the writers on ancient Mexico seems to agree as to where the kingdom of Herehuetlapatlan was located. A line of thirteen Chichimecan monarchs¹ is given, covering a period of over

¹ These Chichimecan rulers were (don't try to pronounce them): 1, Nequameur; 2, Namocuix; 3, Miscohuatl; 4, Huitzilopochtli; 5, Huslmuc; 6, Nauvotl; 7, Quauhtepetla; 8, Nonohualca; 9, Huetzin; 10, Quauhtonal; 11, Masatzin; 12, Quetzal; 13, Icoatzin. I will not be responsible for the length of each individual reign. According to the historian, these Kings were all of the tribe of Mathusalem.

one thousand years, and this brings us down to A. D. 719-720, the period of the Toltecan kings. In this year Icoatzin founded the Toltecan monarchy, placing his son on the throne, and he was followed by eight sovereigns of that dynasty, the last being Tupiltzin (1103). Previous to the discovery of Mexico and its conquest by Cortez, there was little or no means of knowing anything concerning the people who inhabited the country, their customs, their religion, and their form of government. Close upon the heels of the conquerors came the missionaries of different orders, who soon learned their language. They gathered together the pictures and maps that had escaped destruction: they listened attentively to the narratives of the old men among the natives, observed their customs and their religious rites and recorded them in books. This constitutes the basis of the ancient history, and, observing a natural and logical order. Mexican historians have been able to fix the date of the first conquest of the City of Mexico and follow it down to the advent of the Spanish Conquistadores.

What most concerns us, here, is to obtain such information as we may about the early history of the people conquered by Cortez. This is not such an easy matter, but we may learn some things of interest. Unfortunately, and to their discredit be it said, the conquerors, in a moment of mistaken zeal, destroyed the original and ancient city, with its monuments, statues of its pagan gods, its paintings on skins or on Maguay paper, made by the ancient Mexicans, and on which they preserved their history as we do ours, in books. What is left of these records may be said to form the foundation of what may be properly called the ancient history of Mexico. No one has, so far, been able to determine with certainty whence came the first inhabitants who settled in this country. The general opinion is that they came "from the North," but there are authorities who claim that the race which built towns in Yucatan, the ruins of which command admiration even to the present day, is much older and came "by way of the islands," which in remote times stretched along and almost united the northern coast of Asia with that of America. I have referred to these arguments in a former article.2

There are writers who claim that between Africa and America (a distance of over 3,000 miles) there were at one time, large and numerous islands, at short distances one from the other, and that by this route, there came colonists from Egypt, who settled in the province of Yucatan and founded a very powerful and civilized empire. The ruins and vestiges still to be seen there would seem to afford some

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foundation for this opinion. In many cases, we notice that the indigenous race that settled in Yucatan and Chiapas are of a civilization entirely different from that of the Mexicans⁸ and of very remote antiquity.

Mention is made of a race known as the Toltecas (artificers or architects). These people were civilized and humane and had some knowledge of agriculture and the arts. In the year 607 they came from a very remote region (said to be the north), passed through Jalisco (Chimalhuacan), bordering on the Pacific, Zancatlan and Tollantzingo, finally arriving at Tollan (Tula), where they settled and built their capital. The Toltecan reign, according to Mexican historians, lasted 397 years, under nine kings, whose names and the period of whose reigns are given. The epoch is distinguished by civil wars, famines and plagues. These facts do not seem to bear out the statement of a writer in one of our prominent dailies, who in answer to "an anxious inquirer," says: "Toltecs is the name of a traditional and perhaps mythical race of Indians, said to have occupied the Mexican plateau during several centuries previous to the advent of the Aztecs."

They were succeeded by the Chichimeca, a barbarous people, who wore little or no clothing and who dwelt among the mountains in rude huts. They took possession of the land they found unoccupied and, in the course of time, became more civilized and established a monarchy ruled by fourteen kings, whose names and the period of whose reigns are also given. This monarchy lasted until the advent of the Spaniards. It is asserted that the Texcoco dynasty was founded by these people. The kingdom of Michoacan or Tarascos, which seems to have been founded by a Mexican family which later on became amalgamated and confounded with the Chichimecan tribes, succeeded in establishing a rich and powerful monarchy, more civilized, perhaps, than the Mexican. The exact date of its foundation is unknown, but it lasted until the arrival of the Spaniards, who conquered it after burning alive their last king, known as Caltzonzi, because he had no more gold to give them.

Historians tell us of a race of giants of "fierce and perverse" customs, which roamed over the country and committed many depredations upon the peaceful inhabitants, but, upon examination, we find that this narrative may be classed among the obscure traditions and fables which prevailed in many tribes. There is also mention of the Ulmecas, the Xicalancas, the Zapatecas, the Alcohuas, the Tepanecas and the Otomites, but it appears that many of these people were merely families of the same race, speaking

³ The term "Mexicans," is applied to a people who arrived at Tula in 1175, at Tzompanco in 1216, and at Chapultepec in 1245.



the same language, with the exception of the Otomites, who are still in existence and whose language is unlike that of the Aztecs or Mexicans. Besides these there were many tribes which governed themselves independently and the conquest by the strongest of the weak caused the most bloody wars. Among the most prominent of these may be mentioned the republic of Traxcala (the land of corn and grain), founded by the Toltecas in the Sierra Mallalcule, governed by five caciques, until 1412, and, on the arrival of the Spaniards in this republic, they found it governed by a Senate composed of "ancients" and at war with the Mexican empire. The kingdoms of Acolhuacan, the republic of Huexotzin, that of Cholula governed by their priests, besides the three monarchies which had formed an alliance among themselves, known as the Tlacopan (Tacuba). Texcoco and the Mexican or Aztec empire, which, as stated above, was governed by Montezuma. All these monarchies and other smaller "señorias," whether independent or subject to the empire of Mexico, were destroyed by the conquerors.

The Mexicans, according to tradition, came from a distant country known as Azaltan, or the "land of the heron," and began a peregrination which lasted for two hundred and ninety-four years. During this time, they founded, as they went along, several cities in settlements, but continued their wanderings until they finally settled at Chapultepec (grasshopper hill) which then belonged to the king of Adzcapotzalco. Being pursued by various chiefs, their priests, who had quite an influence in their councils, were anxious to make a permanent settlement, and when they came to a suitable place on a laguna or lake where they saw an eagle perched on a cactus plant devouring a serpent,4 they took it as a favorable omen, and believing it to be the will of their gods, they settled there, and called their new home after the name of the plant, Tenuch, whence is derived the name of the city of Tenoxtellan.

Other writers tell us that the word Mexico is derived from Mezitin, the Moses who guided them in their wanderings; others again assure us that the name comes from Mezitli, a month or moon. The fact remains that the wanderers resolved to fix their permanent residence on the shores of the lake Texcoco. At this time they were very poor, they were hounded by all the tribes and families in their vicinity, while their only means of sustenance was such fish as the lake afforded, the result of the chase, when successful, and such roots as they were able to eat. They bore their privations with incredible resignation, but their valor was such as to make them feared and respected by the very tribes that hounded them. In the

⁴ Siguenza y Gongora, gives the date of the discovery of the cactus as July 18, 1327.



course of time they separated into two factions, the Tlaltelolcos, who occupied that part of the city which to-day extends from the parish of Santa Maria to the Penalvillo guard-house, and the Tenuchacas, or Mexicanos, who were the bravest and most indomitable who occupied Chapultepec as far as what is now known as the Ribera de San Cosmo. The lake occupied a large part of the area now covered by a number of the streets of the capital.

The city, as above stated, was then called Tenoxtillan, and the country, all that portion included in the empire was known as Anáhuac, which means "near the water." The country at that time was very extensive, but the greater part was, as yet, unexplored. It extended southwest and south to the Pacific Ocean; southeast to Central America, and to the north it reached the vast wilderness of what is now known as Sonora, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Upper California. The region known as Anáhuac comprised the sovereignties of Michoacan, Tlacapan and Texcoco, and with the Huastecas. Chichimecas and the domain of the Mexican emperors, included many other peoples conquered by their arms, in all it is calculated as 16,000 square leagues. It is true that the oldest history of the tribes that settled on the central plateau of Anáhuac is uncertain, vague and perhaps, to a certain extent, fabulous. There is not a single approximate geographical statement that indicates where the kingdom of Huehuetlapatlan, a Chichimecan sovereignty, existed. The first kings, thirteen in number, and whose names are given, cover a period of over two thousand years, so they say. In 719-720 Icoatzin founded the Toltecan dynasty, giving his son full authority, and then follows a series of nine kings (names and dates given) which extends from 720 to 1103. Of the events of these reigns we know little except that pulque was discovered in 1042, in the reign of Tepancaltzin, the eighth ruler of this dynasty, which might lead us to suppose that the doctrine of prohibition was as yet unknown. Between 1103 and 1120 the country appears to have passed through a period of disastrous anarchy.

A word about the Aztec monarchy. It began at Tlaltelalco, and had a series of twelve kings. The last of these, Moquihuix, invaded Mexico, but was vanquished by the Mexicans under Axayacatl, and from that time the two monarchies of Tlalteloco and Chapultepec became united in one single government. The Mexican monarchy, accordingly, may be said to date from 1438. Some Mexican historians give Acamapictli as the first ruler, but, according to the various dates before us, we must begin to count the line of kings of the Mexican tribes from the time of their arrival at the Anáhuac plateau. This would give us Huetzilihuetli, the son of a noble Mexican lady,

the wife of Ilhuicatl, lord of Tzimparogo, where the Mexicans spent seven years before their advent at Chapultepec. This chief was recognized as king and from him descended all the emperors of Mexico.

The Mexicans, before settling finally on the shores of the lake, made incursions into the adjacent regions. They next formed an alliance with Acamapictli and declared war against Cocox, king of Culhuacan, in 1301. Huitzilhuitl died in 1318. The second king was Xintemoc, in whose reign the empire was divided, part of his subjects going to Ixtacalco (white house) and the other going to Xaltelolco (sandy soil). The third king, Acomapictli, was ruler of Culhuacan. He ascended the throne in 1352. The sons of Ouinatzin, king of Texcoco revolted against their father, who appealed to the Mexican monarch for help. The latter rallied a large force, routed the rebels and pacified the country. He reigned for forty-one years in peace, feared and respected by his neighbors, and from this time may be said to begin the recognition of the valor and superiority of the Mexicans, who for the previous fifteen years had been regarded with contempt. This king died in 1402 and was succeeded by Huitzilhuitl, his eldest son.

It was the custom, in those days, that when the throne became vacant by the death of the king, the priests made every effort to get control of the government, and it often happened that they placed obstacles in the way of the new king's accession, and on this occasion they caused an interregnum of a year. During this time many tribes arrived from Michuacan, Jalisco and a northern province then known as Cibola. These new colonists from Toltecan were known as Mexicas, Tepinecas, Culhuaques and Huitzinauques. Some were admittel at Chapultepec and others at Culhuacan and at Atzapotzalco. The king died in 1414 and was buried at Chapultenec. Chimalpopoca, brother of Huitzilhuitl, succeeded as fifth king, and it appears that from this time began, as we have indicated in a former article, the custom of electing the brother of the deceased king as his successor. In default of a brother, a nephew was elected. This prevented the eldest son or any other who might be unworthy from succeeding to the throne by right of primogeniture or other rights. The electors were selected from the body of the nobility (and included the suffrages of the entire nation), and their electoral power terminated with the first election.

The only recorded acts in the life of the new sovereign are that his reign began most auspiciously, that he married the beautiful Matlalatzin, daughter of the lord of Tlatelolco, but, wearied by the tyranny of Maxtla, king of Atzapolalco, he joined his brother in a conspiracy, which being discovered, the tyrant Maxtla stabbed his

own brother to death, and ordered Chimalpopoca to be confined in a cage, where he died of starvation within a few days. These events took place in 1427. The sixth king of Mexico was Izcohuatl, the natural brother of Chimalpopoca. This selection was not pleasing to the tyrant Maxtla, and the kings of Tlaltelcolco and Chapultepec formed an alliance and declared war. Netzahualcoyotl, king of Texcoco, joined the Tlascaltecas, and, in less than fifteen days, conquered several cities, subjugated and punished many rebellious villages and entered the capital of Texcoco in triumph.

The Mexicans and Tlaltelocos who aided in this war with Netzahualcoyotl, king of Texcoco, found themselves closely besieged until finally, after surmounting many difficulties, the king of Texcoco collected an army of 150,000 men, which he led into Mexico. After an assault of many days Maxtla was completely routed and was killed in combat with Netzahualcoyotl, who succeeded in pacifying his dominions and restored the nobles on their estates and made them tributaries to Texcoco. By this new arrangement the señorias of Xechimilcos, Mexicoas, Tenayocan and Ouahuahuac were annexed to Mexico. These events occurred during the reign of the sixth king of Mexico, who is described by his people as "adorned with virtues that gave promise to his nation." He died in 1436. His successor Montezuma I., nephew of Ixcohuatl, was a valiant and warlike prince. As soon as he was firmly settled upon the throne, he passed over the reins of government to the Senate, and began a series of victorious campaigns, especially against the Chalcas, who had basely murdered the sons of the king of Texcoco. In the tenth year of his reign, he devoted himself to the alleviation of the miseries of his subjects caused by floods and the scarcity of cereals. The war was continued, however, by two famous generals who distinguished themselves in the field in their younger days. They were Atempancoatl and Cihuacuatl, who also acted as private advisers of the emperor, and they exercised great influence over the public affairs of the government. The little empire of Chapultepec. during this reign, attained the highest point of its splendor, for it had conquered remote and warlike peoples and extended its dominions as far as Huasteca Orizava, the Gulf Coast and Oaxaca, and on the south to a large part of what now known as Terras Calientes. Montezuma I. also completed the erection of a great temple, beautified the city and enacted wise and beneficent laws. He was succeeded by Axayacatl, who, following the custom of monarchs on assuming supreme power, sacrificed a large number of prisoners of war. It will be remembered that the Mexican tribes were more anxious, in times of war to take prisoners than to kill their enemies. These prisoners were reserved for sacrifices on great state occasions. The new king undertook the conquest of Tehuantepec and the subjugation of the entire country as far as Huatulco. The Tlaltelolcans, goverend by other "señorias" began to harass the Mexicans. but were soon subdued, their king, Morquihuix, was killed and Tlaltellolco was thenceforward made subject to Mexico. The most important event of this reign was the fusion of the two monarchies into one, as already stated. The king continued his campaign against his neighbors, but he did not live to enjoy the fruit of his conquests. He died in 1477.

War seems to have been the favorite occupation of the Mexican rulers, and this appears to continue to the present day. No sooner did Tizoc, brother of the deceased emperor, come into power than he began a series of campaigns, but before he could realize his ambitious aspirations he died from the effects of poison after a brief reign of four years. His brother, Ahuizotl, succeeded him and continued his brother's campaigns, keeping all the prisoners captured that he might sacrifice them at the dedication of a temple to the god of war. Ancient historians tell us that this ceremony took place in 1486 and that 60,000 victims were sacrificed in four days. It may be on this account that in Mexico we meet with the common expression: "He is an Ahuitzate," in speaking of an evil-minded person. Another important event in his reign was the campaign he made against Guatemala, which resulted in the conquest of that country. He died in 1502.

The next king was Montezuma II., son of the terrible Axayacotl. He gratified his belligerent propensities in a series of campaigns and expeditions against his weaker neighbors, but he did not meet with the success he expected. His troops were routed and his son fell wounded on the field of Tlacalhuapan. He later on renewed the war on Guatemala and captured a large number of prisoners, who were sacrificed at the dedication of the Temple of the Sun. Some of his provinces revolted against him, but they were soon subjugated and punished severely for their temerity.

In 1518, Juan de Grijalna, a Spanish chieftain, appeared on the Gulf Coast. Montezuma, when informed of the details of this expedition, was filled with the greatest anxiety regarding the fate of his empire, and these fears were increased by a series of natural phenomena. Earthquakes and hurricanes devastated the valley of Mexico. The principal temple caught fire suddenly and a great comet appeared in the heavens. Added to this a tradition to the effect that the "children of the sun were to come from the East," struck terror to the hearts of Montezuma, and his people, and this alarm was intensified when it was learned that Cortez had landed at Vera Cruz on Good Friday, 1519.

Montezuma's first impulse was to march against the invaders with a large army, but dominated by deep superstition he did not dare to carry out his intention at once. He sued for peace, sending valuable presents by two ambassadors, members of his own family. Cortez advanced as far as Comportellas and effected an alliance with the Totonacos, who had grown weary of the despotism of the Mexicans. Shortly after this he decided to go to Mexico City and with his army reached the central plateau of the Cordilleras.

The history of Mexico from the time of the conquest until the present day is too well known, in all its various aspects, to every student of American history, and as it is not the purpose of this paper to deal with its modern history, it will be enough for us to add that ten emperors reigned (?) after Montezuma II. Citlahuazin and Cuahutemoc both reigned in 1520. With the fall of the capital and the tragic death of the last named emperor, in 1520, the Aztec empire ceased to exist.

Let us take a cursory glance at some of the other kingdoms. Texcoco, according to the information afforded by the most reliable historians, originated with the Chichimecas, who, under the guidance of a chief known as Xolotl, took possession of a section of country inhabited by a few Toltecan families. Other tribes known as Aculhuas, Tecpanecas and Otomites came down from the north. The Chichimecan ruler, far from treating them in a hostile manner. received these colonists with kindness, and he established himself at Texcoco, where he built a temple to the Sun. He also built palaces surrounded by beautiful gardens and gave new lustre and importance of the old town once the home of the Toltecas. His son Napaletzin. deserves to have been regarded as the most renowned monarch of his time, on account of the wise laws he enacted. He forbade the burning and destruction of forest trees, the robbing of a neighbor's traps, the appropriation of game wounded by another hunter and hunting without a lawful permit. He inflicted capital punishment on adulterers, and on all who destroyed "signboards" on the boundaries of estates or those indicating the way to wayfarers. His reign of thirty-two years was distinguished from that of other rulers by the absence of wars. It was a peaceful and beneficent reign. This ruler died at an advanced age in 1263.

Napaletzin was succeeded by his eldest son, Huitzin-Pocholt, to whom the Mexican historian, Veytia, gives the name of Tlolzin. He was noted for the encouragement he gave to agriculture and for the development and prosperity of his kingdom in his day; a prosperity which continued until the advent of the Spanish conquistadores. We may add that it was during the reign

of this prince that attention was given to the cultivation of corn, beans, sage, a variety of flowers and especially of cotton.

During the following reign, that of Quinatzin, the eldest son of the former king, who began to reign in 1298, occurred the advent of the Mexicans, who, as already related, settled at Chapultepec, on the shores of the lake known as the Texcoco, and more than twice the dimensions it has now. On the death of Quinatzin, in 1357, he was succeeded by his youngest son, Techotlalatzin. From this time on, the dynasty became united with the monarchy of Tlaltelolco and Chapultepec for the purpose of making war on their neighbors, and to defend themselves against aggressors, and these three monarchies, with that of Tacuba, which was of the Mexican race, became supreme and ruled over all the others and eventually excelled them in wealth and civilization.

The Chichimecan monarchy was in reality interrupted by the usurpation of Tezozomoc and Maxtla, both ambitious and ferocious men who richly deserved the name of tyrants, and the restoration of that dynasty was effected by Netzahualcoyotl. This prince, the ninth of his line, was a young man full of wisdom and benevolence and greatly beloved by his people. Maxtla, envious of his popularity and anxious to seize his dominions, lost no opportunity to annoy him, and even went so far as to hire assassins to murder him in his own palace at Texcoco, but he managed to elude them and sought refuge in the mountains of Tlaxcala, where he dwelt for a long time in caves and huts, going out only at night in search of food.

The enraged Maxtla put a price upon his head and offered large rewards for his capture dead or alive, but the affection in which he was held by all classes of people protected him against his enemies, and, far from betraying him they shielded him from his pursuers. This lasted for a long time, until, at last, the States becoming tired of the insolence and despotism of Maxtla, they formed a league, raised an army, and, one day, Netzahualcoyotl appeared at a place agreed upon and took command of a large army that had been raised for his support. After a series of bloody battles he completely routed the tyrant, took him prisoner, put him to death, razed the city of Atzapoltzalco, which became a mere slave market, and entered the capital of Texcoco in triumph.

Several of the lords of Texcoco, Xochimilco, Acolman and elsewhere, who had formerly been partisans and dependents of Maxtla, raised the standard of rebellion against Netzahualcoyotl, but were soon subdued. All the cities were compelled to obedience, and the king, having founded the Tacuba empire, was crowned Emperor of Texcoco.

No sooner had the new emperor established peace in his domin-

ions, than he set to work to govern his people wisely. He pardoned all his enemies, restored their confiscated estates to the nobility. formed eight tributary provinces, established tribunals of justice and an Imperial Court, with residence at Texcoco. In addition to this he founded an Academy of Sciences and a War Department, systematized the collection of taxes and gave his people many other wise He built sumptuous palaces and improved and beautified all the provinces of his empire, especially at Texcoco, his favorite residence. In a word, he was a valiant, wise and just sovereign, and a philosopher, who like Socrates of old, reached a knowledge of the God of the Universe and of the justice and mercy of the Divinity, in spite of the customs and barbarous religious rites of his times. If we study the history of the ancient religions, from the time of Moses to the Christian era, and even later, we shall find that all races, in spite of their gross idolatry and polytheistic tendencies, recognized a Supreme Divinity "above all gods." It was so with Netzahualcovotl. He died, mourned, not only by his subjects, but by his royal allies whom he had aided by his strong arm and his great wisdom. He was a ruler worthy of imitation, and history records the names of few like him even in civilized times.

The virtues of the late king were inherited by his youngest son, Netzahualpitli, the tenth monarch of his line. His brothers rebelled against him, but were soon subdued. Peace being restored, the new king reigned after the manner of his father. He spent his last days in retirement and died in 1516, leaving four sons, one of whom, Cacamatzin, the eldest, ascended the throne. Ixtliloxochitl opposed him and went to assail him with a formidable army, but the brothers came to an understanding, bloodshed was averted and the eldest continued to reign while the other returned to the mountains with his army and proceeded to harass the Mexicans. It was just at this time that Cortez landed with his troops at Vera Cruz.

Another of the sons of Netzahualpitli, named Coanacotzin, a young man full of patriotism and valor, declared against the Spaniards, fought by the side of Cuahuhtemoc during the siege and was taken prisoner at the Lake. He was compelled by Cortez to accompany him on his expedition to the Hibueras and was finally hanged by his cruel captors.

Ixtlilxochitl, the fourteenth and last of the Tenayucan or Texcoco monarchs, became the most bitter enemy of his own country, and even of his own brothers. He raised an army and aided Cortez in all his expeditions, fighting by his side during the siege of Mexico, his men taking most active part in the destruction of the city and in the horrible massacres that followed. After the fall of the capital and

a succession of conquests in the adjacent country. Ixtlilxochitl seems to have undergone a change of heart. We are told that he became a Christian and was baptized by Father Martin de Valencia, and was given the name of Don Fernando. Subsequent to this he became engaged in some campaigns in Huasteca, Panuco and elsewhere and finally accompanied Cortez on his celebrated expedition to Las Hibueras. On his return to the capital he undertook the erection of the convent of San Francisco, and at the same time, with a hod upon his shoulders, carried the stones and directed its construction at the corner of what is now known as the junction of Santa Brigida and San Francisco streets, thus setting an example to his pagan subjects, who did the greatest part of the work in the rebuilding of the city. Let us hope that his conversion was sincere. With the death of this monarch the Texcocan dynasty founded by Xolotl the Great, in 1120, went out of existence.

The kingdom of Michoacan (the land of fishes) was far more extensive than that of Texcoco and was in existence for some two hundred and fifty years. Most of its history is a record of wars and conquests. Among its rulers was Texiacuri, who in his childhood was kept hidden away in the Temple by the priests and trained in the arts of war. In due time he was proclaimed king, took command of the army and waged relentless war upon his neighbors. He conquered various "señorias," and unified all his conquests into the kingdom of Michoacan.

Another ruler was Zovango, or Sihuanga, who encouraged agriculture, gained many victories in war and completed the celebrated walls of Michoacan. After a "glorious and comparatively peaceful" reign he died about the year 1500. His successor was a contemporary of Montezuma, and shared the horrible fate meted out by the conquistadores to the Mexican rulers.

The Mexican historian, Don Manuel Payno, to whom I am indebted for much of the information contained in this paper, tells us that a cruel and bloodthirsty "chief" who went to Mexico as President of the Audiencia (a judicial office) took command of the government and, desirous of "stealing all he could lay his hands on," called together the "caciques' and ordered them to bring him all the gold in their possession. The king of Michoacan, who was among them, told him that Olid, a Spaniard, had carried off all the treasures they possessed. Nevertheless he brought the little he had left, together with some gold. Nuño de Guzman not satisfied with this, and believing the unfortunate sovereign still had large quantities of gold



⁵ Don Fernando Alva Ixtlilxochitl, made a course at the University of Santa Cruz, and wrote the "Historia de los Chichemecas," a very reliable work.

hidden away, ordered him thrown into prison, where he lingered for six months, after which his captor took him with him on an expedition to Jalisco. On the way he trumped up a false charge against his victim and ordered him to be burned alive in the year 1525. This was the end of the ancient Mexican monarchy.

We have dwelt, thus far, upon the history of dynasties and wars in a detail which may strike the reader as somewhat monotonous, but our object in doing so has been to show by actual facts that all the history of ancient Mexico is not fabulous nor mythical, and all the facts we have given are easily accessible to any one who will take the trouble to make honest research. Let us now turn from battlefields and bloodshed and glance at the home life of the ancient Mexican. Aside from the odious and barbarous sacrifices practiced by the ancient Mexicans, there is much in their domestic life, in their manners and customs that is worthy of admiration and that will stand the glare of the light of this boasted twentieth century. Let us, in the first place, take a glance at the language and dialects.

The language spoken by the civilized tribes that settled the central mesa, or plateau, was the Nahuatl, which is the proper name of the Azteca. In a general way the word Nahuatl, among the common people, meant a "wizard" or "sorcerer." But the word has a variety of meanings, such as "he who knows everything," learned, expert, civilized. For this reason, doubtless, the richest, most expressive and most regular of all the languages known at that time was called the Nagual, and it was eventually adopted by all the people of Anáhuac. We may add that a number of derivations from the root, "na," all contain the idea of the "known," or "knowledge." The early Spanish missioners to New Spain speak of the nahuatli (plural of nahuatlin) as masters of mystic knowledge. dealers in black art, wizards and sorcerers.6 This, though not the only one, was the general language, and, if as some authors assert, the Xucalancas and the Ulmecas were the first to people Yucatan, it will be remembered that they spoke the Maya. The purest Nahual was spoken in the Texcocan and in the Mexican court, and was what is known Professor Ferdinand Starr to-day as the Aztecan or Mexican. tells us that there is a very large number (running into the hundreds of thousands) of pure blood Indians who speak the Aztec language.

It will be impossible for us here to refer to the many languages and dialects spoken by the ancient Mexicans. This subject alone

^{6 &}quot;Nagualism," a Study in Native American Folk-Lore and History, by Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D., LL. D., D. S. Dr. Brinton was a collegemate of mine, and shortly before his death we made a careful examination of this subject.



would afford interesting matter for a series of papers. Philologists have entertained various opinions as to the difficulty of rendering and translating them. For instance, Remesol, speaking of the Mixtic (a people who inhabited the territory now within the states of Guerrero, Puebla and Oaxaca), savs: "Es una lengua dificultosa de sabers e por la gran equivocacion de los bocables (vocables, terms) para cuva distincion es necesario usar, de ordinario, del sonido de la nariz y aspiracion del aliento." Burgoa shares the same opinion, for he complains that it is a "lengua dificultotisema en la pronunciacion, con notables variedades de terminos y vozes en unos y otros pueblos." In contra, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, in his "Sequises," says: La langue Zapoteca est d'une doiceur et de une soiote qui rapelle l'Italien." The anonymous "Vocabularios Castellano-Zapoteca" does not agree with the good Abbé, for it says that "por la ortografia y por muchas palabras y frasis, personas inteligentes juzgan que presentan un lenguaje bastarto, alterado y a.[†] Evidently philologists will find here a wide field for reëxamination.

An idea of the difficulties the early missionaries must have encountered from the variety of languages and the derivations of the words may be gleaned from the following: In the Mixtic language the word "father" is rendered by dzelax, or xidihi; in Zapoteca it is xiñaagaxana. The word "nose," in Mixtic is dzitu, in Zapoteca it is simply xi; the word "head" in Mixtic is dzini; in Zapoteca it is icqui. Of course, these words must be pronounced according to Spanish pronunciation.

According to the careful researches of Don Orozco y Barra, we find that at the time of Montezuma II. the following languages were spoken: the Maya, in Yucatan, and in a part of Tabasco; the Huesteca in the province of Panuco (now Tamaulipas); the Tarascan in the kingdom of Michoacan; the Otomi, in what was then known as the independent kingdom of Toluca, now in the State of Mexico; the Zapoteca on the isthmus of Tehuantepec and in a part of the kingdom of Oaxaca, now the State of Oaxaca; the Mexican in the central plateau, and along the southern coast to the banks of the Rio Grande de Tolololan and along the Gulf to Central America. There were some other languages, but philologists tell us that they were only dialects.

We may be permitted here, before dwelling upon the beauties and scope of the Indian languages, to call attention to the fact that when Christianity was first introduced into the country, the Padres were sorely troubled (as we have shown in former articles) as to how to express themselves to their neophytes. They had to learn a series

^{7 &}quot;Indian Languages in Mexico and Central America." Washington, Government Press.

of languages which had never been reduced to writing, as we understand the word "writing"; which had no alphabet, no grammar and nothing but sounds or symbols to give expression to language. Thus, when the "Pater Noster" was reduced to writing, the Padre sought the symbol which expressed the sound nearest to the syllables pa-ter. He found that a "flag" stood for the sound pantli, and a "rock" stood for the sound tetl. Pater was, therefore, represented, pictorially, by a flag and a rock. We cannot tell whether it was sounded as pnatelt or only as panate, the nearest possible equivalent in the Mexican language, which has no "r." Similarly noster was phonetically represented by noch-tetl, pictorially by the Indian "fig," noch-tli and the rock, as above. Here we have the application of symbols to denote sounds without regard to the original sense. This was a rather slow and difficult method of teaching reading and it was soon abandoned once the Indians had learned the alphabet of the missionaries.

We cannot fail to notice here how the first conception of phonetics was gained; the first step, in fact, from hieroglyphics to writing. Speaking of Mexican Pictorial Writing, those who have seen it pronounce it really wonderful. It is thought that the art of representing historical events, in this manner was invented by the Toltecas, be this as it may it is beyond question that it is by this means -picture writing-that the early history of Mexico has been preserved, and it is to be regretted that so many of these "picturerecords" were destroyed by the Spaniards before they realized what they really were. Apart from the difficulties encountered in studying the ancient Mexican languages all authorities agree that they

Punar, his contemporary, is fully reliable.

⁸ As soon as the clamor of arms ceased and the preaching of the Gospel became possible, some of the "Padres," seeing how necessary it was for them (if they hoped to succeed in converting the natives) to have a knowledge of their manners and customs, and also, no doubt, moved by knowledge of their manners and customs, and also, no doubt, moved by a desire to learn something of the ancient history of the people, set to work to acquire this information. They discovered that the Aztecas preserved the record of past events by means of "songs and hieroglyphic pictures," many of which were missing, for various reasons. They succeeded in inducing the natives to show them what they had remaining, and they made further records from the traditions still preserved by the people and handed down from generation to generation, accepting only those that seemed beyond all question. They questioned the old men, compared their statements and accepted only such as seemed to be "de mayur verosimilitud."

Father Tuvor, a Texcocan, at the instance of Viceroy Enviquez made a collection of the "picture paintings" of Texcoco and Tula, had them interpreted by such of the old men as were competent to do so, and who could be relied upon, and from their interpretations was able to gather much of the history of the ancient Mexicans. These researches were published (and republished in 1878) under the title of "Codice Ramirez." Father Duran, a native Mexican and probably a "meztizo," revised this "Codice," made numerous additions to it and republished it under the title of "Historia de las Indias de Nueva Espana."

Intlilacchitl's book on his native city of Texcoco, is a mass of exaggerations put together without order and utterly unreliable. The work of

were copious, regular and that they abounded in beautful figures of speech and gave ample play to the orator and poet. The youth who manifested a talent for oratory was instructed, at an early age, in the use of language. In their poetry, the Mexicans observed the laws of cadence and measure; the language was brilliant and agreeable; figurative and embellished with frequent comparisons to the most pleasing objects in nature, such as flowers, trees, rivers, etc. They were children of nature and nature appealed to them. The subjects were not restricted, but consisted of hymns of praise, petition and thanksgiving to their deities, historical poems, reciting the glories of the nation and sung at popular and profane dances. Some, again, were odes containing moral lessons; some were love songs, while others treated of the chase and kindred subjects. The priests were the chief poets, but many highly meritorious compositions were written by King Nazahualcoyotl. It is said that he composed sixty hymns in honor of "the Creator of Heaven." In one of his poems he lamented the fall of the tyrant Tezozomoc, whom he compared to a large and stately tree, which had extended its roots through many countries, and spread the shade of its branches over all the empires, but which, at last, worm-eaten and wasted, fell to the earth never to regain its youthful verdure. The poem opens with these words: "O King, unstable and restless, when thou art dead, then will thy people be overthrown; thy place shall be no more; the Creator-the All-powerful-alone shall reign." The ending of the poem is no less touching: "Let the joyous birds sing on and rejoice in the beauty of spring and let the butterflies enjoy the honey and fragrance of the flowers, for life is a tender plant that is soon plucked and withers away." His "Song on the Mutability of Life" is too long to be inserted here.

Dramatic and lyric poetry were in great repute among the ancient Mexicans. Their theatres, like those of the Greeks and Romans, were uncovered. The Chevalier Boturini tells us that their comedies were excellent, and that "among the antiques he had in his museum were two dramatic compositions of great merit." Acosta gives a description of a play at Cholula, during a feast given in honor of the god Quatzalcoatl, which was "very suggestive of the early scenes among the Greeks," and it is probable that had the Mexican Empire lasted a century or two longer the theatre would have improved by slow degrees as did the theatres of the Greeks.

On the question of religion of the ancient Mexicans authorities are not all of one mind. Clavigero, S. J., tells us that in the year 609 the Toltecas assembled "all the wise men, the prophets and astrologers" and painted a famous book which they called Teomox-

tli, or Divine Book. In this same volume was represented the origin of the Indians, the Confusion of Tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel, the eclipse of the sun that occurred at the death of Christ, as well as the prophecies concerning the future of the empire. Another authority tells us that the Mexicans worshiped a Supreme Being, "invisible and unchangeable," whom they called Teotl, or God. Him they feared, though they recognized Him as the friend of mankind.

The great enemy of man they considered to be an evil spirit whom they called Tlacultecolocotl, or the "Rational One." Unlike the Greeks, who regarded the owl as the symbol of wisdom, the Mexicans made it the symbol of dark deeds. They believed in the immortality of the soul. Soldiers slain in battle or who perished in captivity and the spirits of women who died in childbirth went, at once, to the "heaven of the Sun," who was regarded as the "Prince of Glory." Here they enjoyed an existence of endless delights, where every day, at the first appearance of the Sun's rays they hailed his birth with rejoicings and dancing and with the music of "instruments and voices." They attended their deity to his meridian, where it "meets the souls of the women," and, with the same festivities, accompanied him to his setting. The souls of the wicked go to a place of utter darkness, called Mecatlan, a sort of hell, where it seems they undergo no other punishment than that of being deprived of light. The Mexicans prayed upon their knees, with their faces towards the east. They also performed fasts, penances and sacrifices. In the first ages they believed that things necessary and useful for sustaining human life were really deities and they represented them by hieroglyphics.

The people preserve the memory of Quetzalcoatl, whom tradition tells us "had a white face, a close beard and wore a long tunic. He taught the Mexicans agriculture and the arts (trades), gave them wise counsels, and then disappeared in a mysterious manner. He must not be confounded with the god of air, who bore the same name. This brings to my mind an account which I read years ago, to the effect that when this continent of ours first became known to the people of the Old World, a band of Christian missionaries from China came over with the first adventurers. They were not Chinese, of course, but Europeans who had been laboring in China, and who now saw a new field for their work of evangelization. They labored among the Mexicans for many years, and died off, one by one. Their superior, who was greatly beloved and revered by the people, after his earthly career was over, "mysteriously disappeared," that is, died among the mountains where he sought refuge from the

hostility of invading tribes. He had a white face, wore a close beard and wore a long tunic (habit). His memory was long cherished by the people of his day, and by their immediate descendants, and, in time, long after his mysterious disappearance, his memory survived. Younger generations, who had heard of his great work, but who had themselves, for want of Christian guides, drifted back into paganism, carved a new idol and fashioned its face, as nearly as they could imagine it to have been from the description given by their fathers, was made to resemble that of the "mysterious man" who had taught them so many useful things. Could this have been Quetzalcocotl? I give the story as I remember it. May not this, too, in a measure, account for the apparent mixture of Christian and pagan rites in the religion of the Mexicans?

Polygamy, though permissible in some tribes to kings and nobles, only one of the wives was considered as legitimate; the practice of polygamy was as a general thing looked upon with disfavor. Among the middle and lower classes conjugal fidelity was held in high esteem. We have already adverted to the surprise of the "Padres" at the similarity of many of the religious rites of the ancient Mexicans to those of the Christians. Here is a striking instance:

When a child was born, the nurse, after giving it the first necessary attention, washed it, saying these words (evidently a formula belonging to her calling): "Receive this water, for the goddess Chalchiuhcueje is thy mother. May this bath cleanse the spots which thou bearest from the womb of thy mother, may it purify thy heart and give thee good and perfect life." Then taking the water again with her hand, she breathed upon it, and anointed the mouth, forehead and breast of the child with it, and after laving the whole of the body, she said: "May the invisible God descend upon this water and cleanse thee of every sin of impurity and deliver thee from misfortune." Then, addressing the child, she said: "Lovely child, the gods (Ometeutctli and Omecihuatl) have created thee in the highest place in the heavens that they might send thee into this world; but know that the life upon which thou art entering is sad, painful and full of trials and miseries; nor wilt thou be able to eat thy bread without labor. May God assist thee in the many adversities which await thee." This ceremony was followed by congratulations to the parents.

The advice of parents to their children on reaching maturity would do credit to the most enlightened Christian parents of to-day. For



Quetzalcocotl, is the Fisher-Serpent. The name is formed from the words "Quetzal," a bird of beautiful plumage found in Southern Mexico, and "coatl," a serpent—also known as the Pluma serpent.

instance, the father would address his son on attaining his majority as follows: "My beloved son, lay to heart the words I am going to utter, for they are from our forefathers, who admonished us to keep them locked up like precious golden leaves, and taught us what boys and girls are beloved of the Lord. For this reason the men of old devoted to His service held children in great reverence. roused them out of their sleep, undressed them, bathed them in cold water, made them sweep the temples and offer copra to the gods. They washed their mouths, saving that God heard their prayers and accepted their offerings, their tears and their sorrows because they were of a pure heart and without blemish. Go not where thou art not called, nor interfere with that which does not concern thee. In conversations do not lay thy hands upon another, nor speak too much, or interrupt another's discourse. . . . When thou art at table do not eat voraciously nor show thy displeasure if anything displeases thee. . . . If thou become rich, do not grow insolent nor scorn the poor, lest the very gods who deny riches to others in order to give them to thee, offended at thy pride, will take from thee to give to them. Never tell a falsehood, because a lie is a heinous sin. Speak ill of no man. Be not dissolute, because thereby thou wilt incense the gods and they will cover thee with infamy. Steal not nor yield thyself up to gaming, otherwise thou wilt be a disgrace to thy parents whom thou oughtest rather to honor for the training they have given thee. If thou wilt be virtuous thy example will put the wicked to shame.

"No more, my son, enough has been said in discharge of my duties as a father. With these counsels I would fortify thy mind. Refuse them not nor act in contradiction to them, for on them thy life and all thy happiness depend." We can hardly realize that this is not the language of a Christian father to his son, and that it is simply the advice of a pagan father.

The Mexican mother's advice to her daughter is such that a mother, in this boasted, enlightened, twentieth century, would hardly dare to give her daughter, if she were capable of giving it. The daughters are wiser in this generation (or they think they are) than their old-fashioned mothers. But let us see what a pagan mother five hundred years ago, felt it her duty to say to her daughter: "My beloved daughter, I have tried to bring thee up with the greatest possible care and thy father has cherished and polished thee as a priceless emerald that thou mayest appear in the eyes of men as a jewel of virtue. Strive always to be good, for otherwise who will have thee for a wife? Then wilt thou be rejected by every one. Life is a thorny, laborious path and it is necessary to exert all our powers to obtain the means to obtain the goods (blessings) that the

gods are willing to bestow upon us. We must not, therefore, be lazy or negligent, but diligent in everything. Be orderly and take pains to manage the economy of thy house. Wherever thou goest, go with modesty and composure, without hurrying thy steps or laughing loudly with those whom thou meetest, nor cast thine eyes carelessly to one side or the other. Employ thyself diligently in spinning and weaving, in sewing and embroidering as by doing this thou wilt gain esteem and respect.

"In whatever thou doest encourage not evil thoughts, but attend solely to the service of the gods and the giving of comfort to thy parents. If thy father or thy mother call thee, do not be called twice, but go instantly to know their pleasure. Keep not company with dissolute, lying or vile women, lest they infallibly infect thee by their example. Attend upon thy family and do not go on slight occasion out of the house, nor be seen wandering through the streets or in the market place; for in such places thou wilt meet with thy ruin. Remember that vice, like a poisonous herb, brings death to those who touch it, and when it once lodges in the mind it is hard to dislodge it. Enter not, without some urgent motive, into another's house, that nothing may be either said or thought, injurious to thy honor, but, if thou enterest into the house of thy relatives, salute them with respect, and do not remain idle, but immediately take up a spindle, or do any useful thing thou seest to do.

"When thou art married, respect thy husband and obey him and diligently do what he commands thee. Avoid incurring his displeasure nor show thyself irritable nor ill-tempered, but receive him kindly, even if he is poor and lives at thy expense; if he occasions thee any unpleasantness let him not know thy displeasure, at the time; but later on, tell him with gentleness what vexed thee, that he may be won by thy mildness and offend no further. Accept, my daughter, the counsel that I give thee. I am already advanced in years, and have had sufficient experience in dealing with the world. I am thy mother; I wish that thou mightest live well. Fix my precepts in thy heart, for then thou wilt be helped, so that if by not listening to me, or neglecting to heed my instructions any misfortune shalt befall thee, the fault will be thine alone and the consequences thereof. Enough, my child, may the gods prosper thee."

We need not comment upon the words of this dutiful mother. Setting aside the minor references to customs peculiar to the country, the times and the gods, what better counsel could even a Christian mother give a beloved daughter than that given by this pagan mother? How would the Christian daughter of our day receive it?

A word about the training of children. Early in life they were taught useful lessons in modesty, religion, respect for parents,

superiors and the aged, as well as in industry. At five years of age they were either delivered to the priests to be educated or their education began at home. Mexican paintings show the various steps taken in the training of children. One goes to war with his father to learn the use of arms and to be courageous; another is represented with a small pack on his back going to market with his father. The little girls are early taught to spin and weave. They abhor a lie and a child guilty of this vice has its lips pricked with thorns of the aloes. If it persists in lying its lips are slightly split. Girls are instructed to remain in the house, and if inclined to run the streets their feet are tied together. Mexican fathers were not given to "spare the rod and spoil the child," as refractory boys soon learned to their sorrow. We saw the painting of a "naughty boy." bound hand and foot, and of a willful girl made to rise at night and sweep the floor. Children were not, as in our day, permitted to rule the house, nor were they allowed to listen to the conversation of thir elders and to interrupt or give their opinions.

Schools were established for children of both sexes, but the sexes were kept apart. There was no such thing as co-education, and the boys and girls were hardly allowed to speak to one another. In the college both sexes received chiefly religious instruction. It was reserved for the enlightened twentieth century to banish God from education. Mexican children were taught to sweep the temple; to gather wood for the sacrifices; to replenish the censers and to fear and reverence the gods. The girls who attended the seminaries were generally the daughters of nobles and priests. They were strictly guarded and watched by vestal priestesses. There were no evening serenades or moonlight rambles; no auto rides, no "movies" for the young ladies, and if a girl was detected looking at a young man she was severely punished, and if she presumed to go out walking with him, here feet were tied together and pricked with thorns. Death, even, was the penalty for infraction of some of the rules. The girls were required to bathe frequently and to give much attention to personal cleanliness and to be skillful and tidy in domestic affairs. Both sexes were taught to hold their tongues in the presence of their elders, to answer them with reverence and to be modest in their behavior. Yet these people were called barbarians and the parents and teachers of our day are called enlightened!

The Toltecas were very solicitous about the education of their children. Texcoco preserved relics of art in which the broad principles laid down by their forefathers were, doubtless, remembered. Among the various sumptuous edifices at Utalan was the college, having a faculty of seventy professors and an attendance of between five and six thousand pupils, who were educated at public expense.

(See Juaros, Compendio de la Historia de Guatemala.) The truth of this statement is borne out by the fact that the city was not destroyed until 1526, by Arando, so that the early missionaries had ample opportunity afforded them to collect materials for a trustworthy history.

Medicine and Surgery were not unknown among the ancient Mexicans. I have referred, in a former article, to the fact that the kings and emperors had gardens in which medicinal plants were carefully cultivated. The doctors attended the nobility, but their fees were so high as to be prohibitive to the poor. The latter, however, contrived not to have any diseases they were not able to cure themselves, and as many of them were expert herbalists they succeeded pretty well in eluding the rapacity of the "practicos" or "practitioners." After the Spanish conquest there was no scarcity of able and charitable Spanish physicians.

The attempts at surgery on the part of the ancient Mexicans may have been crude and very painful to the patient, owing to the absence of anæsthetics, but the operations were not devoid of a pretty fair knowledge of the requirements of the case. I have seen over a dozen skulls of Peruvian Indians, upon which the operation of trephining had been practiced. The holes in the cranium appeared to have been made with a saw. The operations, as evinced by the skulls in question, were commented upon favorably at a large gathering of American surgeons held in Brooklyn a few years ago. The Mexican Indian, no doubt, followed the same system of surgery.

Among some interesting relics brought to light by excavations among some Aztec ruins in New Mexico, and made under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York City, is the skeleton of a girl, supposed to have been twenty years old, bearing evidences of a terrible injury and of primitive surgical treatment. The remains of this girl are described as being wrapped in three layers of materials—the first, an excellently woven cloth; the second, a mantle of feather cloth and the third a mat of plaited rushes. The skeleton lay on its back inclined somewhat to the left. The left hip was badly fractured, a portion of it having been broken away; there were also other breaks and dislocations. In addition, the left forearm showed two breaks and extreme displacements.

Mr. Earl H. Morris, who is in charge of the excavations, in describing this find, says: "At least six splints surrounded the broken arm. The top two of them were removed to give a better view of the region beneath. Since it is to be assumed that there were two or three more splints hidden by the undisturbed earth, the probable total number is eight or nine. The splints are of wood and average seven inches in length, half an inch in width, and a

little over one-fifth of an inch in thickness; of fairly uniform size and cut so as to fit the place they were intended to cover. Each is flat on the inner surface and curved on the outer side. All the bindings which hold them in place were decayed beyond recognition.

. . . The treatment of the broken arm seemed to have been within the reach of the surgeon, but as death resulted before sufficient time had elapsed for healing to begin, the final result must remain in doubt. The fact remains, however, that the Pueblo practitioner, as far back as the Stone Age, perhaps, had already learned the use of splints in the treatment of fractures."

I have mentioned the knowledge possessed by the ancient Mexicans concerning the medicinal properties of herbs. In their vapor baths the use of steamed herbs was frequently resorted to, for these people were acquainted with the vapor bath and its benefit to health. Their Termacalli, or vapor houses, were usually built of unburned bricks and looked very much like our old-fashioned Dutch bakeovens. The floor was slightly convex and lower than the surface of the ground outside. Its greatest diameter was eight feet, its greatest height, six feet. The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to crawl into it on hands and knees. Opposite the entrance was a fireplace, which was fed from outside, the smoke passing out through a hole in the top. When the patient enters the bath, he shuts off the hole in the roof, pours water upon the heated stone floor and thus produces a dense vapor. An attendant beats the vapor downwards, and gently strikes the patient over the body, especially upon the part affected, with a bunch of herbs which have been moistened and steamed so as to give out its medicinal effects. Perspiration now sets in and when the desired effect has been produced, the steam is allowed to escape, and the patient, carefully wrapped in rugs, is carried to his bed. This would seem to antedate the Russian and Turkish baths of our day. Indeed, so great was the knowledge of herbs possessed by these people, that later on, when the celebrated Dr. Hernandez arrived from Spain, the natives, Clavigero tells us, "were able to give him the names and virtues of more than 1.200 plants."

The ancient Mexicans were very fond of athletic sports. Hand-ball, football, foot races, wrestling, jumping and kindred modes of physical development were popular and were indulged in even by the royalty and the nobility. Gymnastics occupied a prominent place in their schools and they were presided over by expert instructors.

When death overtook the Mexican his body was given over to the undertaken or funeral director, who proceeded to dress it in the garb of the god who presided over the family of the deceased. If he had been a man of war he was invested with the garb of Huetzelopuchtli, if he met his death by drowning he was clothed in the dress of Tlaloc; while if he died a drunkard he was arrayed in that of Tezalzoncatl, the god of wine.

The degree of the civilization of the Mexicans might be dwelt upon much further, as we have shown in former articles. We might describe their aqueducts that stretched for miles and brought pure and clear water to the congested populations in their large cities; we might describe their temples and palaces, their chinampas, or floating gardens which floated from house to house along the shores of the lake and delivered to the housewife vegetables, fruits and flowers plucked from the soil under the very eyes of the purchasers. Then, too, their skill in the working of metals, which was a source of wonder to the metallurgists of Europe; nor must we forget to mention their laws—which were enforced, as ours are not—their dress, the classes into which society was divided, etc. We have described all these things in our former article in this Review (October, 1913).

Our object in this paper has been mainly an effort to remove the "myths" from the eyes of the searchers who do not make researches or who, "making at them" and failing to find them, decide, with the wisdom of the owl that such and such things never happened. To these we would say: "Quærite et invenietis."

MARC F. VALLETTI, LL. D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE ROLLICKING BOBOLINK.

"Have you heard the Bobolink With his merry clank-o-link, On a brier by the roadside balancing? Cocking bright eyes, beady, bold, Telling all that can be told, Of the joy of love and living in the Spring. There's a singer worth your while! I would journey many a mile Just to hear him lead the festival of June, In his black and gold attire Quite the dandy of the choir. Isn't Summer's sweetest story in that tune? He's a good opinion, too, Of his talents. Watch him, do, Showing off with such a lot of feathered fuss! Do you really suppose That his Sunday name he knows To be Dolychonyx oryzivorus?"

-Lulu W. Mitchell ("The Bobolink")

As one writer, Cheney, says, "The mere mention of his name incites merriment," and most poetical references to him are made in that humorous, care-free manner which is so characteristic of the bird. It seems impossible to write soberly, at least solemnly, of this lively, joyous fellow, or to surround him with a tender, sentimental atmosphere; it would be out of harmony with his nature, for he is all life, animation, sparkle, so full of the joy of living that he bubbles over with it continually. Take his popular name, self-chosen:

"Lo, here comes a harlequin! Where do you think
This fellow stands to teeter and prink?
On a clover top, where the cattle drink,
He chatters his own name—'Bobolink!'"
—Anon. ("Feathered Name Speakers")
"Soaring right up in the bright blue sky,
Can't keep track of him if you try;
Flitting around in the pasture lot,
Likes to be friendly, rather than not;
Dancing along the old rail fence,
Sunshine and flowers where the woods commence,
Got so he almost talks to me,
Head a-nodding, he says, says he—
'Bob-o-link, o-link, o-link.'"
—Granville Osborne

Of course, the most famous poem on the bird is Bryant's, begin-

ning with the adverb that most fittingly applies to the nature of his subject:

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee!"

There is a perfect picture of the bird in the first two lines, a snapshot of him in characteristic attitude and action. But one critic considers Wilson Flagg's "The O'Lincoln Family" a better study of the subject than Bryant's famous composition, because it sounds full of birds, all chattering and talking at once as the species is so fond of doing:

"A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting in the grove;
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love:
There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winter-Seeble, Conquedle—
A livelier set was never let by tabor, pipe or fiddle—
Crying 'Phew, shew, Wadolincon, see, see Bobolincon!'"
Every writer, and reader, to his taste. Personally, I consider
Lulu Mitchell's poem, placed at the head of this article, as full
and running over of Bobolink glee as the bird himself. Though a
bit of "occasional" doggerel, there is a clever play on the bird's
name in this bit of bird politics:

"First rising from a sedgy brook,
The stump bold Bob-o'-Lincoln took;
"Well now, I guess I'm glad," said he,
"For my free speech a stump to see;
They couldn't hold me in the mesh
Of that strange thing they call Sesesh;
To keep me down they needn't think on—
Hurrah for Bob-and-Abram-Lincoln!"
—Anon. ("Songs of New England Birds—1863")

Though these poets have placed Bobolink on various perches—"on a brier by the roadside balancing," "on a clover top," "dancing along an old rail fence," "on brier and weed," "in the grove," and above "a sedgy brook," the bird is distinctly a meadow character, preferring one of the marshy type but stipulating that it must be open and sunny and breezy. No dismal swamps for this gay fellow! Among his many names are three that indicate his love for open fields—Meadow Wink, Mead-o-Wink and Meadow Bird:

The reaper's steel flash sparklingly, "In meadows deep with hay, I see

And Bobolinks at play."

—J. T. Thompson ("Even-Time")

Indeed, to be out among the bobolinks is to be in pleasant places:

"So beautiful is it to love, so sweet

To hear the ripple of the bobolink,

To smell the clover blossoms white and pink, To feel oneself far from the dusty street,

From dusty souls, from all flare and fret Of living, and the fervor of regret."

-Sophie M. Almon-Henseley ("In Content")

It is in the spring that Bobolink is a meadow bird; along in the summer, when the young are strong enough to leave the nest, the family with others that have spent the summer in the same field or others nearby, move to some reedy marsh and there spend the time feeding upon seeds of all kinds, preparing for the Southern migration; which changes Robert from a minstrel to a gourmand:

"The bobolinks are on the oats
And gorging stills the jocund throats
That made the meadows ring."

-John Burroughs ("Midsummer in the Catskills")

It is at this time he becomes the Reed-Bird, growing portly of figure and dingy of coat and losing all his tunefulness. Seldom is he called Reed-Bird early in the summer, because "Bobolink" so fits his gay vivacity, but two poets have heard him singing in his Reed-Bird phase:

"As reed-bird pour their rapture By the unwintered sea."

—Bliss Carman ("Aftersong")

"The rushes by the riverside thrill with the reed-bird's song, And bend to kiss the ripples as the waters flow along."

-S. M. Carpenter ("Arlington")

Because wild rice also figures in his midsummer gourmandizing, also the cultivated crop, Rice-Bird is his Southern name, though, contrary to "Whittier's line, the bird is seldom saying much when in the rice-eating stage:

"De rice-bird mean it when he sing."
—("Song of the Negro Boatmen")

The scientific name, so full of uncommon letters, "Dolichonyx oryzivorus," is made up of several Greek terms and means "long-clawed rice-eater."

Dr. Coues has a paragraph on the bird's list of names: "In May, the vivacious, voluble and eccentric Bobolinks pass North, spreading over the meadows of the Middle and Northern States from the Atlantic to Kansas and Dakota, perfecting their black dress and breeding in June and July. After the midsummer change, the

'Reed-Bird' or 'Rice-Bird' comes back, thronging the marshes in immense flocks with the Blackbirds; has simply a chirping note, feeds on the wild oats and wild rice, and becomes extremely fat and is accounted a great delicacy. The name 'Ortolan,' applied by some gunners and restaurateurs to this bird, is a strange misnomer, the Ortolan being a finch of Europe. In the West Indies, where this bird retires in winter, as it does also to Central and South America, it is cailed 'Butter-Bird.' The names 'Bobolink' and 'Meadow-Wing' are in imitation of its cry; 'Skunk Blackbird' notes the resemblance in color to the obnoxious quadruped."

His patchy black-and-white coat has been described by Bryant, who quite appropriately lets the bird himself point it out with frank pride; also, hints the Reed-Birds' humdrum dungarees in the mate's plain garb:

"Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee."

In the rippling metre of his lines Bryant has deftly incorporated the lilting character of the Bobolink's hilarious song, while permitting the sentiment of the words to betray the bird's frank selfsatisfaction in everything relating to him and his. Yet the poet has also remembered that even a feathered mischief and coxcomb may respond when duty calls, and become self-sacrificing at need. It is noticeable, too, that Bryant assigns a nobler reason for bobolink's late-summer grubbiness than mere love of good food:

"Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chee, chee, chee.

"Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

All in all, Bryant manages to make this summer history a sort of allegory on human life, that the gay-spirited bird cannot escape the humdrum duties it brings, that cares bring on the sober mien of maturity, no matter how faithfully borne. The last verse also contains a covert impeachment of mankind, so prone to lose interest in a thing that has lost its sparkle and gaiety and become dull and humdrum. The bird-loving poet is also a clear-eyed philosopher.

The nest of which Bobolink is so proud has been praised by John Burroughs, or rather, the wisdom in its location: "If I were a bird, in building my nest I should follow the example of the bobolink, placing it in the midst of a broad meadow, where there was no spear of grass, of flower or growth unlike another to mark its site." And he tells of spending hours looking for one whose locality he knew, and even then did not find until Bobolink flew down with food and gave him a hint as to where to look. It was "virtually invisible, the dark gray and yellowish-brown dry grass and stubble of the meadow bottom were exactly copied in the color of the half-fledged young. More than that, they hugged the nest so closely and formed such a compact mass that though there were five of them, they preserved the unit of expression—no single head or form was defined; they were one, and that one was without shape or color, and not separable, except by closest scrutiny, from the one of the meadow bottom."

When the mate is sitting on her lowly nest, her sparrow-like markings of brown streaked with buff makes her practically invisible to the hawk flying above. And the eggs, being of a clayey bluish-white, mottled with dark brown, or purple, as the poet has it, are protectively colored: "six white eggs on a bed of hay flecked with purple," as Bryant describes them, or, according to Dora Read Goodale:

"Softly lined and loosely woven,
Light blue eggs were in it laid,
Clear, transparent, blotched with purple,
Fair to see." —("The Bobolink's Nest")

As Mr. Burroughs says, "There is no concealment, except as the great conceals the little, as the desert conceals the pebble, as the myriad conceals the unit." And, of course, this clever camouflage deceives the curious eye of the two or four-footed prowler.

It is during the mating and brooding that Bobolink is at his merriest—is merry at all, in fact, for later in the year he is too full of calm content to be prankish or hilarious.

Early in May, or even in April, he arrives in the North in full tune:

"Sunshine, laughter, mad desires,
May day, June day, lucid skies,
All reckless moods that love inspires,
The gladdest bird that sings and flies."
—C. P. Cranch ("The Bobolinks")

Indeed, his song is such a burst of glee that it inspires one poet to a very plausible theory as to how the bird came:

"When Nature had made all her birds, With no more cares to think on, She gave a rippling laugh, and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

* * * * * * *

"Still merriest of the merry birds, Your sparkle is unfading— Pied harlequins of June—no end Of song and masquerading."

—C. P. Cranch ("The Bobolink")

Mr. Cranch also finds the bird able to laugh upon occasion, as well as without any other cause except good spirits:

"One day in the bluest of summer weather,
Sketching under a whispering oak,
I heard five bobolinks laughing together,
Over some ornithological joke." — ("The Birds")

J. G. Holland, too, notes this laughing quality in the bird's melody:

"And o'er the meads the bobolink
With vexed perplexity confessed
His tinkling gutturals in a kink
Or giggled round his secret nest."

("The Mistress of the

—("The Mistress of the Manse")

Just as a human being, seized by a paroxysm of laughter, must slap his knees and stamp his feet to take care of the overflow of muscular activity, so Bobolink must laugh in other ways besides vocally. As Neltje Blanchan says: "The rippling, restless music seems to keep his wings in motion, as well as his throat, when it suddenly bursts forth, up he shoots into the air like a skylark, and paddles himself along with just the tips of his wings while it is the 'mad music' that seemingly propels him—then he drops with his song into the grass again."

"The bobolink bubbles o'er with glee
In tumbling, headlong melody."
—E. R. Sill ("The Two Ways")

"A bobolink rose in the sun-thrilled air,"
A spirit of song, with the blue sky o'er him,
And his trembling wings from the meadows there,
As he sang and sang, still upward bore him."

—Ernest McGaffey ("Out Doors")
"And when the bobolink shall fall

In rapture to the ground."

—Lewis G. Wilson ("The Hylodes")

But it takes "the merry month of June," and James Russell Lowell, to inspire Bobolink to his supremest delight. In one of his essays he says: "The bobolinks are generally chance visitors, tinkling through the garden in blossoming time, but this year, owing to the long rains early in the season, their favorite meadows were flooded, and they were driven upland. So I had a pair of them domiciled in

my grass-field. The male used to perch in an apple tree, then in full bloom, and while I stood perfectly still close by, he would circle away, quivering round the entire field of five acres, with no break in his song, and settle down again among the blossoms, to be hurried away almost immediately by a new rapture of music." Lowell worked this over into poetical form, in "Bigelow Papers":

"'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;
Half hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quivering wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air."

Continues the essay: "He had the volubility of an Italian charlatan at a fair, and like him, appeared to be proclaiming the merits of some quack remedy. Opodeldoc—opodeldoc—try Doctor Lincoln's opodeldoc! he seemed to repeat over and over again, with a rapidity that would have distanced the deftest-tongued Figaro that ever rattled." Which, in "Under the Willows," becomes anything but quackery:

"But now, oh rapture! Sunshine winged and voiced, Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one, The bobolink has come, and like the soul Of the sweet season vocal in a bird, Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what Save June! dear June! Now God be praised for June!"

Otherwhere he records: "The bobolinks build in considerable numbers in a meadow within a quarter of a mile of us. A houseless lane passed through the midst of their camp, and in clear westerly weather, at the right season, one may hear a score of them singing at once. When they are breeding, if I chance to pass, one of the male birds always accompanies me like a constable, flitting from post to post of the rail fence, with a short note of reproof continually repeated, till I am fairly out of the neighborhood. Then he will swing away into the air, and run down the wind, gurgling music without stint over the unheeding tussocks of meadow grass and dark clumps of bulrushes that mark his domain." Regarding this "right season," Lowell himself seems a bit in doubt, or else the bird does have a lyrical revival after nesting is over, in fragmentary bits:

"Meanwhile, that devil-may-care, the bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the windrows most demurely drops."
—("An Indian Summer Reverie")

If Lowell finds the bird a reckless devil-may-care in the fall, others

have found him entirely unbalanced in the "right season":

"And bobolinks crazy with glee—
So crazy, they soar through the glow of the sunset,
And warble their merriest notes as they fly,
Nor heed how the moths hover low in the hollows,
And the dew gathers soft in the sky."

—Abba G. Woolson ("A Summer's Day")
"The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,

Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight."

—O. W. Holmes ("Astræa") The "crack-brained" is not putting it strong for Robert, but to call his demure mate "crazy" is classing the innocent with the guilty. I think we all prefer to regard Bobolink as reckless rather than unbalanced:

"Merry madcap on the tree!
Who so happy is as thee?
Is there aught so full of fun
Half so happy, 'neath the sun?
With thy merry whiskodink—
Bobolink! Bobolink!"
—Alexander McLachlan ("Bobolink")

When it comes to describing the quality of his voice, the poets have seemingly agreed upon comparing it to a bell:

"Again I heard the song
Of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat
Pealed like a tangle of small bells afloat."

—C. G. D. Roberts "And restless rings the bobolink's bubbly note From the clear bell that tinkles in his throat."

—A. B. Street
"Broad meadows lying like lagoons
Of sunniest water, on whose swells
Float nodding blooms to tinkling bells
Of bob-o-linkum's wildest tunes." —Hamlin Garland
"In deep Ontarian meadows
The reed-bird will loose his bells."

-Bliss Carman

Mr. Cheney says that "Bobolink is the embodiment of a frolic song, the one inimitable operatic singer of the feathered stage. . . . We must wait for some interpreter with the sound-catching skill of a Blind Tom and the phonograph combined, before we may hope to fasten the kinks and twists of this live music-box." And Alexander Wilson: "He chants such a jingling melody of short, variable notes, uttered with such a seeming confusion and rapidity and continued for a considerable time, that it appears as if a half dozen birds of different kinds were all singing together. Some idea may be formed of this song by striking the high keys of a piano-forte at random,

singly and quickly, making as many sudden contrasts of high and low notes as possible."

> "Where the garrulous bobolinks lilt and chime Over and over."

—Duncan C. Scott ("A Summer Song")

"From blossom-clouded orchards, far away
The bobolink tinkled."

—Lowell

Mr. Matthews' opinion is interesting: "The Bobolink is indeed a great singer, but the latter part of his song is a species of musical fireworks. He begins bravely enough with a number of well-sustained tones, but presently he accelerates his time, loses track of his motive, and goes to pieces in a burst of musical scintillations. It is a mad, reckless song-fantasia, an outbreak of pent-up, irrepressible glee. The difficulty of either describing or putting upon paper such music is insurmountable. One can follow the singer through the first few whistled bars, and then, figuratively speaking, he lets down the bars and stampedes." Which Mr. Matthews most whimsically represents on the staff with a jumble of notes tipped upside down and sideways, and then betters by starting with a few notes and ending in a zigzag diagram of curlicues resembling a Chinese puzzle. To Charles G. D. Roberts this complicated ending becomes

"The linked bubblings of the bobolink."

("An Ode to Drowsihood")

Thoreau has an appropriate idea in his praise: "He is just touching the strings of his theorbo, his glassichord, his water organ, and one or two notes globe themselves and fall in liquid bubbles from his tuning throat. It is as if he touched his harp within a vase of liquid melody, and when he lifted it out the notes fell like bubbles from the trembling strings. Methinks they are the most liquidly sweet and melodious sounds I ever heard. They are as refreshing to my ear as the first tinkling and gurgling of a rill to a thirsty man. . . . But away he launches, and the meadow is all bespattered with melody. Its notes fall with the apple blossoms in the orchard. The very divinest part of his strain drops from his overflowing breast singultim, in globes of melody. It is the foretaste of such strains as never fell on mortal ears, to hear which we should rush to our doors and contribute all we possess or are. Or it seemed as if in that vase full of melody some notes sphered themselves, and from time to time bubbled up to the surface, and were with difficulty repressed."

"The gay bobolink, whose minstrelsy flows
Like the bubbling brook through the meadow that goes."
—Isaac McClellan

Remarks Lowell: "We have no bird whose song will match the nightingale's in compass, none whose note is so rich as that of the European blackbird; but for mere rapture I have never heard the bobolink's rival. Yet his opera season is a short one." He never leaves one in doubt as to his favorite bird:

"Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink."
—("Bigelow Papers")

Some, indeed, have hinted that it is not water the bird dips his harp into, but something stronger:

"Jolliest of all our birds of singing,
Best he loved the Bobolink,
'Hush!' he says, 'The tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!'"
—Whittier ("The Sycamores")

"Who's roistering down the orchard,
There where the clover thins?
Some rascal's deep in liquor,
And chuckling o'er his sins.
Hark, where the hedge-rose blushes,
Dost hear the cannikin clink?
Dost hear the flagon's gurgling:

'Bubble-link—bubble-link?'"

—Ednah Proctor Clarke But at the best it can be only distilled dew he drinks, and, as Lowell says, it is mere rapture that makes him act so irresponsible. Mr. Burroughs even hears him preach "temperance," among other bits of advice: "Sometimes he begins with the word gegue, gegue. Then again, more fully, be true to me, Clarsy, be true to me, Clarsy, Clarsy, thence full tilt into his unimitable song, interspersed in which the words kick your slipper, kick your slipper, and temperance, temperance (the last with a peculiar nasal resonance), are plainly heard."

"The tipsy bobolink, struggling with the chain Of tinkling music that perplexed his wings."

—J. G. Holland

Being a strictly American bird, he is not mentioned by the European poets; I have found but one reference to him in Continental poetry, and that in Browning's "Mr. Sludge the Medium," the scene of whose action is in America:

"I fancy a friend stands whistling all in white, Blithe as a bobolink, and he's dead, I learn."

No paper on the literature of the Bobolink would be complete without reference to that charmingly playful description of him in Irving's "Birds of Spring":

"The happiest bird of our spring, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Bobolincon, or Bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this. winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: 'the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wildrose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to grow, among the green leaves.

"This is the chosen season of revelry of the Bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes, crowding one upon another like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody, and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

"Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a schoolroom. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday frolic, green fields and fine weather.

"Further observation and experience have given me a different

idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart. for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music and song and taste and sensibility and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him. and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common. vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a bon vivant, a gourmand; with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Bobolincon no more—he is the Reed-bird now, the much sought for tidbit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

"Does he take warning and reform? Alas, not he! Incorrigible epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famouse *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

"Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some Southern gastronome.

"Such is the story of the Bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

"Which is all at present, from the well-wisher of little boys and little birds, Geoffrey Crayon, Gent."

But when the spring comes again, the Reed-bird is once more the

"Bobolink, that in the meadow Or beneath the orchard's shadow, Keep'st up a constant prattle, Joyous as my children's prattle, Welcome to the north again."

—Thomas Hill Mr. Burroughs, too, has some charmingly whimsical things to say of this meadow character, this "bird of parts" so unlike his fellows:

"Throughout the northern and eastern parts of the Union the lark would find a dangerous rival in the bobolink, a bird that has no European prototype, and no near relatives anywhere—standing quite alone unique, and in the qualities of hilarity and musical tintinnabulation, with a song unequaled. He has already a secure place in general literature, having been laureated by no less a poet than Bryant, and invested with a lasting human charm in the sunny page of Irving, and is the only one of our songsters, I believe, the mocking bird cannot parody or imitate. He affords the most marked example of exuberant pride, and a glad, rollicking, holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and, unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gavly into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and the matches all settled; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say, 'Ha! ha! I must have my fun Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow. see, see, see!' At the approach of the breeding season, the bobolink undergoes a complete change; his form changes, his color changes, his flight changes. From mottled brown or brindle he becomes black and white, earning, in some localities, the shocking name of 'skunk bird': his small, compact form becomes broad and conspicuous, and his ordinary flight is laid aside for a mincing, affected gait, in which he seems to use only the tips of his wings. It is very noticeable what a contrast he presents to his mate at this season, not only in color but in manners, she being as shy and retiring as he is forward and hilarious. Indeed, she seems disagreeably serious and indisposed to any fun or jollity, scurrying away at his approach, and apparently annoyed at every endearing word and look. It is surprising that all this parade of plumage and tinkling of cymbals should be gone through with and persisted in to please a creature so coldly indifferent as she really seems to be. If Robert O'Lincoln has been stimulated

into acquiring this holiday uniform and this musical gift by the approbation of Mrs. Robert, as Darwin, with his sexual selection principle would have us believe, then there must have been a time when the females of this tribe were not quite so chary of their favors as they are now. Indeed, I never knew a female bird of any kind that did not appear utterly indifferent to the charms of voice and plumage that the male birds are so fond of displaying. But I am inclined to believe that the males think only of themselves and of outshining each other, and not at all of the approbation of their mates as, in an analogous case in a higher species, it is well known who the females dress for and whom they want to kill with envy! I know of no other songbird that expresses so much self-consciousness and vanity, and comes so near being an ornithological coxcomb. The red-bird, the yellow-bird, the indigo-bird, the oriole, the cardinal grosbeak and others, all birds of brilliant plumage and musical ability, seem quite unconscious of self, and neither by tone nor act

challenge the admiration of the beholder."

"Thou vocal sprite! Thou feather'd troubadour!

In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,
Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,
And play in foppish trim the masquerading stranger?
Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature;
But wise as all of us, perforce, must think 'em;
The schoolboy best hath fixed thy nomenclature,
And poets, too, must call thee Bob o'Linkum."

—Charles Fenno Hoffman

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth. Minn.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

"Sweet was the fancy of those antique ages
That put a heart in every stirring leaf,
Writing deep morals upon Nature's pages,
Turning sweet flowers into deathless sages,
To calm our joy and sanctify our grief.
And gladly would I know the man or child,
But no! It surely was a pensive girl
That gave so sweet a name to flowerlet wild,
A harmless innocent, and unbeguiled,
To whom a flower is precious as a pearl."
—Hartley Coleridge ("The Forget-Me-Not")

N ALL the European languages, the popular name of the pretty Myosotis palustris bears a name similar in meaning to the English Forget-me-not; it is "Ne m'oubliez pas" or "Souvenezvous de moi," in French; "Vergissmeinnicht," in German; "Niezaboudka," in Russian, and "Nontiscordardime," in Italian. For many centuries it has been regarded as the emblem of fidelity; and in legend and literature the flower which arouses remembrance plays its distinctive role.

"And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
Forget-me-nots and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew."

—N. Mueller ("The Paradise of Tears") Tr. Bryant

Though many of the flowers speak their history in their names, the forget-me-not also betrays the legends regarding its origin, of which there are several.

As it is a frequenter of moist places, what more fitting than the following story could be told of the blossom: "Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake, one fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the Myosotis growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire for them, whereupon her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, sprang into the water, and swimming to the spot, gathered the plant; but his strength was unable to beat back against the strong current, and seeing that he could not regain the shore, although very near to it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon the frantic but helpless maiden, he cried 'Forget-me-not!' and disappeared beneath the waters. And, faithful to him, she wore the flowers in her hair till the day of her death."

"I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers."

-Tennyson ("The Brook")

"And therein lurks, an azure speck,
The tiny starred forget-me-not—
Fond type of hearts that love and long
In lonely faith, at Hougoumont."

-Alfred Domett ("Hougoumont")

"Sad forget-me-not's a token
Full of partings and mishaps."

—Anon.

A Persian legend relates how in the world's morning an angel sat weeping at the gates of light, for he had loved a daughter of the earth, and so forfeited his place in heaven. He had first seen the girl at a river edge, decorating her hair with forget-me-nots, and as a punishment for losing his heart to her he was barred from paradise till the woman had planted forget-me-nots in every corner of the world. It was a tedious task, but for great love she undertook it, and so for years, in all climes and weathers, they wandered over the globe together, planting

"By rivulet, or spring, or wet roadside,
The blue and bright-eyed flowerlet of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not!"
—S. T. Coleridge ("The Keepsake")

When the task was ended the couple appeared once more at the gates, and behold, they were not closed against them. The woman was admitted without death, since, as said the keepers of the way: "Your love is greater than your wish for life; and as he on whom you have bestowed yourself is an angel, so love of the heavenly has raised you above corruption. Enter, therefore, into the joys of heaven, the greatest of which is unselfish love."

"The blue flower, which—Brahmans says—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise."—Anon.
"'Remember,' forget-me-not murmurs,
'Remember us each and all.'"
—Helen I. Moorhouse

"And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, forget-me-not."

—J. G. Percival ("The Language of Flowers")

Another old tradition cites that when God named all the plants, He overlooked this plant because it was so small. Afterward, as He passed through the groves and gardens, He called these names, to find if they were accepted, and every plant bowed and whispered its assent. His walk was almost over when a small voice at His feet asked, "By what name am I called, Father?" Looking down, He saw this little flower peeping shyly at Him from the shadow.

Struck with its beauty, and His own forgetfulness, He answered, "As I forgot you before, let Me name you in a way to show I shall remember you again: You shall be Forget-me-not." In another version, it is the flower that forgets its name:

"When to the flowers so beautiful the Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one, all timidly it came;
And standing at the Father's feet and gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tones and with a modest grace,
'Dear God, the name Thou gavest me, alas, I have forgot!'
The Father kindly looked Him down and said, 'Forget-me-not!'"
—Anon.

A new legend of the Myosotis has been devised by F. W. Bourdillon: When Psyche was banished from the presence of Cupid, as a punishment for disobedience to her promise never to seek to know his identity, she wandered long and far, weeping bitterly over her fault. And

"The big tears from her blue eyes running down Fell on earth's pitying bosom,
Suddenly there sprang amid the sedges brown Blue as her eyes a blossom."

Tradition, too often untruthful, but frequently entertaining in its ingenuity, says that when Henry of Lancaster was an exile, he adopted the forget-me-not as his badge, and that his adherents regarded the flower as setting forth his feelings; some have even ventured to derive its English name from this supposed fact.

"I am the flower that every age has sung,
My name has trembled on the unwilling tongue,
'Midst sad farewells how mournfully has run:
Forget-me not!"

—Isabella M. Mortimer

"Oft wandering on a foreign shore,
The exile's eyeballs brimming o'er
With sudden tears
Look upon thee, and thoughts of home
In melancholy visions come
In doubts and fears."

—Jose Joaquin Dedlas ("Flor Modesta y Delicida")

Once upon a time, a shepherd was driving his flock over the Ilsenstein, when, wearied with his journey, he leaned upon his staff. Instantly the mountain opened, for his staff was resting upon this flower beloved by the fairy Princess Ilse. Within the opening thus made he saw the Princess, who bade him fill his pockets with gold. This he was not loth to do; and having obeyed the royal behest, was just about to leave, when the fairy exclaimed "Forget not the best!" alluding to his wonder-working staff, upon the point of which still hung the magic blossom. Thinking, however, that she meant

the best gold, he left his staff leaning against the wall of rock, and proceeded to gather up more of the precious metal. In this way, he was unable to leave the cave, and when suddenly the mountain closed again, he remained a prisoner.

"Ah, dearest, may the elves that sway
Thy fancies come from emerald plots,
Where they have dozed and dreamed all day
In hearts of blue forget-me-nots."

—Henry Timrod ("A Serenade")

It is said that the forget-me-nots which were found in the streams and pools on and near the field of Waterloo after the Duke of Wellington's victory there, sprang from the blood of the troops who fell during the engagement.

"As when our blood the mouse-ear drank
And red the river ran." —William Morris ("Song")
"And—vain memento of the spot—
The turquoise-eyed forget-me-not."

-Francis T. Palgrave ("A Danish Barrow")

When the name of the plant is so rich in legendary lore, it is but natural that the poet should make much of the meaning of the blossom, or its name:

"The brook that mirrored clear the sky—
Full well I know the spot—
The mouse-ear looked with bright blue eye
And said, 'Forget-me-not.'
And from the brook I turned away
But heard it many an after day." —John Clare
"And tenderest forget-me-nots
That e'er a lover honored yet
With glance made sweet by sweetest thoughts
Are softly in the grasses set."
—Cora K. Aitken ("Near Cannes")

"Every heart with its garden
There the forget-me-nots cluster." —E. R. Sill
"A small blue flower with yellow eye
Hath mightier spell to move my soul
Than even the mightiest notes which roll
From man's most perfect minstrelsy."

—C. G. D. Roberts ("A Blue Blossom")

In Italy, this is a much cherished blossom, sacred to lovers, because it is the changed form of a pretty maid who was drowned. In France, where it is a symbol of eternal affection, it is sometimes known as "The eyes of Our Lady." An order of knighthood, in the fourteenth century, wore the flower as a device. The old name of the plant was Scorpion-Grass, and three hundred years ago, the plant, as one authority states, had "none other known name than this." It was probably called Scorpion-Grass on account of its

flower-spike resembling the tail of that creature; in consequence of which, on the theory that a plant indicated its use by its peculiar appearance—the doctrine of signatures—it was supposed to be good against the sting of a scorpion. "Myosotis" a Latinized form of its Greek name meaning "mouse-ear" is derived from the plant's hairy stems and leaves.

Myosotis palustris will grow in dry places, but thrives best in muddy ditches, rivulets, and near open springs of water, and so the poet has observed how "Forget-me-nots deck each dim nook":

"The blue myosotis, peeping out,
Whispers forget-me-not over my face."
—Anon. ("The Spring")

"And azure-eyed forget-me-nots
Each oozy marge that lined."

—Anon. ("The Thames")

"I see the threadlike brooklets trickle down
To kiss forget-me-nots in restful delis."

—Emily H. Taylor ("The Purple Falls")

"Our meadow-path had memorable spots;
One where it bridged a tiny rivulet
Deep hid by tangled blue forget-me-nots!"
George Eliot ("Brother and Sister")

The spike-like racemes of bright-blue, yellow-throated corollas are that color the poet dotes upon, and many are the praises which have been heaped upon the blossom. He finds "forget-me-nots, as blue as if the pale reflected sky had tinged their petals" (Arlo Bates); or, in the words of Margaret E. Sangster, "Forget-me-nots that from the sky their tender blueness took", or according to John Hutton: "Forget-me-nots, whose paler blue from summer sky was borrowed." To another poet,

"Like eyes of angels, looking on through tears
Thou lookest forth from brookside softly fair."
—A. H. Japp ("Forget-Me-Nots")

J. W. Courthope, describing "The Chancellor's Garden," tells us that "There was seen the blue forget-me-not, flashing through all her flowers Lake Leman's blue." Few of the poets have observed the yellow throats of the corollas, but one most fittingly describes the blossoms as

"Blue forget-me-nots that seemed

Like to turquoise stones when gold

Their blue beauty doth enfold."

—Strachey

Perhaps it is the gold in the flower which prompted Longfellow to make that well-known comparison in "Evangeline":

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Altogether, it is a dearly beloved blossom, and so it is not merely as a good rhyming word that it decorates many a bit of verse; the poet's affection dictated its use, and his skill found a rhyme for the flower's name.

"And in one calm, grassy spot
Starry, blue forget-me-not."
—Adelaide Anne Proctor ("Discouraged")
"There humbly in a distant plot
Clusters the blue forget-me-not."
—W. J. Cameron ("The Garden")
"And thick in many a sunny spot
There blows the pale forget-me-not."
—Dora R. Goodale ("Spring")
HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

ON MEDIÆVAL SANCTUARY.

HE law of sanctuary contributed largely to associate in the popular imagination the ideas of sanctity and of mercy, and to increase the reverence for human life. Obviously erroneous is the suggestion that places of refuge were established with a view to protecting unintentional offenders from punishment or revenge. Among the real immunities of the clergy under the Christian emperors may be ranked the right of sanctuary; that is, a right granted to persons accused, who take refuge in a church or in any other place, of not being prosecuted, at least during a certain time or by certain persons. The origin and nature of this law are admirably explained in a memoir on the subject, read in 1711 before the Academy of Inscriptions by Father Simon, one of the most eminent academicians of his day. "As soon," he observes, "as men had commenced to invoke the Author of nature, when they had erected altars to Him and offered Him sacrifices, to acknowledge Him as the sovereign Arbiter of their destinies and to implore His assistance, they regarded Him as present in a special manner in the places where they celebrate His mysteries, and they dreaded to show themselves rigid towards others, when they sought to conciliate His clemency for themselves. This respectful fear disposed them to treat favorably those who took refuge there, and to prohibit all violence towards the opinion of those who represent ecclesiastical immunities as prescribed by the divine law or the natural law, which all the princes of the earth are bound to respect, and which they never can dispense with. It is equally clear, on the other hand, that these same facts can easily be reconciled with the opinion which regards ecclesiastical immunities as founded solely on positive law, in the sense explained by Cardinal Bellarmine. It has been suggested that the privilege was to give time for the first heat of resentment to pass over before the injured party could seek redress, but this hardly accounts for its origin. In the infancy of society especially, and in general in all nations not much advanced in civilization, nothing is more useful than the right of sanctuary to supply the defect of laws and government; to check the revenge of individuals. who commonly imagine that they have a right to do justice to themselves; finally, to prevent or to moderate the first impulses of revenge, which are often unjust, and always dangerous. Montesquieu himself, struck with these considerations, could not but admire on this point the wisdom of the laws of Moses, and approve generally the right of sanctuary, provided it were placed under proper restrictions, to prevent abuses. "As the Divinity," he observes, "is



the refuge of the unfortunate, and as none are more unfortunate than criminals, men have been naturally led to believe that the temples were an asylum for them; and this idea appeared more natural among the Greeks, among whom murderers expelled from their city and from the society of men, seemed to have no other home but the temples, no other protectors but the gods. This right regarded at first none but involuntary homicides; but when great criminals were included in it, there was a gross inconsistency; for if they had offended men, much more had they offended the gods. The laws of Moses were very wise. Involuntary homicides were innocent: but they should be removed from the sight of the relatives of the slain: a sanctuary was therefore established for them. Great criminals deserve no sanctuary: they had none. The Jews had only a portable tabernacle, which continually was changing its place; that excluded the idea of a sanctuary. It is true they were to have a temple: but the criminals who might flock thither from all parts trouble divine service. the homicides bluow Tf expelled from their country, as among the Greeks, they might, it was to be feared, adore strange gods. All these considerations led to the establishment of cities of sanctuary, where the fugitives should remain until the death of the sovereign pontiff." Again, it has been supposed that the right of sanctuary bears testimony to the power of certain places to transmit their virtues to those who entered them. Among nearly all peoples of the world at different stages of civilization are to be found "totem" centres: from the Aruntas of Australia. the Arckenas of North America to the inhabitants of Hawaii, and to the Mohammedans of Persia and Morocco, while the Balder's Grove in the beautiful Sogne Fiord in Norway was a famous sanctuary to the Northern peoples. In the Old Testament¹ the six cities of refuge were set apart to protect people who had committed murder unintentionally. While in these cities the person who wished to avenge the murder was unable to touch the murderer, and after the death of the high priest he was free permanently. In Christian times, however, sanctuary, being a privilege of the Church, did not extend to sacrilege.

Like every other ecclesiastical foundation, the right of sanctuary was originally a beneficent and wise institution, designed by the Church for the protection of the weak and the prevention of revenge, wild justice, violence and oppression. If a man, in those days of swift wrath and ready hand, should kill another in the madness of a moment; if by accident he should wound or maim another; if by the breaking of any law he should incur the penalties of justice; if

¹ Numbers xxxv.

by any action he should incur the hostility of a stronger man; if by some of the many changes and chances of fortune he should lose his worldly goods and fall into debt or bankruptcy, and so become liable to imprisonment; if he had cause to dread the displeasure of king, baron or Bishop—the right of sanctuary was open to him. Once on the frith-stool, once clinging to the horns of the altar, he was as safe as an Israelite within the walls of a city of refuge: the mighty hand of the Church was over him; his enemies could not touch him, on pain of excommunication.

The right of sanctuary, under wise restrictions, was too much in keeping with the mild and merciful principles of the Christian religion not to enlist in its defense the warmest sympathies of the clergy. Hence, we find the Bishops and councils testifying generally great zeal for its preservation, and appealing to it with almost invariable success, sometimes in defense of persecuted innocence, sometimes to obtain the pardon of criminals who had taken refuge in the church, or to obtain at least a mitigation of the punishment which they had incurred; but above all, to prevent the rigor of human justice from depriving them, as was frequently the case, of the spiritual succors which religion never refuses to sinners, and which none need more than the greatest criminals.2 These were the true motives of the zeal which Bishops and councils invariably evinced for the maintenance of the right of sanctuary; they knew well, it is true, the authority vested in the magistrate for the repression and the punishment of crimes opposed to public order and to the rights of individuals; and far from wishing that guilt should go unpunished, they strongly acknowledged the necessity of inflicting in certain cases severe punishment on criminals; but they wished that the severity of the magistrate, as well as of the government, should be tempered by clemency; and that in punishing sin, nothing should be left untried to save the sinner, in order that the temporal punishment of the criminals should contribute to their eternal salvation. St. Augustine explains all these views admirably in a letter to Macedonius, vicar of Africa, in which he treats the subject fully.

The right of sanctuary had been accorded to pagan temples by Imperial decrees of Rome, and in some cases extended not only to altars, but to such things as persons and standards. Slaves at the time of Seneca were allowed to seek shelter at the statues of the gods. Early Christianity soon introduced the right of asylum to



² The lives of St. Augustine, St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom contain many remarkable examples of this charitable interference of the prelates in favor both of criminals and of the innocent.

⁸ Suetonius, "Vita Tiberii," c. 37; Tacitus, "Annal.," iii., 60,

⁴ De Clem. i., 18.

the churches. Proterius, Bishop of Alexandria, as Liberatus⁵ and Evagrius report, took sanctuary in the baptistery of the church, to avoid the fury of the Monophysite faction headed by Timotheus Ælurus; and though that was a place which even the barbarians themselves had some reverence for, yet, as the Egyptian Bishops complain in their letter to the Emperor Leo,7 the malice of the Monophysites pursued him thither, and there slew him, mangled his body, dragged it about the streets, and at last burnt it to ashes, and scattered his ashes to the wind: for which unparalleled barbarity committed against the laws of religion, the Emperor Leo deposed Timotheus Ælurus, and sent him into banishment all his life. Eutropius, the minister of Arcadius, says that Christian people who were chased by a crowd were accorded refuge; Gregory of Nazianzus⁸ tells that the Church harbored noble widows who were exposed to the intrusion of greedy men. St. Basil^b tells of slaves for their faith doing the same. The legal privilege of affording refuge was conceded to the Church from the first ages of the Emperors becoming Christians. In Synesius¹⁰ and other ancient writers the altar is frequently called asulos trabexa. table from which no one could be ravished or taken away. During the holy seasons of Lent and Easter no criminal trials could be held, and no criminal could be tortured or executed. Two laws to this effect were enacted in the East by the liberal piety of Theodosius the Elder in 380, and in the West by Honorius in 414.11 But Theodosius in 392 deprived bankrupts of the privilege—publii debitores.12 A decree that follows the fiftysixth canon of the fourth synod of Carthage in 300 enacts that the Bishops Epigorius and Vincent should be sent to the Emperor to beg for the churches the jus asylorum. St. Augustine in his "De Civitate Dei" mentions that after the taking of Rome in 410. Alaric spared all those who had taken refuge in the churches. Papal sanction was first given to it by Leo I., about 460, though the first

⁵ Breviar., c. 15 (t. 5, p. 763e). Et ante triduum Paschae, quo coena Domini celebratur, ab ipsis turbis concluditur in ecclesia sanctae memoriae Proterius, quo se timore contulerat, ibique eadem die in baptisterio occiditur, laniatur, ejicitur, et funus ejus incenditur, sparguntur et cineres ejus in ventos.

⁶ L 2, c. 8 (leg. 3). (Vol. III., p. 299, 38.)
7 Ad Cale. C. Chalced., n. 22. (CC., t. 4, p. 894b.) . . . Percusserunt inculpabilem vivum, eumque crudeliter occiderunt, etc. 8 Or. 20.

Reg. Fus Tract., inten. ii.

¹⁰ Ep. 58.

¹¹ Cod.. Jus. i., tit. 12.
12 "Publicos debitores (i. e. tributorum debitores), si confugiendum ad ecclesias crediderint, aut illico extrahi de latebris oportebit, aut pro his ipsos qui eos occultare probantur, episcopos exigi (i. e. ad solvendum compelli). Sciat igitur praecellens auctoritas tua, neminem debitorum (publicorum) posthac à clericis defendendum; aut per eos ejus quem defendendum esse crediderint debitum esse solvendum."—Cod. Theod., lib. IX., tit. xlv., n. 1.

Council of Orange had dealt with the matter in 441. It was then forbidden to cross the threshold of the church with arms, and the number of cases was limited for which the right of asylum was allowed.

But then even this benefit was not universal: for the Jewish converts were particularly excepted from it. For by a law of Arcadius and Honorius, extant in both the Codes,18 it was provided, "that all Jews, who, being either in debt, or under prosecution as criminals, pretended to unite themselves to the Christian religion. that thereby they might have the privilege of taking sanctuary in the church, and avoid the punishment of their crimes or burden of their debts, should be rejected, and not received till they had discharged their debts, or proved themselves innocent of the crimes laid against them." Yet, in other cases, the Iews were not denied this benefit, but had the common privilege of sanctuary with other men, if Gothofred¹⁴ judge right, who cites Julius Clarus¹⁵ and Petrus Sarpus¹⁶ for the same opinions.

Rittershusius¹⁷ thinks the case of heretics and apostates was something worse in this respect than that of Jews; because they who deserted the Church were wholly excluded from having any benefit of sanctuary in it. Covarruvias18 and Panormitan19 and Sarpus20 collect the same before him, but not from any express law about this matter, but only from a general law of Theodosius and Valen-

¹⁸ Cod. Theod. l. p., tit. xlv., leg. 2 (t. 3, p. 360.)—Cod Justin, l. i. tit. xii., leg. i. (t. 4., p. 206.) Judaei, qui, reatu aliquo vel debitis fatigati, simulant se Christianae legi velle conjungi, ut ad ecclesias confugientes evitare possint crimina, vel pondera debitorum, arceantur, nec ante suscipiantur,

possint crimina, vei pondera debitorum, arceantur, nec ante suscipiantur, quam debita universa rediderint.

14 In loc. (ibid., p. 361, col. dextr.) Contra innoxiis et debito liberis Judaeis eam immunitatem constare humanitatis ratio putatur. De qua alioquin quaestione videndus Julius Clarus, aliique, et e Recentioribus, qui haud ita pridem de Jure Asyli scripsit, Petrus Sardus (leg. Sarpus.), c. 5,

¹⁵ Sententiar. 1, 5. quaest. 30, n. 17. (Oper Genev. 1664, p. 568.) Praeterea quaero numquid Judaei, confugientes ad ecclesiam, gaudeant ejus immu-

quaero numquia Juaeri, confugientes acceptance, confugientes acceptance bus favoribus et defensoribus ecclesiae catholicae destituuntur. 1, 8, c. de Apostatis.

¹⁸ Episcopus Segobiensis, q. v. Variar. Resolution. 1. 2., c. 20. De ecclesiarum et templorum sacrorum immunitate, n. ii. (Antverp. 1638. t. 2, p.

tinian.21 which excludes apostates and heretics from all society, and many other common privileges allowed to other men. whence they conclude by parity of reason, that they could lay no claim to the benefit of sanctuary in any case; because deserters of religion, which they had once owned in baptism, were reckoned worse than Jews, who had never made a profession of it. And therefore, by another law of Theodosius,22 their slaves were entitled to the favor which the masters themselves were denied; for if the slave of an apostate or heretic fled from his master, and took sanctuary in the church, he was not only to be protected, but to have his manumission or freedom granted him likewise: there being an equal design in the law to encourage orthodoxy, and discourage heresy and apostasy by respective rewards and punishments allotted to them. The Justinian Code forbade refugees to make any clamorous petitions to the Emperor on such festivals as he came to any church: if, however, they had any request to make, they should do it privately, by the Archbishop or defensor of the church; otherwise they should forfeit their privilege and be cast out of the church and be delivered over to the city magistrate to be punished. The laws of Theodosius were not made to authorize the thing itself, but to regulate some points relating to it. Baronius affirms it upon the credit of the Acts of Pope Sylvester.

Gregory the Great (500-604) enacted that the use of asylum was to be used to further the interests of equity and justice, and not to screen malefactors from punishment. "Si iustam contra dominos suos querellam habuerint, cum congrua ordinatione de ecclesiis exire necesse est. Si vero venialem culpam commiserint, dominiis suis accepto de venia sacramento sine mora reddantur." It was the custom for government functionaries, when retiring from office, to fly for refuge to the asylums offered by the Church, and there to remain until assured of their safety by an Imperial notary. The ex-Prefect Gregory adopted this course, and we find a series of letters from Pope Gregory the Great²⁸ to various influential persons, in which he earnestly recommends the fugitives for protection against the despotism of the judges. But the immunity from the consequences of crime arising from the extended assertion of the principle led to many abuses, and by the legislature of Justinian those guilty of specified crimes were to find no right of asylum in the

²¹ Cod. Theod. 1. 16, tit. 7. de Apostatis, leg. 4 (t. 6, p. 207). Hi, qui sanctum fidem prodiderunt, et sanctum baptisma haeretica superstitione profanarunt, a consortio omnium segregati sint, etc.

²² Ibid. tit. 6. Ne sanctum baptisma iteretur, leg. 4 (t. 6, p. 197). His, qui forsitan ad rebaptizandum cogentur, refugiendi ad ecclesiam catholicam sit facultas, ut ejus praesidio adversus hujus criminis auctores attributae liberatis praesidio defendantur.

28 Ep. 54-58. VIII.

churches. This seems to point to a specific concession on the part of the civil power. Legal refuge was in point of fact nothing but the intercession of the clergy for men in distress, and pending the issue of their efforts, the right to protect them from violence. A law of Justinian affirms this; "Templorum cautela non nocentibus, sed laesis datur a lege."

Boniface V., who became Pope in 600, enacted24 that "criminals who fled to churches should not be taken thence by force." From the words 'quovis crimine patrato' it appears that no crime was bad enough to exclude a malefactor from the protection of the Church.25 The same spirit is found in the "Decretum Gratiani," compiled in 1151.26 By a capitular in 779, conformable to one of Carloman and Pepin passed about 744, Charlemagne decreed that churches should not be asyla for criminals who had committed such crimes as the law punished by death; and if the Emperor did not go so far as to make it lawful to force a criminal from his asylum, yet he prohibited people from giving them food. At the council at Clermont, during the primacy of St. Anselm, one decree of this council, which has a good deal of interest, might easily be forgotten. This is one which was meant to reform the abuses of the privileges of sanctuary: "Oui ad ecclesiam vel ad crucem confugerint, data membrorum impunitate, justitiae tradantur, vel innocentes liberentur."

As the ages advanced the bounds of any sanctuary extended, first from the church to the cloisters and cemetery. We hear about this specially in connection with the greater churches. William the Conqueror decreed that "his abbey of St. Martin of Battle, by his royal authority be given and granted the privilege of holding its own court, with royal liberties, and the right of negotiating its own affairs and the execution of justice. And if any person guilty of theft, manslaughter, or any other crime should, through fear of death, take refuge in this abbey (that is, within the Leuga), he should receive no injury, but depart entirely free. And if the abbot should chance, anywhere throughout the realm of England, to meet any (capitally) condemned thief, robber, or other criminal, he should be at liberty to release him from punishment."

In some cases the right of sanctuary extended for a few miles surrounding a church, and we find in some districts signposts to direct the refugee. At the present time one can be seen at Armathwaite, Cumberland, and another at St. Buryan's, Cornwall. During mediæval times there were several famous sanctuaries, which included St. Mary-le-Bow, Beaulieu, Wells, Ramsey, but none could

<sup>Platina, "Vitae Pontificum."
"Archaeologia," Vol. VIII., p. 10.
Migne, "Patrologiae," tom. 16; "Regni Caesla," p. 1255.</sup>

boast of equal immunities with the Abbey of Croyland. monastery, the island and the waters which surrounded it, enjoyed the right of sanctuary, and a line of demarcation, drawn at a distance of some twenty feet from the opposite margin of the lake, assisted the pursuit of the officers, and insured the safety of the fugitive. Immediately he took an oath of fealty to the abbot, and the man of St. Guttlake might laugh in security at the impotent rage of his enemies. But if, "without a written permission, he presumed to wander beyond the magic boundary, the charm was dissolved and justice resumed her rights.27 The knocker on the north door at Durham Cathedral and at St. Gregory's, Norwich, are said to have been used by those who fled from their pursuers to rouse the watchmen, who were in readiness in the place above to let them in at any hour, and to toll the Galilee bell as public notice that some one had come in for sanctuary. On admission, the "grithman" received a gown of black cloth "maid with a veallowe cloth called St. Cuthbert's Cross. sett on the lefte shoulder of the arme" and was permitted to lie "within the church or sanctuary in a grate . . . standing and adjoining unto the Galilei dore on the south side," and "had meite, cost and charge for 37 days." The writer of an old book alleges that maintenance was found for fugitives "unto such tyme as the prior and convent could gett them conveyed out of the dioces," but Mr. Forster traverses this statement and adduces documentary evidence to show that, in various instances, "grithmen" were permanently domiciled in the diocese. We have, however, an account of one such "conveyance." A certain Coleon de Wolsyngham, in the year 1487, on retiring from the church, was delivered by the Sheriff to the nearest constables, and after that by constables to constables, that he might be conducted to the nearest seaport, there to take shipping and never return. He is stated to have received a white cross made of wood. At the collegiate church at Beverley any one who sought refuge had food provided for him with a lodging in the precincts for thirty days, after which the privilege secured him as far as the borders of the county. The story goes that Athelstan, on his return from a victorious campaign against King Constantine, conferred the privilege on the Church of St. John and a portion of the surrounding country. In some churches there was a seat provided for the delinquent called the fridstool (peace stool): one is still preserved at Hexham Abbey; it is of Norman style and belongs to the twelfth century. In Prior Richard's history of Hexham it is stated that there were at that place four crosses, each



²⁷ This marked out the sanctuary ground—the king, Bishop and people. D. Archers's "Irish Canons," Vol. IX. Lingard's "Anglo-Saxon Church," 2d E., 1810; p. 94.

of them erected at a distance of one mile from the church, and in a different direction. Any one who arrested a fugitive within these limits was fined two hundredth, or sixteen pounds. For an arrest "infra villam" the penalty was twofold. If the person were seized "infra muros atrii ecclesiae," it was threefold; and, if within the church itself, sixfold, to which was added penance "sicut de sacrilegiis." Supposing, however, that any one, "vesano spiritu agitatus diabolico ausu quemquam capere praesumpserit in cathedra lapidea juxta altare quam Angli vocant fridstol, id est, cathedram quietudinis vel pacis, vel etiam ad feretrum sanctarum reliquiarum quod est post altare," the crime was "botolos" (without remedy): no monetary payment could be received as compensation. When Leland was at Beverley, he was shown a frithstool, on which he made the following note: "Haec sedes lapidea Freedstool dicitur, i. e., Pacis Cathedra, ad quam reus perveniens omnimodam habet securitatem." There was a frithstool endowed with similar privileges at York Minster, and another at Durham. Stone seats claimed to be frithstools are still shown at Hexham and Beverley.

From a very early period of its history the Cistercian Order claimed the right of permanent sanctuary, and the statute setting forth the claim was duly confirmed by Pope Eugenius III. in 1152, and later by his successors, Celestine III. and Innocent. According to Dr. Cox the order never made any particular effort to attract seekers after safety in England, but contented itself with sternly upholding its privilege if ever occasion arose. Still, the Cistercian abbeys of the North were certainly known as sanctuaries, for Archbishop Peckham, in a letter written to Robert Malet in 1289 speaks of wrongdoers betaking themselves to the various abbeys of the order. A certain number of the *conversi* were doubtless recruited from this class, and after proving their penitence, were admitted and pledged to lifelong labor in the service of the community.

When Diarmaid, King of Ireland, was defeated by Hy-Neill at the battle of Culdremhne, in 561, the popular voice attributed his ill fortune to the fact of his having killed Curnan while under the protection of Columcille. The same Diarmaid violated the sanctuary of Ruadhan of Lothra, one of the twelve apostles of Ireland, and carried off by force to his fortress at Tara a person under Ruadhan's guardianship. By refusing to give him up, Diarmaid drew upon himself the curse of Ruadhan. For "Roadanus and a Bishop that was with him took the bells that they had, and cursed the king and palace, and prayed God that no king or queen ever after should dwell in Tarach, and that it should be waste forever, without court or palace, as it feli out accordingly"; or as an old Irish poem has it—

"From the judgment of Ruadhan on his house, there was no king at Teamrigh or Tara."

It may be mentioned that the foundation charter of the Abbey of Dumbrody, 1176 (Ireland), expressly states that the members are to harbor in security any fugitives who claimed their protection. So scrupulously was this observed in Ireland that the very necessaries of life, under the shadow of the sanctuary, were deemed inviolable. On that account, Cardinal Vivian got leave for the English, about the year 1186, to have the provisions taken away from the sanctuaries into which the Irish had stowed them. Not only the sanctity of a place, but even the sacredness of a person ensured sanctuary. Feoris stole a bell from the church of Ballysidare. He put it on his head, in the hope that his connection with sanctuary, even by sacrilege, would protect him.28 In the registry of Palatian, Archbishop of Armagh, reference is made to right of sanctuary.29 The clergy made it a matter of complaint "that those who abjured the land, while in the public street and in the king's peace, were molested; and that the guardians of those who took refuge in a church should have remained in the cemetery." They did not complain when there was a necessity on the part of the guardians of remaining in the cemetery, or when there may be danger of the refugee's escape. In Article XI. they insisted that "the refugees should be allowed to confess their sins, and not be molested while proceeding to a confession."

Dr. Cox quotes from the annals of the Cistercian house of Waverley a notable example of the power wielded by the Church, armed with the power of sanctuary right, in the reign of Henry III. About Eastertide, 1240, there came to Waverley Abbey a young man, who announced himself as a shoemaker, and being admitted and proved of a devout mind, was put to his own trade in the service of the house. Until the following August all went well and peaceably. Then arrived a certain knight and his retinue who demanded the young shoemaker on a charge of homicide, and, in spite of the strong protests of the abbot and monks, seized upon him and carried him off. Thereupon the abbot laid an interdict upon his own church. with the consent of his brethren; no services were to be said until redress had been afforded and satisfaction made. The Papal Legate was at that time in England (Otto, Cardinal-Bishop of Palestrina, who was here from 1237 to 1241), and to him the abbot applied. But the Legate was either remiss or lukewarm: the abbot went to the



²⁸ Bermingham was expressed in Irish by "Feoris" or "Peoris," because the principal man of the Berminghams was called Pierse. "Four Masters," ad. an. 1261.

²⁹ The registry refers to the laws passed in the Parliament at Lincoln, in the ninth year of Edward. We are to presume they were applied to

King. The King was sympathetic, but his Council was not, and it was not until the abbot had promised to withdraw his interdict and resume his services that his petition was considered. But he was a man of persistence and determination, and in the end he won his case. It was formally declared that the enclosures of all Cistercian houses and granges were exempt by Papal authority from civil action, and that all persons violating their sanctuary were, ipso facto, excommunicate. Upon this, the young shoemaker was restored to the abbey; those who had haled him thence were made to appear at the gate; they were publicly whipped by one of the monks and th Vicar of Farnham, and that done, were absolved by the abbot, who doubtless mingled some sound advice with his forgiveness.

Sometimes, however, the pursuers braved the spiritual censures and laid violent hands upon the runaway. But it was a dangerous thing to do, so they kept watch outside. A porter in a church at Newcastle, Nicholas by name, who helped to seize one who had taken refuge there, was whipped at Durham in public for three days, and could only obtain pardon by the influence of the Pope's Nuncio. In the year 1378, the Constable of the Tower pursued a few men fugitives into sanctuary, and actually had the temerity to slay two of them in the church itself, before the prior's stall, and during the celebration of High Mass. This seems to be the most flagrant case of violation on record. The abbot closed the church for four months; the perpetrator of the murder was excommunicated; the guilty persons were very heavily fined; the abbot protested against the deed at the next meeting of Parliament; and the ancient privileges of St. Peter's Sanctuary were confirmed. There were other violations, specially in the lawless times of civil war. For instance. in the reign of Richard II., Tressilian, Lord Chief Justice, was dragged out of sanctuary; the Duke of York took John Holland, Duke of Exeter, out of sanctuary. On the other hand, Henry VII. was careful to respect sanctuary when Perkin Warbeck fled to Beaulieu Abbey. This was perhaps politic, and intended to show that he had nothing whatever to fear from that poor little pretender. Inter alia, it must be remembered that the whole privilege of sanctuary was closely connected with that known as benefit of clergy. If a malefactor took sanctuary, the four neighboring townships had to watch the church and prevent his escape; thus in 1221 the towns of Stone, Heath and Dunclent, near Kidderminster, failed in their duty.30 About the year 1300 the bailiffs and coroners of Waterford caused the neighbors to be summoned to watch a church in which a criminal had taken refuge.*1 But exemptions were sometimes

^{30 &}quot;History of English Law," Pollock and Maitland, I., p. 531; IL, 588.
31 "Borough Customs," ed. Rateston, II., p. 34.

obtained. In 1340 the burgesses of Cardiff obtained exemption from the duty of watching fugitives who had fled to churches outside the walls of that town.²² On one occasion a criminal took sanctuary in the church at Fosdike; the township was bound to watch the church until the coroner came; the coroner would not come for less than a mark; so the township had to watch the church forty days, to its great damage.³²

The refugee was as often as not an habitual criminal, who might have broken out of prison on the eve of execution. Some light on this point is derived from the Northumberland Assize Rolls of the years 1256 and 1279. For instance: "Robertus de Cregling et Jacobus le Escoe', duo extranei, capti fuerunt pro suspicione latrocinii per ballivos Willelmi de Valencia et imprisonati in prisona ad ecclesiam de Rowebyr' et cognovit ibi latrocinium et abjuravit regnum coram Willelmo de Baumburg tunc coronatore."

Offenders were obliged to state the nature of the crimes alleged against them, and the Durham register shows that by far the largest number were murderers and homicides. Some claimed the rights of sanctuary for debt, some for stealing horses or cattle and burglary; and others for such crimes as rape, theft, harboring a thief, escaping from prison, failing to prosecute, and being backward in their accounts. Townships which failed to arrest the criminal after he had taken refuge in it, were fined by the King's Justices, the circumstances proving that the institution was tolerated as a necessary evil by those responsible for the maintenance of law and order—not regarded with favor.

The first authentic recorded cases in England are uncertain. Suspicion attaches to the legends which have been attributed to the Christian king, Lacius (180), who conferred the privilege of sanctuary upon the Church at Winchester. The earliest mention of sanctuary in England was a code of laws promulgated by King Ethelbert in 600. Sebert, the first Christian king of Essex (604), granted the right of sanctuary to the Church at Westminster. Stow in his "Survey of London" states that the privilege was "first granted by Sebert, king of the East Saxons, since increased by Edgar, king of the West Saxons, renewed and confirmed by King Edward the Confessor, as appeareth by this his charter following: 'Edward by the grace of God, king of Englishmen! I make it to be known to all generations of the world after me, that by special commandment of our Holy Father Pope Leo, I have renewed and honored the holy Church of the Blessed Apostle St. Peter, of Westminster, and



^{*2 &}quot;Cartae et Munimenta de Glamorgan."
*3 R. H. I. 308, quoted by Pollock and Maitland in "History of English Law," Vol. I., p. 566.

I order and establish forever that what person of what condition or estate soever he be, from whence soever he come, or for what offense or cause it be, either for his refuge into the said holy place, he be assured of his life, liberty and lims,' etc." Stow expressly states that this privilege belonged to "the church, churchyard and close," and not to any particular building. In 690, Ina, King of Wessex, enacted that "if a person who has committed capital offenses shall fly to a church, he shall preserve his life and make satisfaction as right requires."

The laws of Alfred allow three days' sanctuary in the "mynsterham," which is free from the king's farm, or any other free community, with a bot of 120 shillings for its violation, to be paid to the brotherhood; and seven days in every church hallowed by the Bishop, with the penalty of the king's "mund and byrd" and the Church's "frith" for its violation. The church ealdor is to take care that no one give food to the refugee. If he be willing to give up his weapons to his foes, then let them keep him thirty days, and give notice to his kinsmen (that they may arrange the legal bot). The three days allotted by the laws of Alfred were successively extended to a week, to nine days, and lastly to an indefinite period, which might be shortened or protracted at the discretion of the sovereign, but when it elapsed, the fugitive, unless he had previously satisfied the legal demands of his adversaries, was delivered to the officer of justice.85 King Athelstan's laws further modify the right of sanctuary: a thief or robber fleeing to the king or to any church, or to the Bishop, is to have a term of nine days; if he flees to an ealdorman, or an abbot, or a thane, three days; and he who harbors him longer is to be worthy of the same penalty as the thief. The king's grith (protection) is to extend from his burhgate where he is dwelling, on its four sides three miles three furlongs and three acres breadth, and nine feet nine palms and nine barleycorns. A law of King Canute assigns different values of grith (protection) to the different kinds of churches, the grith bryce (penalty for violation of grith). The fugitive was under obligation to make reparation for his crime; and the Council of Mentz, in 813, decreed: "Rerum confugientem ad ecclesiam nemo abstrahere audeat . . . tamen legitime comparat quod inique fecit." In the Anglo-Saxon code of laws the violation of Church grith is counted twice as serious as the breaking of the king's peace. The most ancient and famous sanctuary in England was that of Beverley, the immunities of which originated in a grant by Athelstan to St. John of Beverley after



<sup>Stow's "Survey of London," Clarendon Press, Ed. 1908, Vol. II., pp. 111-12. This 1066 charter of the Confessor is supposed to be spurious,
Wilk., "Leg. Sax.," p. 35.; II., 36; V. 110.</sup>

returning from his victory over the Danes at Brunamburg (937). Innocent III. (1198-1216) enjoined that refuge should not be given to a highway robber or to any one who devastated cultivated fields at night, and according to Beaumanoir's "Coutumes du Beauvoisis," dating from the thirteenth century, sanctuary was also denied to those who were guilty of arson or sacrilege. In 1209, venison having been found in the house of Hugh de Scot, he fled to a church in Shropshire, refused to leave it and lingered there a month. Afterwards he escaped in a woman's clothes. Again, in 1232, when Hugh de Burgh was deprived of his office of justiciar, he betook himself to the chapel of Boisars, in Essex, where he was besieged by a military force, who surrounded the chapel by a palisade rampart.

The Assize of Clarendon decreed that all persons of evil repute were required to quit the realm within eight days: "The Lord King wishes also that those who shall be tried and shall be absolved by the law, if they be of very bad testimony and are publicly and disgracefully defamed by the testimony of many and public men, shall forswear the lands of the king, so that within eight days they shall cross the sea, unless the wind detains them, and with the first wind which they shall have afterwards they shall cross the sea; and they shall not return any more to England unless by the mercy of the Lord King; and there, and if they return, shall be outlawed; and if they return, they shall be taken as outlaws."

The same fate was in store for any felon who deviated from the highway in proceeding to his assigned port. He might not, however, be reserved for judicial execution, being at the mercy of his captors, who could do as they pleased with him. "Some robbers indeed, as well as some thieves, are lawless—outlaws we usually call them—some not; they become outlaws, or lawless, moreover, when, being lawfully summoned, they do not appear, and are awaited and even sought for during the lawful and fixed terms, and do not present themselves before the law. Of these therefore the chattels and also the lives are known to be in the hands of those who seize them, nor can they for any reason pertain to the king." "Dialogus de Scaccario." x.)

In 1299, an appeal was made to the king by that strenuous diocesan, Richard de Swinfield, Bishop of Hereford, to cause John le Berner, clerk, to be replaced by the sheriff in the Church of the



⁸⁶ XJ., 15 ff.

^{37 &}quot;Select Places of the Crown" (Seldon Society), XII., p. 9.

^{28 &}quot;Annals de Dunstaplia," pp. 129, 137-8.
29 In Norman times the prosecutor was compensated twofold out of the chattels of the tried and convicted thief; the rest of his goods went to the King.

Austin Friars at Ludlow. John had fled there, when in fear of death, claiming immunity, but certain of the men of that town dragged him forth with violence, and after inflicting various injuries, loaded him with chains, and sent him to the castle of Shrewsbury, where he was still in gaol. The nature of John's alleged offense is not stated; the Bishop simply claims his release and replacement in sanctuary, in accordance with the laws of ecclesiastical liberty.⁴⁰

The Coroner's Rolls for the city of York yield evidence as to the frequency with which town as well as country churches were visited by fugitives. Between 1349 and 1359 there were eleven such cases, which occurred in the parish churches of All Saints Pavement, St. Cross (2), St. Laurence, St. Martin Coney Street, St. Martin Micklegate (2), St. Saviour Holy Trinity, St. William-on-the-Bridge, and the conventual Church of the Carmelite Friars. In seven instances the crime was homicide, and in the remainder one form or other of robbery. The gravest case was the killing of Aldane, vicar of the Church of St. Laurence, Walmgate, by Stephen de Burton, chaplain; the criminal actually claimed sanctuary in the church of which his victim was incumbent.

In Edward III.'s reign (1327-77) the persons accused were allowed to flee the country provided they kept certain conditions they had to keep to the king's highway, and travel with a wooden cross in their hands, barefooted and bareheaded and in coats only. They were not allowed to remain any two nights in the same place, and were only allowed nine days to reach Dover from Yorkshire: this abjuring of the realm involved forfeiture of everything they possessed. If they could find no passage over sea, the delinquent was bound each day to walk out knee-deep in the water in proof of his good will to make the passage. Large numbers of our felons were induced to relieve England of their presence and were shipped off at Dover to France or Flanders. One continental authority holds that the law of abjuration is developed from ancient English elements and passed from England to Normandy. It must have taken its permanent shape late in the twelfth century. While on such a journey it was decreed that the felon was to wear a costume which would cause him to be recognized as one who had taken sanctuary, and the king "forbade any one under pain of life and limb to kill them so long as they were on their road pursuing their journey." An officer branded them on the brawny part of the thumb with the letter "A," standing for the word "abjure," so that all men might know in what relation they stood henceforth to society.

Further the question of sanctuary was brought before the Parliaments of Gloucester (1378) and London (1379) on account of the

⁴⁰ Swinfield's "Register," 125b.

abuses of sanctuary privileges. John Wyclif thought that the Church and civil courts should keep their jurisdictions entirely separate; as previously both had quarreled concerning each other's right. But it was not until 1418 that the Pope Martin V. tried to regulate the question by a Bull. In 1450, during the Jack Cade rebellion, one of the fugitives fled to St. Martin-le-Grand. The chartulary of the famous church of St. Martin-le-Grand in London shows that its sanctuary privileges were supported by Innocent III. (1198-1216). Extracts "in a fifteenth century hand" are to be found in Brit. Mus. Lansdt. MSS. No. 170.⁴¹ The king wrote to the dean of the church ordering him to produce the traitor. This the dean refused to do, and he exhibited his charters, which were found to be correct.

As an illustration of its efficacy, we may point to the story that after the battle of Tewkesbury, King Edward IV., with some of his knights, was about to enter the church, sword in hand, in pursuit of some of the defeated Lancastrians who had taken refuge there, when the priest met them at the door bearing the consecrated host, and refused them entrance till the king had promised pardon to several of the refugees. We frequently meet with examples of people in danger to life or liberty taking refuge in the nearest church.

The church was also a sanctuary for property. It was very usual to deposit money and valuables there for safe custody. Jews were not allowed to deposit their money and valuables in churches.

The following is of interest, and is taken from "Liber Albus" (Book III., pt. ii.), compiled in 1419 by one John Carpenter:

"Et si cheaunce nul felounn eschape jesqes al moustier, einz qil soit prys, les gentz de le Garde ou le moustier serra en qi le felounn soit mys, facent le garde de celuy feloun, taunt qil eit fait lasser du realme, si les gentz de le Garde a ceo sufficient; et sinounn, eyent eyde des proscheins veisins et Garde joynauntz a celle Garde, solonc lordeinement et avisement del Gardeyn de la citee; issi qe nul ne soit de tiele garde desresonablement charge.

"Et le Roy voet qe touz entendent qe nulle fraunchise ne auncien usage eit lieu pur qoy qe cest establicement ne soit tenuz. Et ceux qi del trespas serront attientz, come de bateries, ou de sank trete, ou mort ou mahaym ne gist, soient issi puniz par raunsoun; et nomement par emprysonement, par la discrecioun de ceux devaunt queux le trespas serra jugge; qe la duresce de cel punicement done crente as autres de trespasser. Et touz voiez eient regarde a la quantite du trespas, et a ceo qils soient culpables et custumers de trespasser ou nounn.

⁴¹ The first Papal Bull (on behalf of the above) is that of Alexander II., dated 1068; followed by confirmatory ones of Honorius II., Lucius II., Gregory VIII. and IX., Clement III. and IV., and John XXII.



"Et bien soy garde chescun de heu et de cry lever en affray de la citee de jour ou de noet, sanz resonable enchesoun. Et si nul face et de ceo soit attient, soit puny solom le trespas.

"Et si nul meffesour eschape hors du mouster, ceux qui le garde duissent faire soient tenuz au Roy en cent souldz pur leschape; et ceo soit entendu des eschapes hors des moustiers de la citee. Et des eschapes hors de Newgate, soient teux come avaunt furent."

Perhaps one of the most notable persons to claim sanctuary in the fifteenth century was Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., who took refuge at Westminster Abbey with her children from the hostility of Richard III., on October 1, 1470, when Thomas Meylling was abbot.

The Thucydidean speech of the Duke of Buckingham on the removal of the queen of Edward IV., with her younger son, the Duke of York, to the sanctuary of Westminster in 1483, furnishes a searching criticism of the use and abuse of this privilege in the practice of the fifteenth century. Addressing the Privy Council, he is represented to have said:

"And yet will I break no sanctuary; therefore, verily, since the privileges of that place and other like have been of long continued, I am not he that will go about to break them; and in good faith, if they were now to begin, I would not be he that should go about to make them. Yet will I not say nay, but that it is a deed of pity that such men as the sea or their evil debtors have brought in poverty should have some place of liberty to keep their bodies out of the danger of their cruel creditors; and also if the crown happen (as it hath done) to come in question, while either part taketh other for traitors, I like well there be some place of refuge for both. But as for thieves, of which these places be full, and which never fall from the craft after they once fall thereunto, it is again, as though those places give them not only a safeguard for the harm they have done, but a license also to do more."

One Christopher Brown fled from the town of Lezburn to the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert at Durham, on Saturday, July 26, 1477, begging with anguish, *Peciit cum instancia*, the safety and freedom of the saint. In 1487, Prior Selling, of Canterbury, was sent by Henry VII. to Pope Innocent VII. concerning the sanctuary laws. The Pontiff agreed that (1) if any person in sanctuary went out at night and committed trespass and mischief, and then go back again, he should forfeit all privileges; (2) that debtors were only protected and not their goods from their creditors; and (3) that when a person took refuge for treason the king might appoint him a keeper within the sanctuary. Further, Henry VIII. enacted in the twenty-sixth year of his reign that no person accused of high treason should

enjoy the privilege.42 The Council at Pontefract, held during the Pilgrimage of Grace (1527), decreed that sanctuary should "save a man for all causes in extreme need, and the church for forty days, and further according to the laws as they were used in the beginning of the King's days." Any instance which tended to mitigate severity has a certain hold, and might serve to give the poor man a little protection against the rich. Such was the uprising of the rebels against Henry VIII. In the year 1546 the only valid "places of tuition" were Wells, Manchester, Westminster, York, Norwich, Derby, Launceston. In each of these places there was a governor who had to muster every day his men, who were not to exceed twenty in each town, and who had to wear a badge when they appeared out of doors.

When on Friday, August 29, 1522, the Curia went to greet Adrian VI. (previous to his coronation), he received the homage of the Cardinals, thanked them for the confidence they had shown in electing him, excused his late arrival, and begged them as a favor to promise not to shelter outlaws in their palaces and to renounce the right of sanctuary in deference to the law.48

At length in 1623 all right of sanctuary was abolished.44 Certain shadowy rights still attach to the palace of Holyrood, in Scotland. In England, Whitefriars, or "Alsatia," had still a vague right to be claimed as an asylum.45 The name "Alsatia" first occurs in Shadwell's plays, in Charles II.'s reign. So flagrant were the abuses here that the sovereign in 1697 abolished all the privileges and of the quasi-sanctuaries as well. These convenient retreats were situated at the Mint, Gray's Inn Lane by Baldwin's Gardens, Fleet Street by Salisbury Court, and a few others. But it was not until the time of George I.46 that the asylum of St. Peter's at Westminster was demolished. Some church towers were used as sanctuaries. 1716 the parishioners of Tingwell, in Shetland, had a tradition among them that after one had received sentence of death upon the Holme he obtained a remission, provided the made his escape through the crowd of people and touched the church steeple (tower) before any could lay hold of him.

In the Legislature of Sweden the last reference to this sacred privilege is found in a document dated 1528. In France it was abolished par ordonnance sur le fait de la justice in 1539; and in Spain it lingered on to the nineteenth century. The houses of ambassadors were sometimes quasi-sanctuaries. At Rome this right

⁴⁵ Cf. Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" and "Peveril of the Peak."





⁴² Stat. 26, c. 13, s. 2. 43 Gregorovius, "Rome," Vol. VIII. pt. ii., p. 428. 44 Stat. James I., c. 28.

was finally denied by Innocent XI. (1767-89), and in 1682 the Spanish ambassador to the Vatican renounced all right of such even for his house. Four years later the English did the same. To the present day members of Parliament cannot be served with a writ or arrested within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament. Even during the Irish troubles in the "eighties" Parnell avoided arrest for some time by living within the building.

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

London, England.

THE VICTORINES.

HE celebrated Abbey of St. Victor of Paris, which gave its name to the renowned school of theology and mysticism of which Hugh of St. Victor and Richard of St. Victor were the chief exponents, was founded by William of Champeaux and Guildinus, the first Abbot, in the beginning of the twelfth century. William was born at Champeaux in 1070, and became archdeacon and master of the great theological school of Notre Dame of Paris. where he was wearied with the enmity of his scholar Abelard, so he resigned this office in 1108 and retired to a lonely spot outside Paris, where he was joined by several others, among them Guildinus, and there they founded on the ruins of an old convent, dedicated to the holy martyrs, St. Victor of Marseilles, a house of Canons Regular of St. Victor of Paris, in 1110. They took the rule of St. Augustine, to which Guildinus added their own constitutions, founded on the Rule of St. Benedict. Both William and Guildinus gave most generously to the restoration of the building, enriching the church with gold and silver and splendid vestments and endowing it handsomely. King Louis le Gros, the royal founder; Gilbert, Bishop of Paris, and Bernard the dean of Paris, and many others contributed most liberally to the foundation.

William of Champeaux, who was the first prior, was made Bishop of Châlons sur Marne in 1113, and Guildinus succeeded him as prior, and in the following year when the monastery was raised to an abbey, he was chosen as the first abbot.

The rule which, as we just said, was a combination of the rules of SS. Augustine and Benedict was very strict: flesh-meat was only allowed in case of sickness: all who were not specially engaged in literary labors were obliged to do some manual work, and were forced to maintain the strictest silence while so engaged, and were only allowed to communicate with each other when imperative to do so by signs. The canons rose between I and 2 o'clock for Matins and Lauds, after which they sang the Little Office of Our Lady. and altogether the office lasted fully three hours. To prevent any member of the community falling asleep, one of the canons went through both sides of the choir from time to time with a book in his hand, and every canon had to make an inclination to him; if any one failed to do so, the book was placed upon his head, so that it fell to the ground, and the offender had to pick it up and carry it around. All the rules to the smallest details were very strict; the offices were nearly the same as those in the Benedictine Order.

The abbot was chosen for life, and after consulting the other canons, he selected a prior and sub-prior. The habit was a robe of white serge, over which was worn a short, white gown which reached to the knees; to this was added in summer a short, black cape edged with fur: in winter a black cloak with a capuce covering the head. When the canons went out, they wore a black cloak and hat. In early times their heads were completely shaven except for a ring of hair round the crown. The lay brothers, afterwards abolished, wore a black habit with a girdle.

The celebrated theological school of the abbey was governed by one of the canons, Thomas, who was the first master. He was murdered and succeeded by the most celebrated of all the Victorines. Hugh of St. Victor, who with Richard of St. Victor founded this school of Christian mysticism. The other great work of the Victorines was cloister reform, and it was their zeal in this direction which ultimately, as the times grew slacker, caused their downfall. This began by one of the abbots endeavoring to introduce the custom of pontificating, to which the other canons objected as contrary to the spirit of the order. This was Heribert, abbot of St. Généviève of Paris: the other canons separated themselves from him in consequence, and their precedent was followed by other convents of the order, where the abbots tried to introduce the custom, for which nevertheless they appear to have had some justification. Political circumstances in France at that time helped to the downfall of the congregation at Paris, but it was re-erected in 1515, but only to fall again under the Huguenots; then it was once more restored and finally was brought to an end by the French Revolution.1

Guildinus, the first abbot and co-founder, was a Frenchman, a native of Paris, and evidently a very rich man, as he gave so generously to the foundation. He held the office of abbot for forty-four years, during which time many rich and learned men joined the congregation, among them the celebrated Hugh of St. Victor and the great mediæval poet and sequence-maker, Adam of St. Victor. Guildinus was confessor to King Louis-le-Gros.

Under Guildinus also lived Thomas, the first master of the Theological School of St. Victor, and prior. He was also penitentiary and vicar-major to Stephen, Bishop of Paris. He was murdered in 1140 by the nephews of Theobald, Archbishop of Paris, whom in the name of Stephen the Bishop he had rebuked for simony. He was a most holy man, and much regretted by the other canons;

¹ Heimbucher. Die Orden und Kongregationen der Kat. Kirche,

his murderers were excommunicated by Bishop Stephen, who reserved to himself the right of absolving them if they repented.

Guildinus died in 1155, having ruled the monastery wisely and well for forty-four years, and was a very old man at the time of his death. In the Catalogue of Ferrarius, he is called "blessed," but in the Victorine necrology he is only called, "our venerable Father Guildinus, first abbot of this church, a man of great authority and holiness. He having zeal for God and the order restored the Order of Canons, which was almost extinct. In his days our house was the first of our order and by the prerogative of religion shone far and wide like a most brilliant star."²

He was succeeded by Achard, afterwards Bishop of Avranches, an Englishman, a native of Bridlington according to some writers.⁸ others say he was a Norman of noble birth. He was a very good man and very learned. He distinguished himself in many branches of knowledge. As a young man he excelled in philosophy, and in mature age in theology, and he made great progress in both. At length, weary with the unrest of the world, he joined first the Cistercians at Clairvaux, later the Canons Regular of St. Victor, and succeeded Guildinus as abbot. The English Pope, Adrian IV., sent him many letters, which rather points to his having been an Englishman. He wrote several works while abbot, including a good many In 1162, after leading a very strict life as canon and abbot, he was called to the Bishopric of Avranches by Henry II. This appointment greatly displeased King Louis of France, who wrote to the Canons of St. Victor, forbidding the new Bishop to have anything more to do with the abbey, which he professed to love exceedingly.

Achard lived an exemplary life as Bishop for ten years, endowing the religious houses in his diocese largely, especially that of the Premonstratensian Abbey of the Holy Trinity, which he greatly loved and frequently visited, and in which he was buried at his death in 1172.

A quaint old Latin verse found in a Victorine MS. calls him "the glory of the English clergy and an olive-branch of that house, who lived to a good old age, and from that sheepfold was called to be Bishop of Avranches."

The third abbot was Ernisius or Ernest, also an Englishman, but unfortunately a very worldly-minded man. During his abbacy, Richard of St. Victor was master of the Theological School of St. Victor, in which office he had succeeded Hugh of St. Victor, and

² Migne, idem., pp. 1366-1371.

Heimbucher.

⁴ Migne, pp. 1371-1374.

it was due to him that the discipline of the abbey was not relaxed, though according to one account abuses had crept in, under Ernisius. Another account says that Ernisius refused to consult the older and wiser canons concerning the management of the house, and he was evidently too autocratic, for after his resignation a rule was introduced that no changes should be made in the administration, inside or outside the convent, without consulting the elder brothers in council.

Ernisius was advised by Stephen, Bishop of Paris, to resign the office of abbot, and he was forced to take this advice and then retired to another house of the Canons of St. Victor at St. Paul's, near Caprodia, in Italy, as prior, but he was forced to resign this office also by the Archbishop and Bishop Stephen of Paris.

He died in 1175-76, three or four years after his resignation. We are not told what part of England he came from, but probably from the Diocese of Hereford, as the Bishop of Hereford wrote to him to send him one of his canons as parish priest of a church in his diocese, whose priest had lately died.

Ernisius was evidently a man of means and position, for in 1165 he stood sponsor with two other abbots to Philip, son of King Louis VII. of France, who afterwards succeeded his father as King, under the title of Philip Augustus. From this fact and also from another incident, Ernisius appears to have been on excellent terms with Louis, for the Cardinal Legate of the Apostolic See asked the powerful Abbot of St. Victor to beg the King to allow him faculties to return to his brother Cardinals. Ernisius replied that he had had a secret and familiar interview with the King, who had cordially given the Legate permission to return to his brother Cardinals when and where he pleased.

Ernisius was evidently unpopular, for in 1169, Pope Alexander III. wrote to King Louis, grieving to hear that the discipline in the abbey of St. Victor had relaxed, and begging the King to stretch out a helping hand to those who needed it in the same abbey, "for there were many there who had a knowledge and love of religion, but there were certain members who with the head of the community had grown tepid." The Pope also wrote to the Archbishop and Bishop Stephen, and the abbot of Valla-secreta "that they should apply the medicine they found necessary to this evil." Ernisius without having any discussion with the Bishops resigned at once, in April, 1172.

The date of his death is uncertain, nor are we told where he died: he is mentioned in the Necrology of St. Victor as dying in the month of May, and the time is believed to have been three or

four years after his abdication. He was succeeded as abbot by Guarinus, who ruled the abbey from 1172 to 1192. Ernisius seems to have had some enemies, for soon after the accession of Guarinus, Maurice, then Bishop of Paris, wrote to the Archbishop, accusing the late abbot of having taken some of the treasure belonging to the monastery away with him. The Archbishop replied, that on going to the abbey in the presence of Guarinus and the other canons, be found on examining the chests and repositories that the golden chalices and other things that by right belonged to it were all there, assigned to the abbot and his brothers by Ernisius.

Apparently there was an outbreak of plague or some disease in the abbey, the year after the accession of Guarinus, for when Alexander III. and one of his Cardinals, who was a Canon of St. Victor, wrote to the abbot, begging him to let the Cardinal and his chaplain, who was also a Canon of St. Victor, go to him, Guarinus at first acceded to the request, but afterwards wrote to say he was obliged to refuse, because he had lost by sickness several members of his congregation, and among them the celebrated Richard of St. Victor, who was the prior and master of the theological school. The grief of Guarinus at this loss was mitigated by the promotion of another canon of his house to the Cardinalate. Under Guarinus another celebrated canon, Adam the poet and sequence-writer, died. Another poet and canon who flourished under him was Leonius, who, by the advice of Guarinus, turned the five books of Moses and the seven books of the history of the Kings of Israel into Latin verse, which are still extant in MS., in which condition they are likely to remain.

Nothing proves the fame of the monastery of St. Victor more than the fact that so many of its members were made Cardinals and Bishops. Bishop Stephen of Paris, whom we have mentioned several times, was originally a canon of St. Victor, and he ultimately retired to the Abbey of St. Victor of Paris to die.

Guarinus died in 1192, having labored much, we are told, in restoring the losses which Ernisius had brought upon the house. His epitaph on his tomb in the monastery describes him as "a religious and eloquent man, the light of the Roman world, a famous doctor, endowed with the heavenly gifts of wisdom and contemplation."

Richard of St. Victor, the greatest of the Victorines after Hugh, was a voluminous writer: his works may be divided into two classes, exegetical and theological. His writings, as we should expect,

⁵ Migne, pp. 1175-1179.

⁶ Migne. 1379-1382.

seeing that he was one of the founders of the great school of mystical theology of St. Victor, are exceedingly mystical; they may be divided into two classes, exegetical and theological. His best known works are "Benjamin Minor" and "Benjamin Major," both of which treat of contemplative prayer; Benjamin, "a youth in ecstasy of mind," being taken by Richard as the type of contemplation. The smaller work, "Benjamin Minor," concerns the preparation of the soul for contemplation.7 "Benjamin Major" deals with the grace of contemplation: it is in five books and is based on an allegorical explanation of the Ark of the Tabernacle of Moses. He also wrote some tracts, explaining this tabernacle of the Covenant, one of which was dedicated to St. Bernard. Another long work was "Mystical Notes on the Psalms" and a mystical interpretation of the Canticle of Canticles, another of the Canticle of Habacuc, and an interpretation of the Vision of Ezekiel, which last is illustrated by architectural drawings.

The most celebrated of his theological works are his two treatises on the Holy Trinity. He also wrote a long explanation in seven Books of the Apocalypse of St. John, and other minor works, all of a mystical nature. He was a disciple of the equally celebrated Hugh of St. Victor, who died in 1140. Hugh succeeded the first prior and master of the theological school of St. Victor, Thomas, who, as we have said, was murdered, and under the guidance of Hugh the school reached a very high standard; a few years after his death, Richard was made prior and master of the theological school, and held these offices until his death in 1172, under the Abbot Guarinus. Under Richard the theological school reached the acme of its fame.

His immediate predecessor as prior was Odo, who succeeded Hugh and held the offices of prior and master until 1147, when he was promoted to the abbacy of the celebrated monastery of St. Généviève of Paris. He lived to a good old age and died in 1166; he left no literary remains beyond some letters and sermons. He was brought back to St. Victor's and buried there; his epitaph describes him as "meek as Moses, faithful as Nathanael, holy like Samuel, and anxious as Simeon."

Godfrey of St. Victor, who two years after the death of Richard, succeeded him as prior in 1174, was a Frenchman. He was master of sacred literature in the University of Paris, but desiring to lead a stricter life, he entered the Abbey of St. Victor as a novice under Ernisius in 1170, and four years later, under Gualterus, was made prior.

⁷ See "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," August, 1916: "Benjamin Minor," translated by Darley Dale,

Some of his former friends in the world taunted him and another canon with having left the world to lead an idle and useless life in a monastery. To disprove the truth of this accusation, he wrote an enormous work in three volumes called "De Microcosmo," the prologue of which gave copious reasons for the step he had taken, explaining at great length the rationale of the Canons Regular. He divided the work itself into three parts, treating of the various qualities of the soul; first, the natural gifts, such as the arts and sciences; secondly, its mortal and deadly qualities, such as the vices which are given to it to subdue, and thirdly, its spiritual gifts or the virtues, which are compared with the six days of creation, with Charity or the seventh day as the root from which all the other virtues spring. He also wrote another book called "De Philosophia," dedicated to Stephen, then abbot of St. Généviève of Paris. This was written in verse, every four lines ending in the same rhyme. He held the office of sub-prior till 1186, and died in 1104. Presumably he resigned the office of prior when he felt he was getting too old to hold it.

One of the greatest ornaments of this celebrated abbey was Adam, Canon of St. Victor, a contemporary of Hugh of St. Victor. He was an Englishman, a learned and very humble man, and one of the best poets of the Middle Ages. He wrote a book explaining the Prologue to St. Jerome's work of translating the Bible, without the help of which, according to an old author, it would have been impossible to understand the said prologue. But Adam's great claim to fame rests on his beautiful sequences or proses, of which he wrote a great number.

Three on the Holy Spirit are specially beautiful, one on the Holy Trinity and several on our Blessed Lady are some of his best, others were dedicated to the Apostles. Perhaps his prose for the Feast of the Assumption, "Salve Mater Salvatoris," his hymn to the Holy Spirit, "Lux jucunda, lux insignis," and a hymn for the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity, "Splendor Patris et figura," are his finest, but he was a true poet. He was a musician as well as a poet, and his poetry was so musical that his fault, common to mediaeval poets, of being too fond of playing on words, may well be forgiven him.

The date of his death is uncertain. He wrote his own epitaph, in which he called himself "the poor and miserable Adam who begs one prayer, for he has sinned and begs God and his father-abbot and his brethren to forgive him." The latest German critic, Blume, in his "Sequentiae ineditae," considers that the real name of Adam was

⁸ Heimbucher. Die Orden und Kongregationen der Kat, Kirche.

Hamelius, a Canon of St. Victor, who died in 1192. At any rate he called himself Adam in his epitaph: "Hic ego qui jaceo miser et miserabilis Adam," and both he and his mediæval biographer compared him to his namesake, our first parent, and for seven and a half centuries the great mediæval poet and sequence-writer has been known as Adam of St. Victor, so why begin to call him Hamelius now?

The greatest of all the Victorines, whom we have reserved for the last, was Hugh of St. Victor, although he has only recently received due acknowledgment, it having been left to modern critics to recognize his merits as a philosopher, a theologian and a mystic. He was born in 1006 at Hartingham in Saxony, according to the latest researches, but Mabillon says his birthplace was Ypres in Flanders. He was the eldest son of Conrad, Count of Blankenburg. He took the habit at the monastery of the Canons Regular of Hamerleve, near Halberstadt. His uncle, the Bishop of Halberstadt. advised him to leave Hamerleve and go to St. Victor's of Paris, because of the unsettled state of the country in his diocese; accordingly, in 1115, he became a novice at St. Victor's of Paris, the monastery he was to render so famous for its theological and mystical teaching. A few years later Hugh was made prior under Guildinus. the first abbot, and master of the theological school attached to the monastery, which offices he held until his death, which took place on March 11, 1141. He wrote on all the known arts and sacred sciences of his day, but mainly on philosophy, theology and mysticism. As a philosopher it is now considered that he deserves a place among the scholastics. As a theologian, Harnack says of him, "that he was the most influential theologian of the twelfth century." He combated successfully some of Abelard's erroneous views on theology. His chief works are:

1, "De Sacramentis Christianae Fidei"; 2, "De Eruditione Didascalia," in seven books; 3, "Commentaries on Holy Scripture"; 4, "Commentary on the Celestial Hierarchy of Dionysius the Pseudo-Areopagite." His principal mystical works are: 1, "De Arce Noe Morali et Mystica"; 2, "Soliloquium de Arrha Animae"; 3, "De Vanitate Mundi"; 3, "De Contemplatione et ejus Specibus."

The "Summa Sentiarum" is sometimes ascribed to him, but this is disputed. The key to the whole of his teaching is that man by the use of reason can and must arrive at the knowledge of God. He taught that mere knowledge was not an end in itself, but merely a stepping-stone to the mystical life. He divided mental prayer into three parts, which he called the three eyes of the soul: 1, Thought, which seeks God in the material world; 2, Meditation, which dis-

cerns Him in ourselves, and 3, Contemplation, which knows Him experimentally and intuitively. His mystical teaching, and especially that on contemplation, was very much enlarged by Richard of St. Victor in his mystical treatises on contemplation called "Benjamin Minor" and "Benjamin Major." Both Hugh and Richard were handicapped by their mediæval love of the allegorical interpretation of Holy Scripture, which, when the reaction set in against this tendency, caused later critics to underrate Hugh's gifts as a philosopher and a theologian, but more recent criticism has given him a very high place among both philosophers and theologians, while as a mystical teacher, no one stands higher, unless it be St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross.

The explanation of the Augustinian Rule and the directions to novices in the library, were used by almost all the Congregations of Secular Canons, and the customs of the Abbey of St. Victor were adopted by the Congregation of the Canons of Vallis Scholarium, as well as by the Premonstratensians and the numerous Augustinian orders.

Hitherto we have only spoken of the abbots and greatest luminaries of the Victorines; some of the lesser lights when the abbey was in its prime, as it was in the days of Hugh and Richard, may fitly be mentioned. One of these was Walter of St. Victor, who died in 1180, and distinguished himself by writing a treatise against the teaching of Abelard. A contemporary of this last was Leonius, who wrote a history of the Old Testament in Latin verse.

Better known was Peter Comestor, 10 or the Devourer, so called because he read and digested so many books. He was born at Troyes in the twelfth century, and was made dean of that city, then for five years he directed the School of Theology at Paris, and then retired to the Abbey of St. Victor, where he died in 1178 or 1185. He wrote the "Historica Scholastica," which was published at Utrecht in 1173 and later in Paris, in two volumes. It is an abridgment of Holy Scripture with glosses in the margin from both profane and sacred authors. It was a most popular work among theological scholars in the Middle Ages. These summaries of both the Old and New Testaments were favorite subjects with early mediæval writers, both in verse and in prose, and served a very useful purpose in the days before the printing-press made the Holy Bible accessible to all who could read.

A century or two later than Peter Comestor and his contemporaries, we have John of Paris, 1322 (not to be confounded with the Dominican John of Paris who died in 1307), the Victorine who

⁹ Heimbucher.

¹⁰ Bouillet Dictionnaire Historique.

wrote a history of the times of Popes Clement V. and John XXII., called "Memoriale Historiarum," a valuable work on these two celebrated Popes. It will be remembered that it was Clement V. who removed the residence of the Popes from Rome to Avignon. John XXII. was learned both in jurisprudence and medicine; he left behind him several treatises on medicine. His strenuous opposition to the anti-Pope Nicholas V. and his drastic treatment of the Bishop of Cahors, whom he suspected of trying to poison him, his struggles with Louis of Bavaria in favor of the French, made him an admirable subject for a biography, of which John of Paris appears to have taken due advantage.

About the same time, Robert of Flamesbure, of the same congregation, lived and left behind him a "Liber Pœnitentionalis." Then there was a French canon, Grenier, who wrote in his own language a book which was much read called "The Shield of Faith," in dialogue form, besides other works. A still more celebrated writer, a member of this congregation, was Thomas (Gadius) of Vercelli; he was a mystic, and after he became a canon of St. Victor was a teacher in the theological school there, until he was chosen by Cardinal Guara of Bichieri to be abbot of the Congregation of Canons of St. Victor, which he had just founded at Vercelli.

The cathedral library at Vercelli¹¹ contains some very valuable MSS., we may remark in parenthesis; among them is a fourth century copy of the Gospels and the celebrated Vercelli Book or Codex. At the beginning of the nineteenth century this Codex was believed to be an old English MS.; it consists of ten MSS., three of which are homilies, and the rest are in verse. The Englishman Cynewulf is said to be the author of one of these poems, called "Elene," and of another called the "Fates of the Apostles."

To return for a moment to St. Victor's of Paris, where the library used to be thrown open three times a week, for the use of the public, it was renowned for its splendid collection of valuable MSS. These have now been removed to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris for the most part, the remainder being in the Bibliothèque at the Arsenal.

When Louis VIII. died, in 1226, he left in his will £100 to each of the forty houses of these Canons in France, and £1,000 to the town of Senlis in order that a new abbey for the canons might be built there. The congregation also spread to Germany, where they had a house at Springiersbach on the Moselle, and to Ireland, where they had two houses, one at Dublin and the other at Tuam, County Galway.

¹¹ Harmsworth's Encyclopedia.

The Abbot of St. Victor is Paris used to summon all the other abbots of St. Victor every year to a general chapter at the mother-house in Paris, until the first downfall in the fourteenth century.

Here we conclude this brief sketch of this celebrated congregation which produced so many holy and learned men, two of whom, Richard and Hugh of St. Victor, have been brought before a certain section of readers lately, owing to the modern revival of the study of mysticism, in which they were adepts.

DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, England.

SIR JOHN MOORE (1761-1809) AND THE IRELAND OF 1798

VERY reader of poetry in English knows "The Burial of Sir John Moore," composed in 1816 by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, in the rooms of a Trinity College, Dublin, friend; the suggestion coming to the poet by his reading in the Edinburgh Annual Register an account of the death of the English Commander-in-Chief, this Scotsman, dead in his saving of his army at Corunna, 1809, after the forced 250 miles march north, flying from the armies of Napoleon and Soult.

Wolfe himself lies buried at Clonmel, just above the Cove of Cork. Wolfe's poems have been edited by the late C. Litton Falkiner; but by this poem he is known, and by it he has kept known, to the world at large, the brave subject of his story. "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was published anonymously in the Newry Telegraph. And it is with Ireland that we may willingly, as we shall see, connect this English general in the Ireland of 1798.

Byron's friends thought that Byron had composed the elegy. He was sorry he had not. He read it to Shelley, who said: "I should have taken the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's." And Byron himself judged it "such an ode as only Campbell could have written"—he who wrote:

"But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery."

and

"By this the storm grew loud apace, The water-wraith was shrieking; And in the scowl of Heaven each face Grew dark as they were speaking.

"But still as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, Adown the glen rode armèd men, Their trampling sounded nearer."

There is less storm and stress in the "Burial," less of the battle's light of fires and umbered faces, and of the lark cloud masses over

¹ It need hardly be said that the "French original, of Lally-Tollendal" is only one of the Rogueries of Father Prout (v. "Bentley's Miscellany," 1837, for this translation into French, republished in "Father Prout's Works.") A few years since, a Mr. Henry H. Hall once more "discovered" this original, and was famous, for a day, in the New York "Critic" and "Evening Post." Pity that his ignorance was exposed so soon, else he might have "discovered" the "Rogueries of Tom Moore!"



the Highland loch. But are not tone and taste perfect in picture and in action, here?—

"We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning; By the struggling moonbeam's misty light And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

"Perfect!" was Byron's note on this last stanza. (That rough cloak is now in the Tower of London.)

As to the dead night-time, an astronomer royal, in prose, Sir R. Ball, calculated that the moon would have been long below the horizon. However, in fact—if it matters—Colonel Graham, on the spot, knew that "a grave was dug in the centre of the bastion of the citadel where poor Anstruther² lay, and here at 8 o'clock in the morning the General's body, without a coffin, was interred."

He was forty-seven. From this rampart at Corunna his body was removed to near the sea under the bastion of San Carlos:

JOANNES MOORE EXERCITUS BRITANNICI DUX PROELIO OCCISUS A. D. 1809

Had it not been for that death, Soult's army, some hold, would have been wholly defeated. The "victory" meant, at least, that the remains of the English army safely embarked. Napoleon, on his side, maintained that Moore's "talents and firmness alone saved the British army (in Spain) from destruction." The present tomb over what was Sir John Moore was said to have been built by Soult, his enemy in time—"The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honors, and Soult with a noble feeling of regard for his valor," (so wrote Sir William Napier in his "History of the Peninsular War") "raised a monument to his memory." Yet, later accounts declare it to have been built by Romana, the general of the Spaniards.

The interest the poet excites in the fine memorial verses, and the admiration, are not misplaced for the whole life of high and generous patriotism and justice, of this "Happy Warrior." The Napiers, quoted below, give their good hearts to him. And their praise is not domestic, merely, but is praise in war.

It is true the Duke of Wellington said: "I never in my whole life saw a man who had acted at all with troops, understand so little

² Moore's friend, who had died on the day that the broken down army reached Corunna.

about them." And a Spanish commander, says Lady Holland (who "listens to all that is said against Moore, even by defeated and discredited Spaniards and discontented English") "ascribes the ruin and dispersion of his army to Sir John Moore." She seems, to some, to suggest that Moore threw his life away: "Moore has closed the mouths of his accusers, and sought the only exculpation left to him." He had been called, by some of his friends, "the unlucky man," for that he had been so often wounded. Wellington called him so once. Still Moore's final retreat did draw Napoleon after him; broke Napoleon's plan of campaign; and, whatever may have been the cause—the Austrian menace or other—Napoleon was then leaving Spain to his generals, and to France's defeat.

Oman's "History of the Peninsular War" lays stress on mistakes made by Moore. He did "make a few mistakes," said Napoleon, who added that they "were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded." "He was a brave soldier and an excellent officer." And, letting us see the fine stuff of the man, Wellington—as Sir A. Wellesley—had written to Moore, in 1808: "I told Lord Castlereagh that you thought the Government had not treated you well, and that you felt it incumbent on you to express your sentiments on that treatment, but that after you had done so, you thought no more of the matter, and that it would be found that you would serve as cordially and zealously in any situation in which you might be employed as if nothing had ever passed."

Of course, on that terrible winter flight over mountains, there were losses to his men, as from a battle-6,000 out of 25,000. The French seem to have lost only 2,000 out of 7,000 in the succeeding battle which they did not win. The weight on his dying mind found expression in: "I hope my country will do me justice." All his life he seems to have suffered from those misunderstandings already alluded to; court intrigue was against him, and the Tory party. His death did not keep the storm of what has been called by his defenders "civilian ignorance and political misrepresentation" from breaking over the name and fame of Sir Charles Napier's (1782-1853) "King of men-this high-minded, just, courteous and benevolent soldier, loved by all who served under him"; whom the historian brother, Sir William Napier (1785-1860) leaves with the tribute, "No insult could disturb, no falsehood deceive him, no remonstrance shake his determination: fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, and the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. . . . If glory be a distinction for such a man, death is not a leveler."

Both the brothers, sons of Lady Sarah Lennox (Napier), aunt of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had served with Moore, and like their commander, spoke in scorn of the Ascendancy and the Government policy in Ireland; their "merciless policy of fear," blind hate, and cunning, and ferocity.

Moore had been in Parliament from 1784 to 1790, after his youthful service (like Lord Edward's) in the American colonies. Sir Charles Napier wrote of what was his demeanor in actual battle:

—("when doomed to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!")—

"Again"—and this was at Corunna itself—"Sir John Moore returned, and was talking to me, when a round shot struck the ground between his horse's feet and mine. The horse leaped round, and I also turned mechanically, but Moore forced the animal back, and asked me if I was hurt. 'No, sir.' Meanwhile a second shot had torn off the leg of a Forty-second man, who screamed horribly and rolled about so as to excite agitation and alarm with others. The general said: 'This is nothing, my lads; keep your ranks. My good fellow, don't make such a noise; we must bear these things better!' He spoke sharply, but it had a good effect, for this man's cries had made an opening in the ranks, and the men shrunk from the spot, although they had not done so when others had been hit who did not cry out. But again Moore went off and I saw him no more."

When his turn then came, this commander over others practiced what he had to preach; he behaved, then, with great self-control; he did not even show that he felt pain; his mind was set on the fight, on the thought of victory.

A letter published only at the centenary, in 1909, tells:

"I was the only officer present at the moment our gallant chief received the fatal wound. . . . His sufferings were soothed by the shouts of victory; and an honorable life was terminated with a hero's death. . . .

"I was pointing out the situation of . . . a battalion in action; and (in the earnestness of conversation) touching his horse, when a cannon-shot from the enemy's battery carried away his shoulder, leaving his left arm hanging by the flesh. The violence of the fracture threw him off his horse on his back. I dismounted, and, with the assistance of a soldier near me, carried—or rather dragged—this undaunted character behind a stone wall a few yards distant, for the fire in this part of the action was extremely hot. . . .

"His countenance underwent not the least change. He grasped my hand, and, when I asked if he would be transported in a blanket, he assented in a very distinct tone of voice. His sword being in the way, in lifting him into it, I was in the act of unbuckling it from his waist, when, in a calm, mild manner, he said, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'

"'Anderson,' he said, 'you know I have always wished to die in this way.'"

Ten years before, Sir John Moore had been in Ireland, the Ireland under the poet Campbell's

men who had trampled and tortured and driven To rebellion the fairest isle breathed on by Heaven,

the Ireland of Lord Gosford's Armagh where (to use that county lord lieutenant's words) a persecution was raging—and two years before the rebellion-sparing neither age nor sex, for the crime, as Lord Gosford notes, of professing or being suspected of professing the Roman Catholic faith; where some 5,000 people, Curran's evidence maintained, were wandering homeless, besides those burned in their cottages, or dving of starvation; and no satisfaction. no protection. Nay, the penal faction showing themselves, in Grattan's words, "a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty," were supported by magistrates and aided by highest officers of the "law." The Ireland, too, of the Wexford of Miles Byrne, whose "Notes of an Irish Exile of 1708" begin by saving that he was "forced" to take part in the insurrection movement after 1796; "because it was impossible to remain neutral." He takes a proof of that impossibility from his own uncle and cousin, the Breens, "both shot in cold blood," "and in the presence of my aunt and her daugh-

³ Edward Hay, anti-revolutionary, writes—in his "History of the Irish Rebellion"—as to 1795, when "a description of public disturbers calling themselves Orangemen who now made their first appearance in the County of Armagh. . . They posted up on the doors of the Catholics, peremptory notices of departure, . . in a week at the farthest: "To hell or to Connaught with you, bloody papiets; and if you are not gone by' (mentioning the day) 'we will come and destroy yourselves and properties: we all hate the papiets here.' They generally were as good as their words. The Catholics at first saved themselves by flight." (p. 42.)

When those offering for abandoned lands would give only half what the exiled gave, there was a meeting of landholders at which Lord Gosford presided, December 28, 1795, speaking in the terms noted. "The misplaced terms of 'loyal men' and 'loyal Protestant'"—writes the (of course) Protestant son of Grattan, in the memoirs of his father—"procured indemnity for outrage, impunity to crime, and became the only passport, and a sure protection." In this, our day, the Protestant Sir T. W. Russell's "Ireland and the Empire," (p. 266) exclaims: "Protestant forsooth! . . . The public house is their temple . . . they preach a gospel of hate that would disgrace a race of savages. . . . The spirit of the thing is everywhere throughout Ulster. . . . Hatred of Popery and even of Papalsts is everywhere." "A bigotry," says Sir Horace Plunket's "Ireland in the New [Twentieth] Century," "notorious in the exclusion of all Roman Catholics from any responsible positions." "Your old taskmasters—I dread their recall," Grattan himself said to the Irish Catholics, when Fitzwilliam was recalled, and Presbyterians and then Catholics were about to revolt, in enthusiasm or in despair, against "that combination which galled the country with its capacity, insulted her by its manners, exhausted her by its rapacity, and slandered her by its malice," and is now, a century afterwards, established, (as far as England can), in the Cabinet, on the Woolsack, on the bench. Plus ca change, plus c'est la mene chose.

ters." "Yet neither my uncle or his son ever fought in the ranks of the insurgents, nor left their houses—unluckily for them! Had they followed the people's camp they might have escaped the cruel end of being put to death in the presence of all that were dear to them."

The Dublin Evening Post, September 24, 1706, writes of a paper in pay of the Castle, wherein "the blind fury of the banditti which usurps and disgraces the name of Orange in the North,4 is appended, and all their bloody excesses justified. Murder in all its horrid forms. assassinations in cold blood, the mutilation of members without respect to age or sex, the firing of whole hamlets. . . . the atrocious excursions of furious hordes, armed with sword, fire and faggot, to exterminate a people for presuming to obey the divine command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother' . . . walking in the religion which seemed good in their eyes." "Indeed the settled practice was," as Hay saw, "to shoot all men that were met; and of this desperate system, the most innocent and peaceable were generally the most likely to suffer. They were unwilling to join the insurgents; and the ungenerous suspicions generally thrown out, however unjustly, against the Catholics . . . precluded the possibility of their joining the army or yeomen, who professed the rankest and most inveterate distrust of the people, for any of whom it was extremely unsafe to venture into their presence on any occasion whatsoever, as numbers had fallen a sacrifice to a confidence in their own peaceable intentions and innocent demeanor; and this kind of conduct had finally the effect of determining multitudes to join the insurgents, considering it, at length, the only means of self-preservation."

"The mind of the impartial reader must be strongly impressed with this barbarous impolicy . . . as well as with the desperate situation in which the country was placed through these means." ("History of the Irish Rebellion," p. 121.)

"The North Cork regiment were the introducers of pitch-cap torture into the County of Wexford. . . . A serjeant (sic.) nicknamed Tom the Devil was most ingenious in devising new modes of torture. Moistened gunpowder was frequently rubbed into the hair cut close, and then set on fire; . . . often both ears were completely cut off, in this 'shearing.' . . . These atrocities were publicly practiced without the least reserve in open day, and no magistrate or officer ever interfered, but shamefully connived at this extraordinary mode of quieting the people!" (Hay, p. 57.) "Many

The crown of the causeway in road and street, And the rebelly Papishes under my feet."



⁴ And, of their detestable controversial preachers, even now, the saner Protestant incumbent of St. Augustine's, Derry, Mr. Cowan, maintains, that "All they ask for is, like Sir Samuel Ferguson's 'Loyal Orangeman,'

magistrates of Wexford made themselves conspicuous in practicing the summary mode of quieting the country, by the infliction of all kinds of torture. . . . They seemed to have rivaled the conduct of the magistrates of other counties, who had made trial of the salutary effects of persecution somewhat sooner." (p. 60.) "The rising of the people in the county of Wexford took place, . . . for fear, as they alleged, of being whipped, burned or exterminated by the Orangemen, hearing of the numbers that were put to death, unarmed and unoffending," in "deliberate massacre." . . . "Strange to tell, officers presided to sanction these proceedings." In Goldwin Smith's words on the oligarchy and the ascendancy: "They were the authors, before God, of the rebellion, though the people died for it by earthly law."

The driving to rebellion of individuals is noteworthy:

"The Rev. Michael Murphy's altar had been torn up, his chapel windows broken, and the building despoiled, by veomen uttering the most violent threats against the priest and his flock," and "these depredations induced him to alter his original intentions and not fly to such people for protection." "He and the Rev. John Murphy had been remarkable for their exhortations and exertions against the system of United Irishmen, until they were thus whirled into this political vortex, which, from all the information I have been able to collect, they undertook under the apprehension of extermination." (p. 80.) "Mr. Bagenal Harvey—liberal Protestant—had collected the arms of all his tenantry and neighborhood, and brought them into Wexford. As it was late when he delivered them up, he did not return home that night, but remained in town; and just as he was going to bed, he was arrested by Captain Boyd, and lodged in the (p. 74.) After the rebellion, "Mr. Bagenal Harvey had gone to his residence at Bargy Castle, having no conception that the terms agreed upon with Lord Kingsborough would not be ratified." ("Remember Limerick!")⁵ At his trial in Wexford, "it was proved

⁵ The battle-cry of the Irish Brigade in the service of France: cuimnizid an luimnelc azar feall na saffanac—and how they lied to us there. "It was a tragic necessity that the Irish should remember it; but it was far more tragic that the English forgot it. For he who has forgotten his sin is repeating it incessantly forever."—G. K. Chesterton's "Short History of England," treating of Limerick as "the city of violated treaty."

But, indeed, none so blind as those who will not see. And how successful has English gold and hypocrisy been in keeping others from seeing. As

But, indeed, none so blind as those who will not see. And how successful has English gold and hypocrisy been in keeping others from seeing. As but yesterday, for the so-called "Irish" convention, nominated by England, and kept going to hoodwink America when no help was needed, or to-day when a mock German plot is got up to make America hate Ireland, and to-morrow, probably, when a new Home Rule bill will be passed to show how generous England is, and so keep Ireland and sympathizers quiet, until the world is settled, and England is stronger than ever to deal with her small-nation neighbors alone—so in John Moore's day, the good Abbe Edgworth, ouis XVI.'s confessor, writes to the conservative-minded Bishop Moylan, of Cork, on England's "wise and firm government" in Ireland. Surely, England could then, as with her censorship now, see that no cry of Ireland would be heard out in the world, or her true condition be known. Abbe Edgworth never heard of Lord Gosford's Armagh.

that he was forced to join the insurgents; but he and the rest were hanged, their heads stuck on pikes, and their bodies stripped and treated with the most brutal indecencies, before being cast over the bridge." (p. 208.)

Dr. Madden, the Imperialist historian of the United Irishmen. the men with whom Sir John Moore and Sir Ralph Abercromby were called on to deal, published documents of 1707, such as this, in substance: A Mr. Potter, Enniskillen farmer, charged with being a United Irishman—the soldiers demanded from his wife that her husband (who was from home) should surrender in three hours, or they would burn her house. They burnt it. Mrs. Potter, with seven children, one not a month old, were turned out to the fields, at midnight. A Mr. Bernard Crossan's house was attacked by Orangemen, for that he was a reputed Catholic. His son prevented their entrance by the front door. At the back they entered, and shot father, son and daughter.

It is just such a doing as the murdered Sheehy Skeffington wove into his story of the harrying of Wexford into the 1798 rebellionin "Dark and Evil Days." In this latter author's own day-and especially since—the trampling and driving, or the goading, has shown another face-of shameless partiality, followed by unmeant bluster, a face of vulgar bluff, of pretense and of cunning procrastination, of shaming Ireland once more throughout the world, by neglect, by defamation; a face of hoaxes and humbug, and promises for eye and ear—persuading to suspicion, to mistrust, to anger, to a knowledge pressed into the Irish of the seemingly ineradicable hypocrisy that is in their conqueror. To which persuadings, if a people's common-sense and self-respect were not to yield, then it would indeed be a people quite hopeless, for this our day at least.

> "Struck to the heart with spite and sharp despair Through proof late made of English faith."

Again of Wexford, in 1798 itself, Miles Byrne tells such tales as the following: "Garrett Fennell, who had just landed from England, and was on his way to see his father and family, was . . . tied by his two hands up to a tree; Hunter Gowan's 'black mob' then lodged the contents of their carbines in the body of poor Fennell, at their captain's command . . . Fennell left a young widow and two children. This cruel deed took place on the road between our house and the chapel. The day after, about three miles from our place . . . twenty-eight fathers of families, prisoners, were . . . massacred in the ball alley of Carnew, without trial. I knew



⁶ Duffy & Co.: Dublin, 1916. 7 Swinburne's "Bothwell": ii., 3.

several of the murdered men." This was the Hunter Gowan patronized by the Government, who asked a neighbor's wife to show him her sick husband's room, and shot this Catholic neighbor dead with: "Now you will be saved the trouble of nursing your damned Popish husband."

And so, by contrast, Miles Byrne comes to Sir John Moore, when writing, in words applicable generally: "Alas, William Byrne was soon cruelly undeceived and taught that no reliance could be placed on the protection granted by any of the English tyrants then ruling over unhappy Ireland." He is alluding to William Byrne's sudden trial and execution at Wicklow after his going to Dublin to join his sisters, under a safe conduct from the general-in-chief of the English forces. Byrne had been able to protect Orange prisoners, and so must have had influence among rebels! He saved several prisoners charged with "persecuting" the people; among them Thomas Dowse, with whom he was intimate. "Could it be believed that Dowse's . . . in which he (Dowse) declared evidence, on Byrne's trial his heartfelt gratitude, he said that to Byrne alone he owed his life. was the principal one on which the unfortunate Byrne was found guilty and executed? . . . Every one knew him and loved him and respected him in his neighborhood. . . . It was not extraordinary that he could save persons (there), against whom no very serious crimes were proved; still, this humane act sufficed with the cruel Ascendancy men."

The Protestant clergyman Gordon, in his history of all this—p. 458—even generalizes, after noting that the result of Cornwallis' Amnesty, except for leaders and homicides out of battle, was that "no means of conviction were neglected." "Strange as it may seem, acts of humanity were considered as proof of guilt. Whoever could be proved to have saved a loyalist from assassination, his house from burning, or his property from plunder, was pronounced to have had influence among the rebels, consequently a rebel commander." "The most convincing testimony," remarks Dr. Sigerson—"Last Independent Parliament of Ireland," p. 134—"was delivered at their trials, in order to hang them by those whom they had saved."

Miles Byrne continues, by contrast, as to the victim Byrne's elder brother, Garrett, that he, "a real and distinguished chief all through the insurrection," had surrendered some time before, to Sir John Moore, on condition of being allowed to quit the country and expatriate himself forever," and Miles Byrne reflects: "What a pity that William Byrne had not to do with a man like Sir John Moore, who

⁸ Dublin, Gill & Co., 1918.

valued his own word of honor and his reputation, pledged to Garrett Byrne, more than any flattery or reward he could obtain from the Castle Inquisitors." Garrett Byrne "escaped, because he applied to a man of honor and high reputation, General Sir John Moore, and not to Lake, or to that old hypocrite, Lord Cornwallis."

Cornwallis' wish (!) was to "avoid all this dirty business"; nothing preventing peace, so he said, but "the ferocity of the loyalists," whom he calls "the most corrupt people under heaven," and of whom he remained in fact, the accomplice, when by them, as he says, any man "in a brown coat was butchered, though miles from the field of In Lord Cornwallis' words as Lord Lieutenant, from Dublin Castle, July 24, 1708 (to General Ross) after saving: "There is no law either in town or country but martial law and you know enough of that to see all the horrors of it," then: "But all this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The Yeomanry are in the style of the Loyalists in America, only much more numerous and powerful and a thousand times more ferocious. These men have saved the country, but they now take the lead in rapine and murder. The Irish militia, with few officers, and those chiefly of the worst kind, follow closely on the heels of the Yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity. feeble outrages, burnings and murders which are still committed by the rebels serve to keep up the sanguinary disposition on our side. The conversation of the principal persons of the county always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, etc., etc."9

As to this governor for the Irish, Lady Louise Connolly, aunt of Lord Edward, had written—perhaps, once more, with the credulous optimists of her country—on July 10, 1798: "Lord Cornwallis' coming at first raised me—his character has always been so good . . . But, alas! I hear that our Cabinet are all against him—what can he do? And yet, if he leaves us, I am afraid we are undone. It is astonishing to see the veneration his name creates. . . . What could be so wise as trusting to an honest man, an experienced military man, and, above all, an unprejudiced man, who cannot have imbibed any of our misguided passions?" On which Thomas Moore, in his "Memoirs of Lord Edward," has a note: "It was the opinion

⁹ "If only we could make them rise again, and then we'd exterminate them," said the British officers at a County Cork dinner table, after 1916. "Then we could conquer the whole island again," said another fighter for the rights of small nations. "Plant the whole place with Protestants from Britain," writes a County Cork parson, in his press. "Would that the Irish had all died of hunger in the famine," exclaims in 1919 a Protestant Irish savage, to our shamed and indignant co-religionist, an Irish Volunteer. Such men of such minds still live. Their hostile mind continues. The manners change only when they must.

of Sir John Moore, of whose sincere love of liberty no one can doubt, that if ever there was a case in which the employment of such an officer as Dictator could be desired, it was that of the State of Ireland—one honest, strong and uncompromising hand being alone adequate, in his opinion, to the application of such remedies as she requires."

Cornwallis, whatever he was, saw that "the violence of our friends [the Protestant Ascendancy] and their folly in endeavoring to make it a religious war, added to the ferocity of our troops, who delight in murder, most powerfully counteract all plans of conciliation." Our friends' "conversation and conduct point to no other mode of concluding this unhappy business than that of extirpation."10

Sir John Moore, while on duty in Ireland, wrote, during the rebellion (with somewhat the same spirit as Sir Francis Vane¹¹ in our own day):

"The mode which has been followed to quiet the disturbances in this country has been to proclaim the districts in which the people appear to be most violent, and to let loose the military, who were encouraged in acts of great violence against all who were supposed to be disaffected. By these means the disturbances have been quelled, an apparent calm produced, but the disaffection has been undoubtedly increased. The gentlemen in general, however, still call aloud for violent measures as the most proper to be adopted, and a complete line seems to be drawn between the upper and lower

10 "The prevalent mode of suppressing insurrection, namely violation, flag-ellation, conflagration, deliberate murder and extermination" (Hay's "Irish Rebellion," p. 144).

herself, will never forget. Crede expertis.

ellation, conflagration, deliberate murder and extermination" (Hay's "Irish Rebellion," p. 144).

11 "The rebellion (1916) was a chivalrous effort to maintain . . . national tradition. . . . The rebellion, foolish or criminal, or what not, was outdistanced and outclassed by the extreme idiocy and brutality of its suppression. . . . A well-known fool general who arrived when it was all over but the shouting—and the killing—was given plenary powers. . . . It was Pearse's, MacDonagh's and Connolly's wish, by effering their lives, to prove to the Irish people that the British Government had not changed since '98, and to show them that the British people were still as easily deceived by their pasters and masters as they were in respect to the events of '47-48. These Irish leaders did not die in vain, they achieved the aim of their sacrifice. To the Irish people to-day the British Government appears as incredibly stupid and as brutally callous as their grandfathers believed them a hundred years ago." (Sir Francis Vane, in the "New Witness," edited by G. K. Chesterton, June 21, 1918.)

We read in the life of Haliday, author of the "Scandinavian History of Dublin," how his father told that Judge Sandys would say to Surgean Lentaigue (French Royalist emigre), who had put on Wolf Tone's self-wounded neck the bandages torn off it by Tone, lying between life and death: "Lentaigue, I will hang your patient to-morrow morning; his neck is well enough for the rope." And Lentaigue: "No, no, you must not stir him. By Gar, if you do I will not be answerable for his life." Grim jokes, adds the biographer, that best bespeak the violent passions prevalent in that period of blood and terror. That period! And James Connollly's 1916 death-doing, wounded, bandaged, propped up to be shot sitting, for he could net stand. It takes such things, one period after another, to undeceive the credulous Irish, too ready to forgive and forget, while "the sword that never spared to strike is sheathed but for sharper use, and England remembers, and w

What callings aloud have not been heard from that day to this! "What do men call vigor?"—so wrote "Peter Plymley" a few years later than that rebellion—"to let loose hussars and to bring up artillery, to govern with lighted matches, and to cut and push and prime. I call this not vigor, but the sloth of cruelty and ignorance." "How awfully would I pause before I sent forth the flame and the sword over the . . . brave, generous, open-hearted peasants of Ireland! How easy it is to shed human blood; how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so, and that the decision has cost us a severe struggle: how much in all ages have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind: how difficult and how noble it is to govern with kindness and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and "Depend upon it, whole nations have always some reason for their hatred." "But, as I have before said," so this English parson (in propria persona, Sydney Smith), assured us, "the moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots.11 "If I were an Irishman." Sydney Smith goes on to quote Sir John Moore's saying to Grattan, as cited below, "I should be a rebel." That impenitent Englishman, John Henry Newman, echoed his words, and they are said to have been echoed to our own day by John Richard Green, historian of the English people.

Even the late Professor Gordon—Irishman, but as he liked to say, Anglo-Irish, imperial, cosmopolitan—fiinding out (through having to do with the Englishman-in-Ireland, Shelley), "about Grattan, Curran, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Napper Tandy, and other heroes," "a most fascinating piece of history," may well have added seriously: "And I thank my stars that I have been born out of due season; for, as sure as I sit here, a literary epicurean, I should have been by Wolfe Tone's side in those days."

Of the rebellion and its chances of success, Thomas Moore notes

"Thy hands may stretch to a kindred world; there is none that hates but one;

¹¹ To an Englishman writing in 1918: "Englishmen seem to become devils in Ireland, corrupted by the poison of imperialism." To Ireland, 1882, another wrote:

And she but hates as a pretext for the rapine she has done."
All through the long days of plunder and scorn and trampling on feelings and hopes, what were that England's English here, in each coming band of fortune-makera, but

and hopes, what were that England's English here, in deal fortune-makers, but

"A people strong and dreadful to behold,
Stern to the young, remorseless to the old.
Masters whose speech thou canst not understand,
By cruel signs shall give the harsh command:
Doubtful of life shalt thou by night, by day,
For grief, and dread, and trouble pine away;
Thy evening wish—Would God! I saw the sun;
Thy morning sigh—Would God: the day were done."

that . . . "even mutilated as it was of native strength, and unassisted from without, the rebellion yet presented so formidable a front as to incline Sir John Moore to the opinion that had a French force, at the same time, shown itself on the coast, the most serious, if not fatal consequences must have ensued."

One of the scenes which he saw, this English general describes:

". . . found a great stir in Clogheen, a man tied up and being flogged; the sides of the streets filled with country people on their knees and their hats off,"12 recalling to us some London Irish praying in the street near Roger Casement's jail at his death-doing.

"The High-Sheriff, Mr. Fitzgerald, was, we were told, making great discoveries. He had already flogged truth out of several respectable persons, who had confessed themselves to be generals, colonels, captains, etc., of the rebels. The rule was to flog¹³ each person till he told the truth and gave the names of other rebels. These were then sent for and underwent a similar operation. The number flogged was considerable. It lasted all the forenoon."

Another History of the Rebellion, already quoted, that by Gordon, Protestant clergyman and loyalist, has these words: "A small occurrence . . . of which a son of mine was witness may help to illustrate the state of the country at that time: Two yeomen coming to a brake or clump of bushes, and observing a small motion as if some persons were hiding there, one of them fired into it, and the shot was answered by a most piteous and loud screech of a child. The other yeoman was then urged by his companion to fire; but he being a gentleman, and less ferocious, instead of firing, commanded the concealed persons to appear, when a poor woman and eight children almost naked, one of whom was severely wounded,



¹² In that eighteenth century, two touring Englishmen noted that "the Roman Catholics make no scruple to assemble in the open fields. As we passed yesterday a by-road we saw a priest under a tree, with a large assembly about him, celebrating Mass." "In all Donegal, for sixty miles west and south, they celebrate in the open air, in the fields or on the mountains," wrote the Established Bishop Pococke, at the same time as those tourists, who remarked: "These sort of people, my lord, seem to be very solemn and sincere in their devotions." In the days of Sir John Moore, there was a Protestant Bishop of Elphin found to write: "By far the greatest part of the population of my diocese are Roman Catholics. I know I cannot make them good Protestants; I therefore wish to make good Catholics of them; and, with this intention, I put into their hands the works of Gother, an eminent Catholic divine." He adds that "speculating differences in some points of faith were of no account. His Roman Catholic brethren and himself had but one religion, the religion of Christians—and that without justice to the Catholics, there could be no security for the Protestant establishment." ("Catholic Question," "Edin. Rev.," Nov., 1810.)

¹⁸ Lord Cornwallis (succeeding the Marquis of Camden, 1798): "On my arrival in the country, I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession, and to the free quarters, which comprehend universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country."

came trembling from the brake, where they had secreted themselves for safety.¹⁴

An Englishman, as "an old officer of cavalry" wrote in the London Globe, October 19, 1839 (indignant at the injustice of some Irish clergymen touring in England and abusing Ireland and the Irish), of what he had seen in Ireland, 1796, in Lord Gosford's Armagh, as alluded to above: "There I remained several months, and during that period I had witnessed the excesses committed by the Orange party (who now began to form themselves into lodges), and the dreadful persecutions to which the Catholic inhabitants were subjected. Night after night I have seen the sackings and burnings of the dwellings of these poor people . . . I may mention one of these dreadful scenes, of which I was myself an eye-witness, during our nightly patrol. We had already reached a heap of burning ruins, when a shot was heard apparently about a quarter of a mile from the fire. On proceeding to the spot we discovered a dying man whom the miscreants had shot, in his house, in their retreat from the fire. They had fired through the window into the room where the man was sitting with his family. The poor fellow died a few minutes after our arrival.

"It is impossible for me to describe, at this distance of time, the horrors and atrocities I witnessed during that period." (Quoted in Grattan's "Memoirs," IV., p. 235-7.)

Of a yeomanry relative of the Grattan's, we are told by Grattan's son ("Memoirs," Vol. IV., p. 392), that after yeomen had been shooting country people at sight, and after "three men of his corps had ill-used" a woman in the neighborhood, this "independent, humane" man (brother of Mrs. Tighe, the poetess) complained, in very strong terms to the captain. "The reply he got was remarkable: 'The crime is great, but consider the times, my dear sir—it would be dangerous to punish the yeomanry." This was the error throughout. However, a remarkable opinion, very different from this, and worthy of being recorded was given shortly after by high and unquestionable authority—this brilliant and ever to be lamented General Sir John Moore. He was at this period serving in Ireland, and in the report which he then gave to the Lord Lieutenant on the county of Wicklow, and on the quiet state to which he had brought

¹⁴ It is the story told, generations after, of an American lieutenant, who indeed finished off all his Indian women and children. Nor, as the late Protestant Episcopal Bishop Whipple noted (v. H. Jackson's "A Century of Dishonor," of U. S. dealings with Indians), did he and his men, though well known, meet any justice. Caroline Murat, in her memoirs, tells of a Suffolk country house party, with handsome and painted men, proteges of Edward VII., then Prince of Wales: "Percy Barker, who was never sober, but a kind, good-hearted fellow; and Captain Powell, who had been through the Indian Mutiny and told funny stories of shooting into moving bushes and old women rolling out. How strange their talk, their manners, their ideas, all seemed to me, fresh from the Court of the Tuilleries."



it toward the end of the year, adds, 'That the presence of troops may be necessary for some time longer, but it would be more to check the yeomanry and the Protestants than the people.'" "Such effects did these scenes produce on the mind of Sir John Moore that in a conversation he had upon the subject with Mr. Grattan, he said. 'If I were an Irishman. I should be a rebel.'"

Lecky, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century," ch. xxix., as to Moore, when near Wexford, gives his tribute, while telling that "Moore's troops, like all who were employed in Wexford, were in a state of wild undiscipline, and in spite of the utmost efforts of the brave and humane commander, they had committed numerous outrages on their march. . . .

"If Moore, or any other general of ability, humanity, and tact, had held the supreme command in Wexford, the rebellion would probably have at once terminated. But now, as ever, Lake acted with a brutal, stupid, and undiscriminating severity, that was admirably calculated to intensify and to prolong the conflagration."

But in 1018, an Ulster descended English officer and author writes that he "would rather have to do with knaves than fools; because though a knave will always act wrongly, yet he will act with consistency, and you can count him; while a fool acts anyhow, and you cannot. I have often said that M-, of 1916, was an incarnate example of the vulgar expression, 'a ——— fool! He was bloody because of the conceit of extreme ignorance.' Before the day of Vinegar Hill, a general burning of houses and lands over Wexford is told of as marking the passage of the English army; the people fled to Wexford, and "described in melancholy strain of lamentation, how they themselves had narrowly escaped with life from the fury of the soldiery . . . encouraged to range and ravage the country." But Hay, eye-witness thereof, adds: "I must, however, observe that General Moore did all in his power to prevent these atrocities, and got some plunderers immediately put to death. . . . Did Ireland enjoy the blessings of such rulers, it would never have been involved in such a dreadful situation." (p. 172.)

Lecky then proceeds to examples of the un-Moore-like 'Lake-ism' of that day, or 'Bowen-Colthurst-ism' of this:

"Father Philip Roche, perceiving the rebellion to be hopeless, desired to negotiate for his troops on the Three Rocks a capitulation like that of the rebels at Wexford; and in order to do so, he boldly came down alone and unarmed. On his way he was seized, dragged off his horse, so kicked and buffeted, that he was said to have been scarcely recognizable, then tried by court-martial and hanked off

Wexford Bridge. He met his fate with a dogged, defiant courage, declaring that the insurgents in Wexford had been deceived, that they had expected a general insurrection through Ireland, and that if the other counties had done their duty, they would have succeeded. . . . The result of his arrest (sic) was that the main body of rebels on the Three Rocks, under the command of another priest, at once marched towards the county of Carlow, to add one more bloody page to the rebellion."

"But at my table" (says Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant), "If a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company."

"Another victim was Matthew Keugh, the rebel Governor of Wexford . . . tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. Musgrave"—the painstaking but violently anti-Irish historian of the rebellion; as Lecky here declares him to be—"has noticed the eminent dignity, eloquence and pathos of his defense, and his unalterable courage in the face of death." Some English military leaders "proved that he had acted on all occasions with singular humanity, that he had uniformly endeavored to prevent the effusion of blood, and that they owed their lives to his active interference. . . But Lake was determined to show his firmness. Keugh was hanged off Wexford Bridge; his head was severed from his body, and fixed on a pike before the court-house in Wexford, while his body was thrown into the river."

Fit for "Hottentots"—or, as the mother of the Napiers was then writing, with scorn for the scorners: "What matter, for rascally rebels?" Yet "for his country he died." A small country. This nationality is a smaller one now. However, of course, in this our happier day, there is to be no difference made between small and great. Mauryah! We conquered the Irish, says Dr. Johnson's other English-ism. Good. Treat them as conquered. Good. Treat them as rebels. Bad, he says: "monstrous injustice"—to quote Johnson's judgment.

"Marble's not so hard as Spite Armed with lawless strength and Might."

"In a strictly legal point of view," Lecky goes on to theorize, "the position of Lake was no doubt unassailable." That would be weighed. What is Law? What are laws? What is absolute in law? Is Might Right? Is there a Right? Does Force bind Conscience?

General Lake had not been reading Burke: "To the solid establishment of every law two things are essentially requisite; first, a proper and sufficiently human power to declare and modify the

matter of the law; and next, such a fit and equitable constitution as they have a right to declare and render binding." "Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity . . . We are all born in subjection—all born equally, high and low, governor and governed. in subjection to one great immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence. If all dominion of man over man is the effect of the Divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him that gave it."

That is not the faith of the modern English authority, Austin. who in "Lectures in Jurisprudence," i., 221, gives no chance to liberty in small or in great: "To say that human laws which conflict with the Divine law are not binding . . . is stark nonsense."15 Now, a few foolish years ago we were being bawled at, that that was "Prussianism" only; we, whose civilization—and Canon William Barry, out of his England, bids us always remember itis Christian and Catholic; we heirs of mediæval liberty of conscience, wherein, as Otto Gierke puts it ("Political Theories of the Middle Ages," p. 82; Cambridge, 1900), "every individual by virtue of his eternal destination is at the core somewhat holy and indestructible; the smallest part has a value of its own, and not merely because it is a part of a whole." Indeed, says Maitland ("Constitutional History," p. 101): "Our modern theories run counter to the deepest convictions of the Middle Ages." When men think of "pre-existent law," when neither Church nor State derives its authority from the other; then, "obviously, when men think thus, while they more or less consistently act upon this theory, they have no sovereign in Austin's sense; before the Reformation Austin's doctrine was impossible."

Unluckily for Ireland, her part of history which "maist ruin'd a'" has been enacted since that moral catastrophe. 16 But, just as Lincoln felt, that "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong; there never was a time that I did not feel like this." so the Irish feeling has been, through multitudes, in generations unbroken, that they resisted, strove, fought, that they fled, that they submitted. under force and in fear-with the sense of right on their side, of right against might, of justice in plotting against invader's plunder-

revolutions.



¹⁵ What the Christian Syllabus, under Pius IX. condemned was that "the violating of most sacred laws, and the doing of criminal and wicked acts, opposed to Eternal Law, is not only blameless, but is perfectly lawful and most praiseworthy, if inspired by love of one's mother country."

16 "Les abus amenent les revolutions; ma's les abus valent mieux que les

ing, of loyalty to something their own, in clanship, in leadership, or in nationhood,¹⁷ with the sense of the wild justice in revenge.

"And we prove our right by a nation's fight outliving a thousand years."

And inarticulately, or expressed, the homage is to

the Law that is above the law And justifies the hearts of men.

"No man, no class of men, can respect a law which places them outside itself," is the voice to-day of a defender of the Irish, who, while in exile, is unwearied, we believe, doing her good—Monsignor O'Riordan—preaching on "The Merit of Martyrdom"—St. Patrick's Day, Rome, 1916; his subject-matter, certain laws of men, so-called—the Penal Laws. But "Law is made to protect a people; and when it tries to suppress them instead, it expresses rather the wilfulness of a tyrant than the will of a legislator: it is what St. Thomas called it: 'not law, but iniquity'— . . . opportet quòd sit aliqua ratione regulata; . . . alioquin magis esset iniquitas quàm lex—Outlaw a man or a class of men, for following their conscience, and you at once set their conscience against the law."

"Law was design'd to keep a state in peace;
.... a constant fort,
To which the weak and injured might resort;
But these perverted minds its force employ,
Not to protect mankind, but to annoy."

Under Sir Ralph Abercromby (that other Scotsman, who also met his death in battle), Sir John Moore afterwards served, in Egypt—Abercromby, who was turned away from being commander-in-chief in Ireland because of his unwillingness to act with the old English "vigour." "The bravery, good sense and humanity of Sir Ralph Abercromby were all misplaced in that wretched warfare in Ireland, where the soldier was sent to make, not to meet enemies, and the lash and the picket went before, to cater for the bayonet. The army, which could hardly burn, shoot, stab and violate fast enough for its patrons and admirers, was by him branded with a public and

^{17 &}quot;It stands to reason that form of government into which a nation has educated itself must be the expression of the national spirit and genius of that nation; supposing always that the nation has had a free development, has not been tyrannized over and brutalized by the dominion of another far greater than itself. We might almost say that where this has been so, the result has brought out the weakness as well as the strength of the particular national spirit. Take Ireland for instance, where the national genius has been, as it says, oppressed by centuries of English tyranny, by a little over-nursing and the misrule, the Irish spirit is unassimilated; its not certainly what it would have been had it been left alone. Foreign dominion has been one very influential factor in its history; it has brought out its bad points most certainly, and it has not less certainly, if we would take pains to investigate it, brought out the good." (Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford.)



indignant rebuke for its licentiousness, and pronounced to be 'in a state which made it formidable to every one but the enemy.' (Feb. 26, 1798.)" Abercromby wrote out of the Ireland of 1798: "Every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks and Calmucks has been transacted here." That is, Irishmen at least need be under no obligation to keep up the pretense implied there, that such crimes must be less characteristic of English troops than of Russian.

If Abercromby had had his chance in Ireland? If Sir John Moore?

Warriors

"More able to endure, As more exposed to suffering and distress; Thence, also, more alive to tenderness."

They had thoughts that pitied men. They could feel at one with their kind. They could see that their enemies in the field, the United Irishmen, were aiming at union among the people of their country; and that the faction was aiming at unending bullying or strife, at plundering, at oppression. Had they known more of what was moving the souls of Irishmen, bitter only when hated and scorned, and looking for the day when, at peace in their own land, they might feel at peace with all the world, then these nobler soldiers might have but sympathized and understood, even more, and better. And, perhaps, such men, from what they saw, knew more than they ever said.

A further word from Miles Byrne reveals the soul of the oppressed people, their courage in hope, their self-knowledge, self-respect, self-control; as in the days when Thomas Davis¹⁹ (1814-

¹⁸ Looking for the day that never came. As when in the first age of their torments for religion's sake, their Archbishop of Cashel wrote to Pope and Spain, recalling fidelity of the Irish to the Holy See for a thousand years and more, and, now, "that for fifty years they have been very often sorely provoked, molested, and afflicted by divers schisms, errors and heresies of the unstable and restless sect and nation of the kingdom of England"—then resting under the ex-Catholic Elizabeth, as lately under her Catholic sister, or her Protestant brother, or her Pope-King father. Ireland, "in extent, in its temperate climate, in its fertility, and in its wealth, might well vie with the kingdom of England, if only it were ruled justly and plously by a religious resident Catholic Prince." All the states of Ireland "detest the tyrannous and inconstant yoke of the English State, and still more its heresies with which they desire to have nothing in common, except neighborliness and Christian love."

[&]quot;But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That He will not suffer those right hands
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
Would lie cold and silent then;
And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

1845), gave hope; as now in these days of life through death, when the annual Conference of the Irish Temperance League in Belfast (Jan. 28, 1918), hears how "Sinn Feiners are desperately strong for temperance: if one of standing among them was found under the influence of drink, he would be dismissed immediately."

And the Bishop of Cork (Dr. Cohalan) at the annual meeting of the Cork Young Men's Society (Feb. 10, 1918), said he had heard "praise of the younger generation for their extraordinary temperance, or sobriety. That was becoming obvious to everybody. commenced perhaps with the confirmation pledges, but it no doubt received very great support from the great Gaelic movement, which is reviving everything worth reviving in the old Gaelic civilization. With that movement there grew up sentiments of self-respect determination in the Irishman to respect himself and eliminate from the Irish character every blot or stain on the standard of Ireland. The temperance movement was advanced by that; and I think it was brought to its present perfection—disciplined perfection (and credit should be given to them, whatever persons may say about politics)—by the men of the Volunteer or Sinn Fein movement. They must be largely given credit for the perfecting in the development of the spirit of sobriety in the young men of the country. The effect of the movement on temperance was remarkable, greater than perhaps a mission, for the effects of a mission are largely produced by the enthusiasm of the moment, and though they were permanent in a great number of cases, in other cases they were not. But the recent movement—just like a real military movement—has brought into the minds of the young generation, that while it is an honorable thing for a man to be able to plough or mow well, it is not to his credit or honor to be able to drink so many pints."

Byrne speaks of the good effects of the "Irish Volunteers" of those days, the United Irishmen. "It gave the first alarm to the Government; they suspected something extraordinary was going on; finding that disputes, fighting at fairs and other places of public meeting had completely ceased. . . . Drunkenness ceased also. For an United Irishman to be found drunk was unknown for many months. . . . Such was the sanctity of our cause."

Enemies of the United Irishmen found them to be miscreants,

[&]quot;Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
 'Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
 To make Erin a nation yet:
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union or in severance, free and strong—
 And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
 Let the greater praise belong."
 —Sir Samuel Ferguson: "Lament for Thomas Davis."

because they were guilty of "treason"; but they vindicated them from encouraging to crimes other than this.

Their generous enemy, whom this their panegyrist admired, had, in his own death, the like praise, under the historian Napier's parting word that "Sor John Moore" had "a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation"; he was "a stern enemy to vice" . . . a just and faithful servant of his country." "While he lived, he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base; and . . . they spurned at him when he was dead."

W. F. G. STOCKLEY.

Cork, Ireland.

Book Reviews

"Concilium Tridentinum." Diariorum, Actorum, Epistularum, Tractatuum Nova Collectio. Edidit Societas Goerresiana promovendis inter Ger-

manos Catholicos Litterarum Studiis. Tomus VIII.: Concilii Tridentini Actorum Pars quinta. nus VIII.: Concilii Tridentini Actorum Pars quinta. Complectens acta ad praeparandum Concilium, et sessiones anni 1562 a prima (XVII.) ad sextam (XXII.). Collegit edidit illustravit Stephanus Ehses;

ad sextam (XXII.). Collegit edidit illustravit Stephanus Ehses; quarto. (XIV. u. 1024 S.).

Tomus X.: Epistularum Pars Prima, complectens Epistulas a die quinta Martii, 1545, ad Concilii translationem XI. Martii, 1547, scriptas. Collegit edidit, illustravit Godolfredus Buschbell; quarto. (LXXVII., 996.) Friburgi et Si Ludovici: B. Herder.

The nineteenth occumenical council was opened at Trent. December 13, 1545, and was closed at the same place, December 4. 1563. Its main object was a definitive declaration of the doctrines of the Church in answer to the heresies of Protestants; and its secondary object was the thorough reform of the inner life of the Church, by removing the numerous abuses that had developed in it.

The immediate occasion of the council was the Lutheran heresy. Luther had appealed from the Pope to a general council. The Diet of Nuremburg, in 1523, demanded a "free Christian council" on German soil, and in the next year, at the same place, a demand was made for a German national council to temporarily settle the questions in dispute, to be followed by a general council to settle them permanently. Rome at once refused the demand for a national council, but permitted the consideration of a general council.

Charles V. promptly objected to the national council, but notified Clement VII. that he thought a general council expedient, and proposed Trent as the place of meeting. From that time until the first session of the council at Trent, December 13, 1545, it was the subject of discussion, dispute, plot and counter-plot among the Christian nations of the world. Italy, France, Germany, England, Spain, entered into the discussion, each thinking of its own political interests first, and the interests of religion afterwards, or not at all. Delegations went back and forth and hither and thither with protests and representations. The time was appointed and changed on several occasions; the place was fixed and altered over and over again; rulers and Pontiffs came and went during the long protracted discussions. Paul III. had succeeded Clement VII. before the Bull went forth calling all patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops and abbots to assemble at Mantua on May 23, 1537, for a general On account of disputes among the civil authorities, the opening was postponed to November I, and later again postponed until May 1, 1538, and the place changed to Venice. But when the time arrived only six Bishops were present, and another postponement was arranged until Easter, 1539, and then the meeting was prorogued indefinitely at the Pope's discretion, because the Emperor hoped to bring about religious unity by a series of conferences. But his efforts were doomed to fail, as all other efforts in the same direction had failed, preparations for the council were resumed, and the first session was opened at Trent, December 13, 1545. At the second session, on January 7, besides the three presiding legates, one Cardinal, four Archbishops, twenty-two Bishops and five generals of orders were present. This number is in striking contrast to the magnificent assembly that brought the council to a close, when two hundred and fifteen delegates and thirty proxies signed the decrees.

We have dwelt at length on the long preparation for the council, with the many disputes and changes that were incidental to it, because of the conflicting interests of those concerned, in order to bring out more strongly the importance of this volume of letters, and to call attention more forcibly to the gigantic task of the editor, who had to search the archives of all the countries that took part in the work of preparation, as well as the Vatican archives. And when we remember that the council was not brought to a close until December, 1563, nor the decrees confirmed by Pius IV. until January 26, 1564, we realize still better the importance and value of the collection. The history of the Council of Trent would be barren indeed without these letters. Previous historians who had not access to them, or only partial access, or who could not, for various reasons, reproduce them, did good work in some instances, though far from perfect, while others did very bad work. The consoling thought that must linger in the mind of any fair-minded person examines collection this is. that the Christ has not failed, that the gates of hell, i. e., the powers of darkness and error, should not prevail against His Church.

As to the manner in which the editorial work has been done, it would be hard to praise it too lavishly. In the Preface the author informs us that he set out for Italy in 1898 in order to collect, edit and prepare for publication the letters pertaining to the Council of Trent that were written between 1545 and 1550. But because of various obstacles in the way the work was protracted until 1914, and then, when almost complete up to 1547, it was again postponed on account of the late war. Even now it has been published without access to the Spanish archives, and for two years only instead of five. But these are only temporary defects, for the Spanish letters will be published in a later volume, as will also the letters for the other years.

The first chapter treats of the necessity of the publication of the letters, the second contains a list of the chanceries and libraries

where the letters may be found, the third tells of the plan of the work, and the fourth presents a table of all the letters, indicating those which are quoted by Pallavicino and Massarelli. Then follows the text of the letters, over 2,500 in number, which is followed again by an appendix, and a copious index of names and things.

It is not surprising that this work is stretching out over many years. It is more surprising that it is being done so rapidly. It is a monumental history of the council of councils. The difficulties in the way are not unlike the difficulties that stood in the way of the council itself. It is a triumph worth striving for, and only a great Catholic publishing house like Herder's, and a learned association like the Goerres Society could successfully carry out such an undertaking.

It would be well for all libraries, whether public, institutional or private, to procure these volumes at once. They are invaluable, and they cannot be replaced.

We reserve Vol. VIII. for future notice.

"Mediæval Medicine." By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. 12mo., pp. 216.
Illustrated. London: A. and C. Black. New York; The Macmillan Co.
"Religion and Health." By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. 8vo., pp. 341.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The first of these volumes is one of the Medical History Manuals which the Messrs. A. and C. M. Black have been publishing for some time. It takes the learned author back to a period already familiar to him, and to his readers through him, and introduces him to a congenial field. "Until recently," he tells us, "it has been the custom to believe that there was so little of genuine interest in anything like the scientific care of ailing human beings during these centuries (476-1453), that even a volume of this kind might seem large for the tale of it. Now we know how much these men of the Middle Ages, for so long called the Dark Ages, were interested in every phase of human progress. As a matter we have found that the history of medicine and and of the medical education of the Middle Ages, quite as interesting as all the other phases of their accomplishments." Indeed the author found so much to his hand, that it was not a question of expansion, but of compression when he sat down to enclose his matter in this modest 12mo. The book is full of surprises, but perhaps there is no more surprising chapter than that which treats of "Medical Education for Women." From it we learn that women were given opportunities for the higher education at practically all of the Italian universities during the Middle Ages, and that they became not only students, but professors at many of these institutions. Women were encouraged to take up the study

of medicine, and at Salermo the department of women's diseases was handed over entirely to them.

Altogether a very interesting volume and necessary for the student of the Middle Ages, medical or otherwise.

In "Religion and Health" Dr. Walsh may be said to have produced a companion volume for his "Health Through Will Power." "Religion and health have much more intimate relations with each other than is generally supposed. The old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon words 'health' and 'holiness' in their etymology, revealed this relationship rather strikingly. They both came from a common root, 'hal,' or 'heel,' and hale and holy meant originally exactly the same thing, though in the course of time one came to be referred to the body and the other to the soul."

Dr. Walsh has brought out the elements of this relationship between the conditions now represented by the two words. He has shown that the practice of prayer and of sacrifices, and the observance of mortification and of fasting and abstinence, as well as of the holy days prescribed by religion have proved of great value to health. "The nervous and mental diseases of humanity as well as suicide have all increased in proportion as religious belief and practice have declined. Excesses of various kinds have meant ever so much more for the production of ill-health than has work, no matter how hard, or even the inevitable risks of existence. Calm confidence in a higher power means more for health and happiness than any other element in life."

Incidentally the truth is brought home again in a striking and convincing manner, that there is no conflict between science and religion—that is between true science and true religion, because there can be no conflict between truth and truth.

It is a common saying in later times that scientific men do not believe—have no religion. We have heard of a learned (?) professor in one of our largest universities who made this assertion before a large class recently. Our author shows by numerous authentic quotations that only the young and the partly educated find religion and science in conflict, while the greatest scientific men of the world, the really learned and experienced, not only believe, but pray and worship.

The common fallacy that the practice of religion leads to nervous diseases and insanity is shown to be a clear case of "post factum, ergo propter factum," while the length of years which falls to the lot of members of religious communities who devote much time to exercises of religion, and lead abstemious lives is the best proof that health and piety go hand in hand.

Dr. Walsh's books always contain surprises, are always thought

provoking, and are always worthy of a prominent and permanent place on the book-shelf of every man who wishes to know the truth.

"Dante: The Central Man of all the World." A course of lectures delivered before the student body of the New York State College for Teachers, Albany, 1919, 1920. By John F. Slattery, Ph. D. 8vo, pp. 285. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

If a justification were needed for the publication of this book, we have it aptly stated in the Preface by Dr. Finley.

"A world-literary movement will commemorate in 1921 the six hundredth anniversary of the death of the immortal Dante. That a mediævalist should call forth the homage of the twentieth century to the extent of being honored in all civilized lands and by cultured peoples, who, for the most part, do not know the language spoken by him, or who do not know the religion of him who wrote the most religious book of Christianity (?) is a marvel explainable by the fact that the Divine Comedy is a drama of the soul—the story of a struggle which every man must make to possess his own spirit against forces that would enslave it. The central interest of the poem is in the individual, who may be you or I instead of Dante, the subject of the work, and that fact exalts the personal element, and gives the spiritual value which we of modern times appreciate as well as did the thirteenth century."

"To know Dante we must know the age which produced Christianity's greatest poet," says the author, at the beginning of the first chapter on "Dante and His Time." "Other writers are not so dependent upon their times for our clear understanding of their books. Dante, to be intelligible to the modern mind, cannot be taken out of the thirteenth century." Then follows a very interesting and instructive description of the men and movements of Dante's day. This is followed by a no less interesting chapter on "Dante the Man," and then the author conducts the reader through the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso, with enlightening comment and entertaining quotation.

He is a very able guide indeed, for he has often made the journey before. He has consulted all the other best guides, and frequently quotes them. Incidentally, he understands Dante's religious views, sympathizes with them and brings out clearly their importance in a study of the subject.

The work will serve as an excellent text-book for the Dante student or class, and will help very much not only to make the poet better known, but to make him better understood and appreciated.

"The Art of Interesting: In Theory and Practice." By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. 12mo., pp. 321. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.
"This book breaks new ground. To interest readers and listeners

"This book breaks new ground. To interest readers and listeners is absolutely necessary for speakers and writers. In conversation, in letters, in short addresses before societies, in longer speeches before larger audiences, in the paragraph of the advertiser and of the journalist as well as in their pamphlets or books, the one who talks, the one who writes, must attract attention and must hold attention; the writer and speaker must interest." The book claims to teach: How tiresomeness is relieved; how monotony is avoided by life and variety; how antagonism sharpens the dull edge of attention; how novelty may be kept from degenerating into eccentricity; how originality may be won through imitation.

The book is a collection of essays rather than a text-book for the class-room, and some of them have already been published in The Ecclesiastical Review, The Catholic World and in America.

In some of the chapters the author teaches from models. For instance, we have "Newman and the Academic Style," "Pardow and the Popular Style," "William Jennings Bryan and the Antagonistic Style," "Father Tab and Fancy."

Father Donnelly tells us that "the philosophy of rhetoric explained and illustrated throughout the book is the basis of his work on composition called 'Model English.'" The author is well known through his other books, and the many kind and complimentary things that were said of them may be and will be truthfully repeated. Of course there is room for difference of opinion concerning styles in preaching, and one might be tempted to think that in his zeal to teach his pupils to be interesting, the author seems to be inclined to sacrifice other desirable qualities. For instance, in holding Father Pardow up as a model popular speaker, he says of him that he was not slangy. But he was at times, and he knew it and defended it.

He not only chose pretentious titles for his sermons, but he did not always live up to them. The writer can remember a Lenten course which he gave in a prominent church on controversial subjects to which large congregations were attracted, including many non-Catholics, with quite a sprinkling of Protestant clergymen. The course was very disappointing, because the speaker did not treat his subject in a satisfactory manner. As for his sense of humor, which was supposed to relieve the severity of his retreats, there was scant evidence of it in many of them. This is said with no desire to disparage Father Pardow, but for the purpose of showing that a human model is an imperfect thing at best, and needs much polishing.

"The Paths of Goodness; Some Helpful Thoughts on Spiritual Progress."

By Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J. 16mo, cloth, with frontispiece, net
\$1.50, postage 10 cents. New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is really a volume of applied Catholicity, which brings out in a fresh, vigorous style the relation of our religion to conditions that face us in our every-day life. The author is somewhat more profuse on each subject than usual, and therefore the book is more pretentious. He tells us how to acquire skill in spiritual things. and shows us that the merit of the fight is not in winning, but in striving. He makes it clear that we possess great privileges, and shows us how to use them. By striking comparisons between spiritual things and the familiar objects of our daily life, he makes interesting many topics that are often discussed only in an abstract manner. It is a practical book, and it answers practical questions which are often urgent and sometimes puzzling. For instance, we might ask ourselves, How would we answer these questions?-What do we do for Catholics after their graduation? How are we fulfilling our tremendous mission in this country? What is our spiritual "blind spot"? What is the chief hope of the lay apostolate? Is being respectful an anachronism? These and many other topics of equally great interest are discussed in "The Paths of Goodness."

A Manual of the Ceremonies of Low Mass. Rev. L. Kuenzel. 8vo. New York: F. Pustet & Co.

"The seminarian during the last months of his course is, as a rule, overburdened with work. One of the principal things that occupy his attention is the Mass. Throughout his course he has given a portion of his time to the study of Liturgy, but at the end he finds it difficult to make even a partial review. What he needs is a clear, concise, though complete, statement of the rubrics of Low Mass, arranged in such a way as to enable him to retain them. To assist in filling this want is the object of the 'Manual of the Ceremonies of Low Mass.'"

The first part of the book contains the rubrics pertaining to the altar and its furnishings, the vestments, etc., and brings the priest to the altar ready for the beginning of Mass. The second part is arranged in schema form, each page being divided into four columns, the second column containing the words, the third describing the actions, and fitting them to the words—these two adjoining, while the first column gives special rubrics for Low Mass before the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and the last column gives special rubrics for Requiem Mass. Authorities are quoted at every step and references are given. It is all very clear, and it is hard to see how even the beginner could go astray with this scheme before him.

The book can be profitably used by any priest, young or old, who wishes to try himself. It will probably surprise many experienced in all that pertains to the work of the ministry to find how time has brought about changes, unintentionally and unconsciously followed, which are not in strict conformity with the rubrics, and perhaps are serious departures from the ceremonial law.

"The Principal Catholic Practices." A popular explanation of the Holy Sacraments and Catholic devotions. By Rev. George T. Schmidt. 12mo, cloth, net \$1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author points out the innate beauty of the ceremonial of the Church as it is used in the administration of the Sacraments in the Mass and in the prinicipal Caholic devotions. He treats each topic at sufficient length to make his point clear, yet briefly enough to avoid becoming preachy. The solid meat of instruction is here, yet it is handled so deftly as to make delightful reading. By adopting the descriptive form of treatment and avoiding both abstract discussion and polemics he gives his book an element of interest which should make it very popular. By converts who always desire to learn of the beauties of our ceremonial, the book will be specially welcomed.

It will be no less acceptable and useful to Catholics who quickly forget what they have learned about Catholic practices and must refresh their memory. Do we really know our religion? Do we know the meaning of its ceremonies? Are we familiar with its practices? Can we answer any question about Catholic devotions? This book gives the information in a helpful, interesting manner.

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Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.

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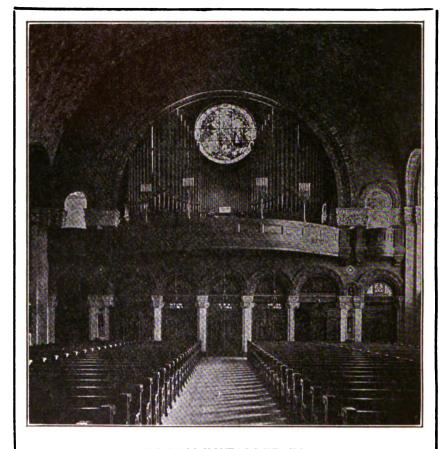
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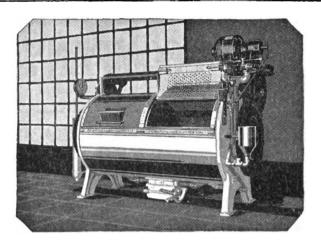
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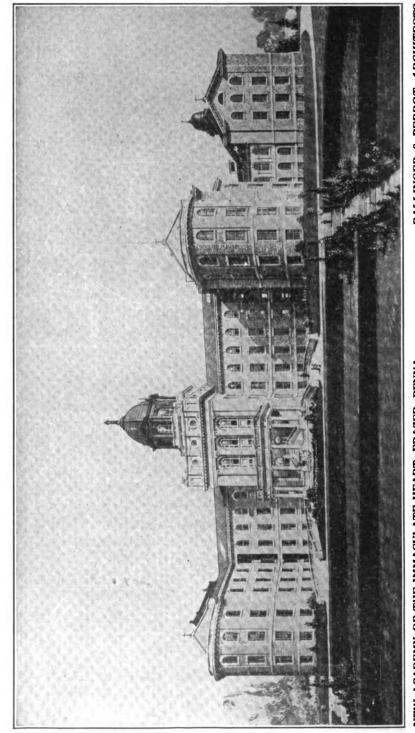
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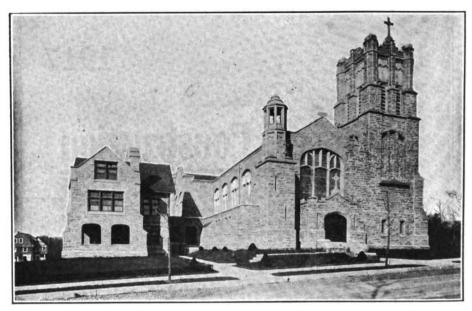
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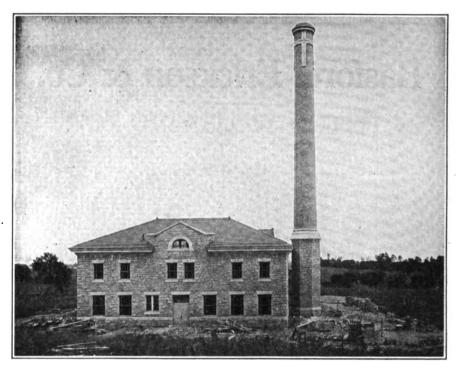
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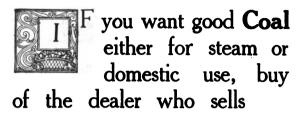
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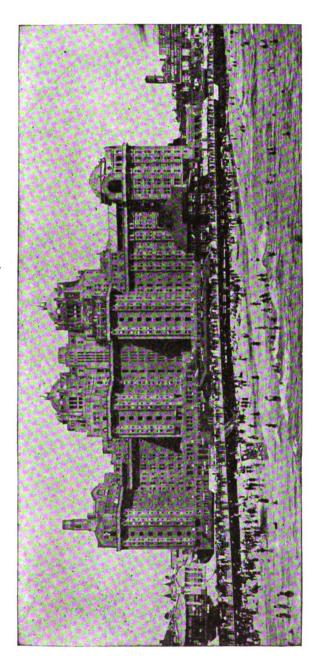
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OCTOBER, 1920

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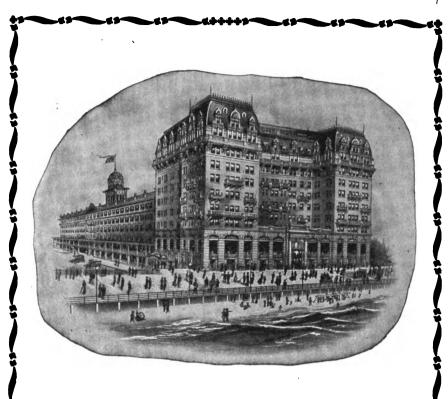
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1903	96.1	7 9.1	272	335
1904	95.0	75.9	290	368
1905	94.9	76.4	278	370
1906	94.2	78.6	311	384
1907	96.6	86.1	301	372
1908	95.9	79.3	279	356
1909	96.2	78.5	256	330
1910	96.7	79.4	353	432
1911	97.3	81.3	369	449
1912	97.0	79 .9	364	456
1913	97.8	82.5	359	456
1914	97.8	83.2	388	470
1915	97.6	81.6	372	447
Average fo	96.2	79.7	315	401
The Specifications for the America for Testin Materials a	or 10 92.0	75.0	200	275

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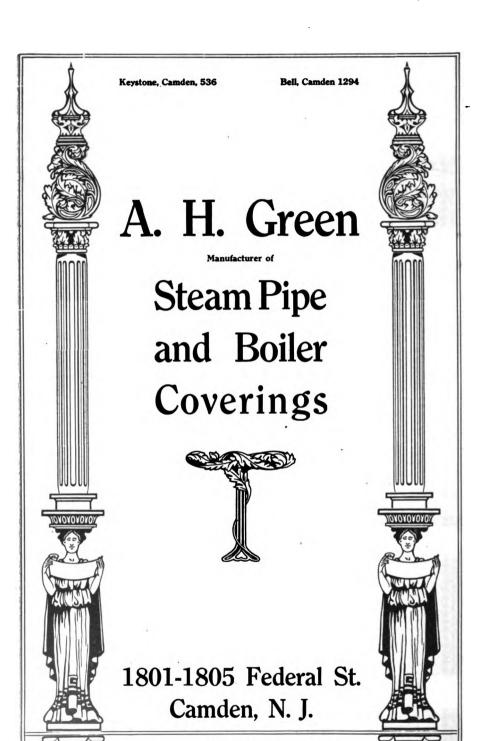
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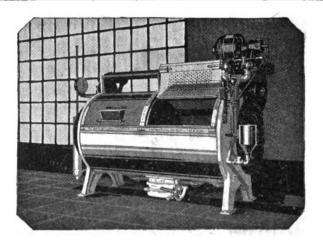


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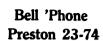
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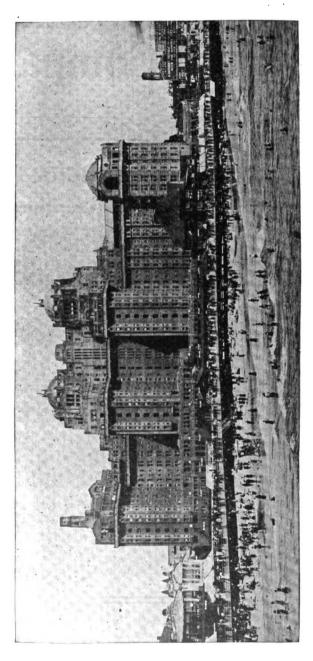


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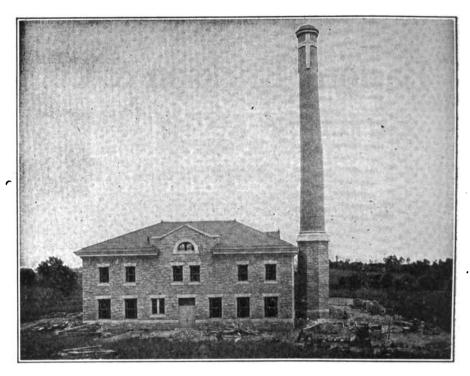
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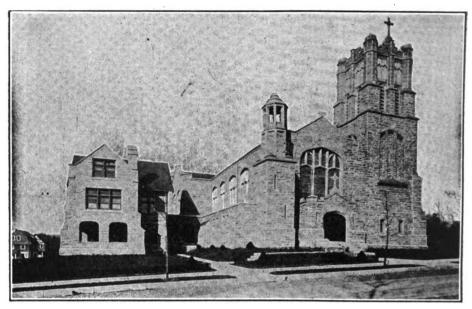
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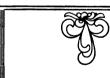
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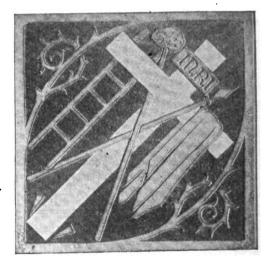
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